

Bay 12 Games Forum

Dwarf Fortress => DF Community Games & Stories => Topic started by: Sphalerite on March 28, 2012, 09:32:32 pm

Title: **Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 28, 2012, 09:32:32 pm**

The first discussion.

"I have a special project for you, Cilob."

Ral Siknugmeng, queen of The Imperial Pick, had called me to her throne room. It was elegant, though clearly not as lavish as she would like. Great pain had been taken to spread the platinum and aluminum out, to give the impression that the statues were solid rather than hollow or plated, and a close inspection would reveal that only the most visible surfaces were plated with true precious gems, cheaper gems or even glass used where visitors would be less likely to notice. It clearly wasn't as large as would be desired, but that was true everywhere in the cramped, overcrowded mountainhomes, where too many dwarves were trying to live in too little space and too little resources.

The one feature that the room did have, that the architects had not compromised on, was a magnificent view of a waterfall, a mighty mountain stream diverted from above to flow through fortress before emptying out into the valley below. Nearly all of the Imperial Pick's mountainhomes incorporated flowing water into their design, taking advantage of the unusual number of rivers and streams emptying out of the massive mountain ranges surrounding the valley.

"I was once a fishery worker, long ago, before that minotaur killed the old king Kivish Masteredceilings so long ago. Not an uncommon thing here, I know. We have many rivers and brooks, and many fishery workers. Of course, I haven't had the time for that in a long time," she glanced down at her ruined, crushed left hand, "And since that titan attacked, it would be difficult for me anyway. I have but one regret now. I never once was able to fish from the ocean. Oh, we had that trip to the Sea of Waves once, but that's just a big lake, no matter what the elves call it."

She turned to face me.

"I want you to conduct an expedition for me. Take a team and supplies, and go to the ocean. Build a settlement, somewhere where the ocean can be fished from, and whatever exotic creatures live in the depths brought forth. I may never be able to visit it myself, but it will do my heat good to know that others may do what I can never do. I have drawn some plans for you, of what I would like to see built."

She handed me some paper with crude sketches on it. I studied it, with dawning confusion. It looked straightforward, a large curtain wall, a mighty tower over the ocean, but I couldn't make the directions match up.

"I hesitate to correct you, my lady, but I think you have east and west confused on this map. The Water of Enchantments lays to the west of us. You have the land drawn on the west here, and the water on the east."

She laughed. "Silly Cilob. I'm not sending you to the Water of Enchantment. That coastline's full of human and goblin and elven cities. There's no space for us there. You're going to the other ocean. I'm sure you're aware that our General, Reg Logemiteb, has been scouting far-off lands? Just last year she found a way through the mountain ranges to the north, a pass between the Constructive Spike and the Spikes of Stoking. There's a whole land out to the east of the mountains where hardly anyone lives. Past that, an entire ocean, with just one friendly human civilization on it. There's more than enough room for a little settlement of ours there."

"Go to Reg, she'll give you directions and supplies for the trip. And send me back some fish!"

The second discussion.

Reg Logemiteb's office was deep underground, far from the scenic waterfall view of the Queen's throne room. The walls were decorated not with gems and precious metal, but with simple if graphic engravings. Most of them were about Reg. Reg fighting monsters. Reg killing elves. Reg traveling to the underworld to tame terrible monsters. Reg leading an army to attack an elven retreat during the War of Horns in 39. The few engravings that didn't show Reg doing something heroic concerned the minotaur Abesp Qakeowls, and its attack on one of The Imperal Pick's mountainhomes in year 4. One engraving clearly showed the monster striking down Kivish Masteredceilings, former king, and incidentally Reg's husband.

Between the engravings were trophies – weapons siezed from enemies, skulls of strange creatures – mounted in display boxes. I suspect that if common decency hadn't forbade it she'd have dead elves stuffed and mounted as well. In one corner of the room crouched a horrible creature, a thing having feathers and a beak but being far from any bird. A Jabberer, it was called, and it was descended from a pair that Reg had managed to tame on one of her expeditions.

Reg Logemiteb, General of the Imperial Pick, hero of the War of 39, was a terrifying figure. Despite being no taller than the queen, despite being lower in rank, she managed to project an air of palpable malice into the room. Her face bore the scars from a battle with a minotaur decades previous, her mirthless grin had gaps where teeth had been smashed out, but more than that some way in how she carried herself showed she had passed beyond the point of caring about anything but power and vengeance. She looked at the orders from the queen and shook her head. "Fishing expedition? That's the excuse she's using for this one? Oh, you're not the first one she's sent out, since learning of the pass and the lands to the east." She threw the papers on her desk. "Wasting good dwarves sending them away. With our excess population, we could make an army and drive away the elves bottling us up in this damn valley."

She gestured at a map. "The mighty Imperial Pick! Half a dozen mountainhomes, crammed side by side so you can't even tell where one begin and the other ends. Not enough of us, and yet we're overcrowded anyway. You know, if she hadn't signed that peace treaty back in 39, I could have burned a path clear to the sea from here."

Her eyes went to the horrible creature crouching in the corner of the room. "But perhaps some good can come from this folly. I know you, Cilob. You're one of the best animal trainers we have.". A gleam came to her eye. "Legend has it there are terrible monsters in the depths of the oceans. Leviathans, dragons of the deep, fish big as hydra. If we could catch some, if we could domesticate and train them." She chuckled unpleasantly. "Wouldn't even need to be all that tame. Just releasing them in the river and letting the current carry them downstream. Wouldn't that be a surprise."

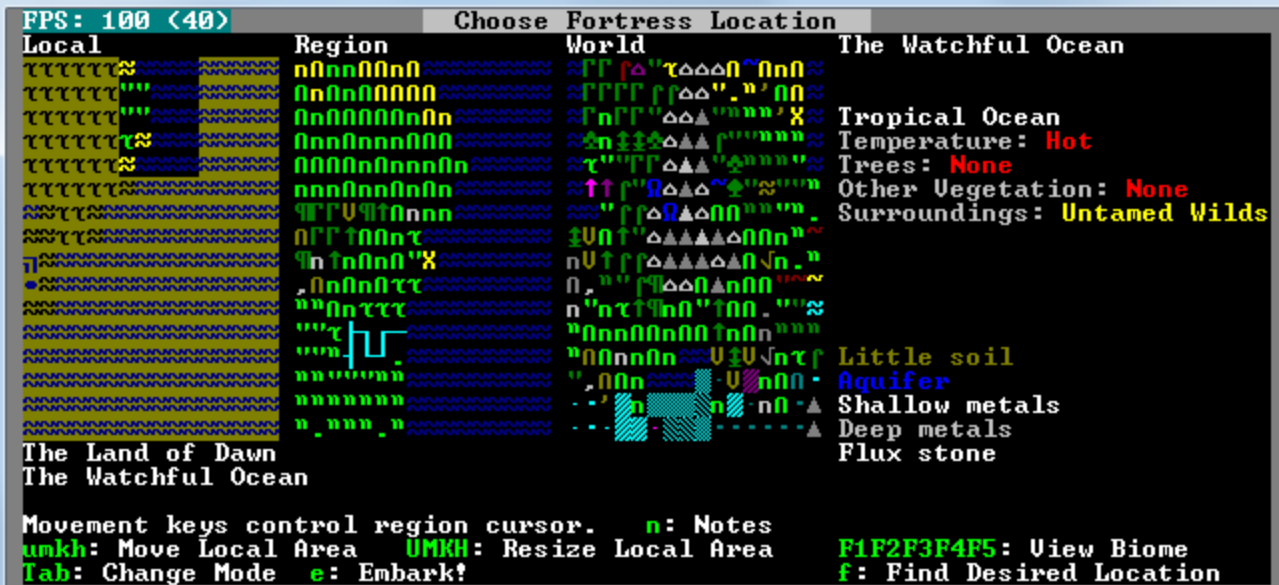
"These other expeditions the queen is sending out? They're all doomed. But catch and tame me some monsters I can use, and I'll make sure yours survives."

This is my first experiment with journal/community fortress writing. The game-wise goal of this fortress is to learn more about how the new animal taming rules work, especially for taming aquatic creatures. The larger goal is for me to stretch my somewhat lacking writing skills, and hopefully tell an interesting story in the process. I hope to be updating this regularly, but I can't promise anything.

I will be using a copy of DF 34.06 with a lot of custom mods. The mod package is actually my own personal mod set. It uses lot of content copied from other mods - I've got metals and stones from Dig Deeper, creatures and materials from Genesis, most of Zero's metalworking mod, and a lot of other stuff I don't even remember where it came from. If you notice me using something that comes from a mod you recognize, feel free to remind me, since I didn't keep track of where I borrowed all the bits from.

Of course, there's also a fair amount in this mod that is completely original, my own content.

The embark map:
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The embark site is 5x5, and straddles 5 different biomes. All are Untamed Wilds. Four of the five are ocean biomes. This should be Fun.

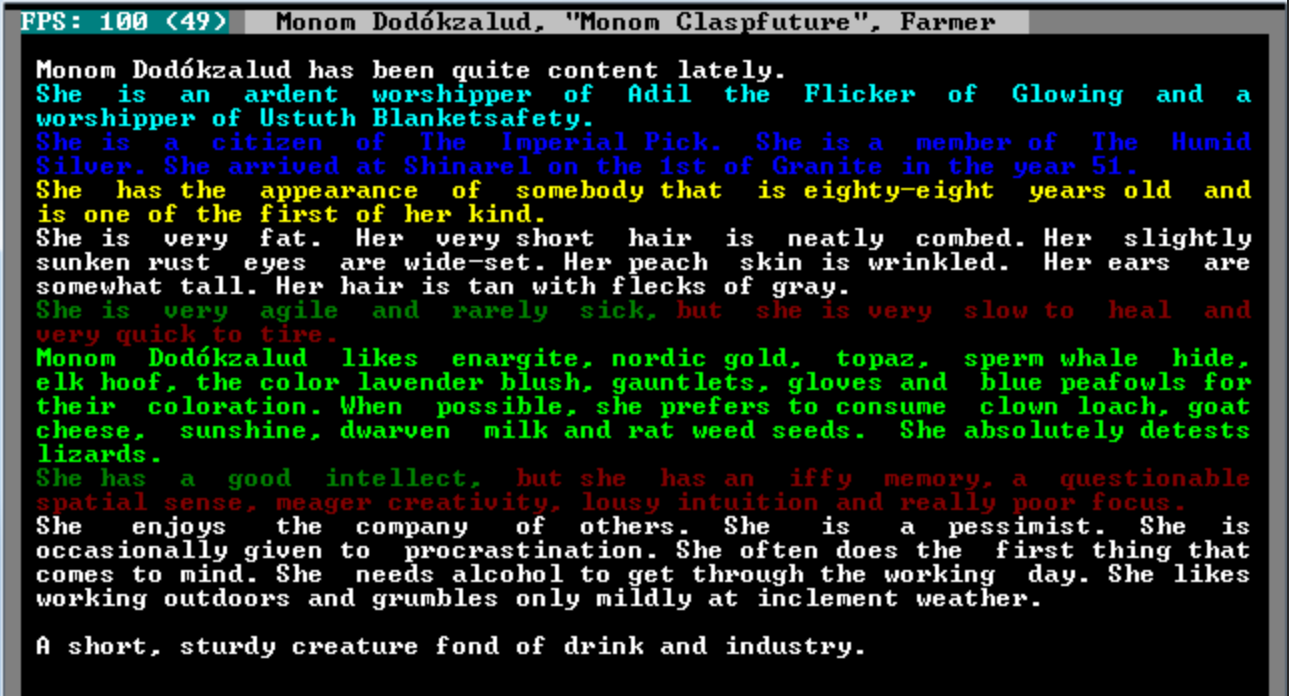
The embarking dwarves.

Cilob Amudaban, expedition leader and animal trainer.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Cilob is claimed as the journal POV character. The other six are available for dorfing all claimed now.

~~Monom Dodó~~ **Monom Dodó**kzalud **Argel**, Farmer, Brewer, and Thresher
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



~~Monom Edem~~ **Monom Edem**kadel **Will_Tuna**, Butcher, Tanner, Cook, and secondary Farmer
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (46)

Monom Edëmkadôl, "Monom Keygem", Planter

Monom Edëmkadôl has been quite content lately. She is a worshipper of Æs Copperrock and a casual worshipper of Guthstak the Bloated Mucous Snot. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 1st of Granite in the year 51. She has the appearance of somebody that is eighty-two years old and is one of the first of her kind. She is very muscular. Her very long hair is braided. Her somewhat short head is extremely narrow. Her slightly wide-set rust eyes have large irises. Her ears are extremely narrow. Her peach skin is slightly wrinkled. Her hair is tan with a touch of gray. She is very strong, but she is susceptible to disease. Monom Edëmkadôl likes mudstone, nickel, faint yellow diamond, giant brown recluse spider silk, backpacks, scepters and pike for their distinct markings. When possible, she prefers to consume giant kestrel, shrimp and Longland beer. She absolutely detests oysters. She has great analytical abilities, great creativity, the ability to focus and a good spatial sense, but she has poor empathy. She is rarely happy or enthusiastic. She dislikes intellectual discussions. She is slow to trust others. She takes time when making decisions. She always snaps her fingers when she's greeting somebody. She becomes very focused during conversations when she's angry. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Rigoth Esdorbomrek **Phenix**, Miner, Mason, and Mechanic. Strangely, Rigoth and Cilob had already formed a strong grudge, even before the wagon had stopped.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Rigòth Esdorbomrek has been quite content lately. She is a casual worshipper of Náshas Maroonochre and a worshipper of Bisek Perplexknots. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 1st of Granite in the year 51. She has the appearance of somebody that is fifty-three years old and is one of the first of her kind. She is scrawny. Her very long hair is arranged in double braids. Her slightly wide-set rust eyes have large irises. Her very short head is extremely narrow. Her eyebrows are extremely sparse. Her ears are somewhat tall. Her hair is tan. Her skin is peach. She is quite durable, but she is weak and quite clumsy. Rigòth Esdorbomrek likes jet, sponge chrome, lapis lazuli, the color lavender and llamas for their wool. When possible, she prefers to consume gutter cruor, dwarven syrup and dwarven wheat flour. She absolutely detests snails. She has very good focus. She doesn't often experience strong cravings or urges. She is somewhat reserved. She is relaxed. She doesn't need thrills or risks in life. She loves to defy convention. She is guarded in relationships with others. She is immodest. She is not easily moved to pity. She lacks confidence. She strives for excellence. She possesses great willpower. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Solon Mesirled **Cain**, our Doctor.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (49)

Solon Mesirled, "Solon Showeredrack", Diagnoser

Solon Mesirled has been quite content lately. He is a worshipper of Stettad and a worshipper of ícum the Gladness of Trusting. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 1st of Granite in the year 51. He has the appearance of somebody that is fifty-nine years old and is one of the first of his kind. He is average in size. His rust eyes are slightly sunken. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His medium-length beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. He has a clear voice. His somewhat tall ears are somewhat narrow. His skin is peach. Solon Mesirled likes wolframite, electrum, blue jade, gizzard stones and bolts. When possible, he prefers to consume guppy and mead. He absolutely detests blood gnats. He has great intuition and a great feel for social relationships, but he has an iffy sense for music and poor spatial senses. He is somewhat reserved. He is assertive. He likes to try new things. He is compassionate. He dislikes contracts and regulations. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Thob Litastavuz **Coraiunki**, Woodcutter, Carpenter, and Herbalist
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 (49)

Thob Litastavuz, "Thob Torchmines", Woodworker

Thob Litastavuz has been quite content lately. He is a worshipper of Stettad and a faithful worshipper of Ustuth Blanketsafety. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 1st of Granite in the year 51. He has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-three years old and is one of the first of his kind. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. His upturned nose is extremely long. He is average in size. His ears are extremely narrow. His skin is peach. His eyes are rust. He is incredibly tough, but he is clumsy. Thob Litastavuz likes native mithril, black bronze, white chalcedony, the color carmine and traction benches. When possible, he prefers to consume chub, dwarven cheese, strawberry wine, whip vine flour, plump helmet spawn and quarry bush leaves. He absolutely detests cave spiders. He has a meager ability with social relationships, poor analytical abilities, poor creativity and a really bad memory. He rarely feels discouraged. He makes friends quickly. He is trusting. He dislikes confrontations. He doesn't go out of his way to do more work than necessary. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Zan-Onulibruk **Fishybang**, Engraver, Building Designer, and backup Mechanic, and Mason
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Deities of the Imperial Pick:

- Ustuth Blanketsafety, deity: fortresses
- Ber, deity: minerals
- Stettad, deity: wealth
- as Copperrock, deity: metals
- N shas Maroonochre, deity: jewels
- Adil the Flicker of Glowing, deity: mountains, volcanos, fire, the sun
- Guthstak the Bloated Mucous Snot, deity: blight, disease, deformity
- icum the Gladness of Trusting, deity: generosity
- Bokbon Calmstills, deity: peace
- Bisek Perplexknots, deity: the night, darkness

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **March 28, 2012, 09:47:05 pm**

Ill take Zan please. Named fishybang :D

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Phenixmirage** on **March 28, 2012, 10:50:31 pm**

I'll take Rigoth, call her Phenix. :))

Here's my small character interpretation and reason for being here, based off her profile. If it doesn't fit with the author's plans you are free to disregard it. :)

"Phenix" is an assumed name, taken to allude to rising above the common dwarf. An unconventional artist in stone and mechanism, unwilling to compromise her creative vision, she struggled to find a patron in the mountainhomes for her work. The lack of funding left her to mining the stone herself for materials. Food and housing still cost money though, and she developed a sizable debt. Faced with the impending Debtor's Hammer (dwarven version of debtor's prison), she reluctantly agreed to go on this expedition.

The failure of her work to find appreciation has made her inwardly insecure about her abilities, which she masks with outward arrogance. She isn't used to working with others and her willful nature will likely lead to difficulties, but she will strive for excellence in this as with everything.

Her profile says she doesn't need thrills in her life; it looks like Cilob's risk-taking nature rubs her the wrong way. :D

Good job on the intro!

Just wanted to add: In my head, Phenix is a modernist way, way ahead of modernism. Inspired by the work of Antoni Gaudi (<http://www.gaudidesigner.com/uk/index.html>). (Gaudi is awesome; he even looks kind of dorfy.)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **March 28, 2012, 11:11:50 pm**

Thob Litastavuz, Coraiunki please.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Jarod Cain** on **March 29, 2012, 12:44:29 am**

I'll take the doctor, name him Cain. For some reason when I read his bio I think a dwarven Salvador Dali. I will of course eventually need a proper medical facility, complete with experimentation (read: training shaft) rooms and orderlies. If at all possible at some point I'd like to experiment on children, learn to wrestle, and have him learn some animal handling as well.
-J-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 29, 2012, 07:29:03 am**

That's four claimed, just the two Monoms left. Phenix - sounds good, I can work that in. Jarod - I have a hospital planned out for you, which can be combined with the animal training/experimenting rooms as well eventually.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Will_Tuna** on **March 29, 2012, 08:39:30 am**

dorf me a butcher!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 29, 2012, 08:40:59 am**

Quote from: Will_Tuna on March 29, 2012, 08:39:30 am

dorf me a butcher!

No problem, Monom Edemkadol is yours. Preference for a name? Will, WillTuna, Will Tuna, something like that?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Argelflirth** on **March 29, 2012, 10:35:15 am**

I call da brewer! Name him Argel.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 29, 2012, 10:41:21 am**

Argelflirth: Done, but the brewer is a she. Hope that's OK.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 29, 2012, 06:32:36 pm**

"Take the old road north from Boltedarrows. Watch out for goblins, they've been patrolling the north end lately. That will take you out to the Feral Jungle. Head north along the edge of the mountains, up through the Swamp of Listening. That place is full of alligators, don't go near the water and you'll be fine. The mountains will taper down as you hit the Emerald Desert. There's a narrow pass through the desert, bewtween the Constructive Spike and the Spikes of Stoking to the north. It's a maze of canyons, but I've charted out a way through for you. Once you're out of that, just keep heading east through the Armored Steppe, then down the Hill of Proliferating. Don't stop till you feel the sea spray in your faces!"

"Stop! Stop Stoooooop!!!"

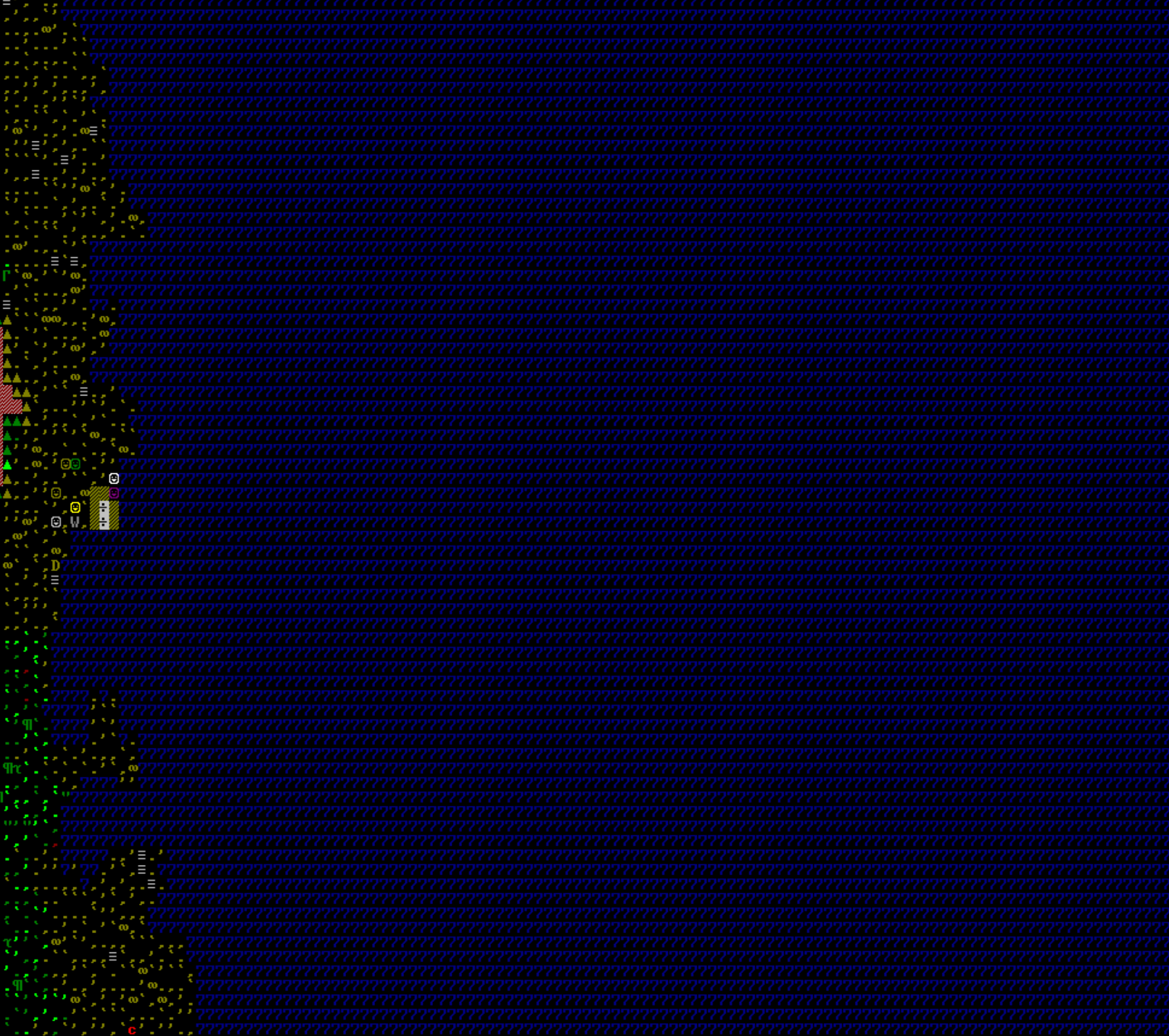
The wagon clattered down the hill towards the ocean. At the last moment Cilob yanked the steering yoke to the side, slewing the wagon around and bringing it to a stop mere inches from the edge of the water. The poor animals pulling the wagon scrambled awkwardly, their hooves having trouble finding purchase on the slimy rocks.

"Nearly killed us with that trick. Again." muttered Phenix. Cilob's reckless driving had been setting her on edge for the entire grueling trip.

"We're here!" Colib beamed, gazing at the vast ocean. "Isn't that just amazing? Just look at it"

"It's ... big." Fishybang commented.

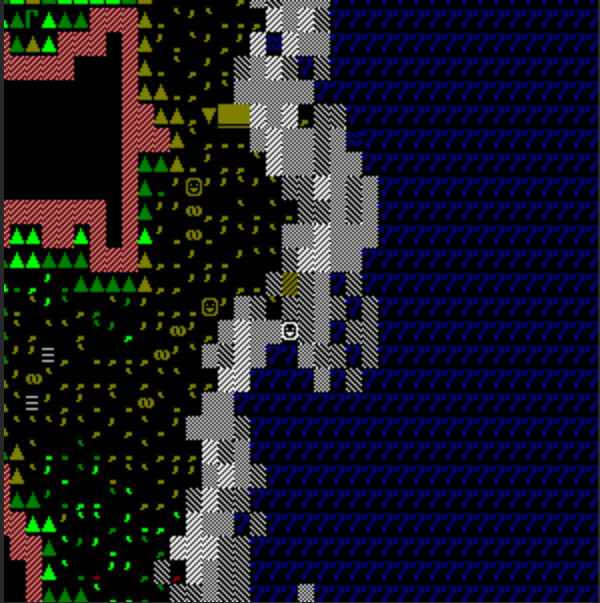
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Colib pulled out the tattered map still bearing the queen's diagrams. "Ok, we'll have to put the curtain wall back up the hill a bit. That'll have to wait a bit, need to set up the basics first, and we'll need more masons for it. Phenix, you'll be in charge of that, but first, - "

He was suddenly interrupted as a wave crashed over the shoreline, drenching him and the wagon.

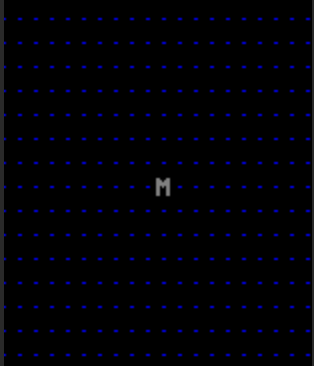
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Amazingly, none of the dwarves were swept out to sea, and the wagon remained stuck in place on the rocks with all their supplies still in place. "Ok, new first priority! Get all the supplies off the wagon and safely back on dry land!"

Coraiunki placed his dripping barrel down on the temporary stockpile next to the others. He turned, heading back down the hillside towards the shoreline. For a moment, something seemed to block out the sun. Shielding his eyes against the terrible glare, he peered out over the ocean. Was there something flying out there?

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



A huge monster in the shape of a mosquito.
His chitin is black. His eyes are black.

He rubbed his eyes and blinked. Whatever it was seemed to be gone now.

Soon the last of the supplies had been pulled from the wagon and moved up onto the hill. Coraiunki had even managed to break down the wagon and recover the wood it was made from without losing any to the surf. Cilob looked at the pile of damp supplies and smiled as if he hadn't nearly just lost them all. "Now that that's taken care of, Phenix, start digging out some underground rooms so we can get these supplies stored. Oh, make room for a farm too. Cain, we'll be building you a hospital to the north, with a freshwater cistern and water purification system, but you'll have to get by with a temporary setup for now. Will_Tuna? Take the donkey and the buffalo and put them up on the hill to graze for now, but we're going to butcher them as soon as we have somewhere to store the meat. Argel, once Phenix has the rooms dug out, start setting up farms. I know we're supposed to be a fishing fort, but you can't drink fish - and I don't think any of us even knows how to fish - so we'll need to farm. Coraiunki? Good job wit the wagon. Now start cutting down trees, then once you have enough wood make beds for everyone. We'll have Phenix dig out bedrooms after the farms are set up."

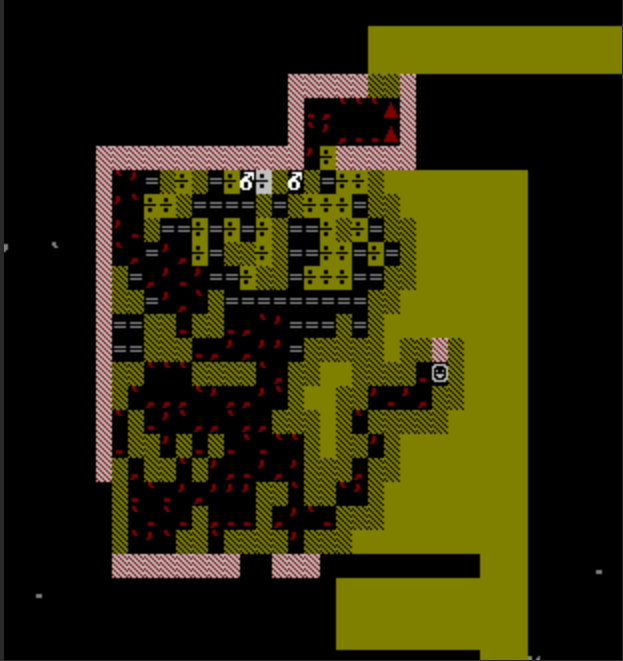
Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 29, 2012, 07:13:38 pm**

Cilob's Journal

2nd of Slate

Phenix is still digging out the storage rooms. She's not happy about having to work with mere dirt, and insists on carving out the soil in what he says are more architecturally interesting shapes.

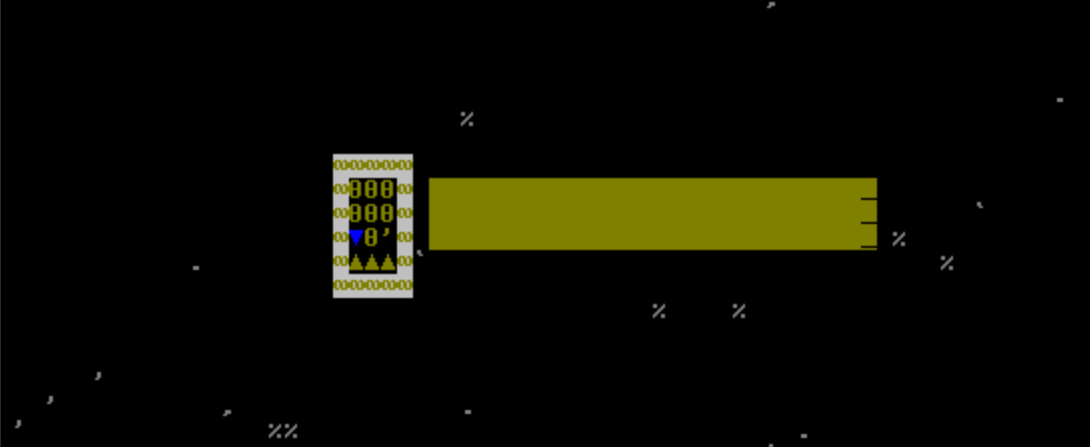
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I said I don't care what it looks like, I just want the storage space dug out. I've started moving the foodstuffs underground. I could swear I saw an owl poking at the stockpile the other day, except I've never seen an owl that big before.

Phenix also dug an exploratory tunnel down through the rock, until she hit rock that's too damp to dig through. She says she can find a way past it, but I've told her not to bother until we have more time. That damp little hole will have to serve as temporary sleeping quarters until we can dig out proper rooms.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



17th of Slate

Almost all our supplies are safely underground now. I've told Will_Tuna to set up the work area she'll need to butcher our poor donkey and water buffalo. Not a moment too soon, either - as the summer advances, the grass is starting to dry up and die. I wasn't expecting that, it never gets hot enough for that to happen back in the mountains.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



The murky mash ponds up on the hill are even drying up. Phenix hitting that aquifer may be a blessing in disguise, that may be our only reliable source of water here.

24th of Slate

It's almost creepy how happy Will_Tuna was when I told her to butcher those animals. Everyone's enjoying their first fresh meat in months now.

I have heard some complaints as to the lack of proper rooms. Phenix has been working nearly non-stop, although I did give her a break long enough to make some blocks and mechanisms so that Fishybang can construct a well. That, and setting up the farms, has to come first before we make ourselves nice bedrooms.

3rd of Felsite

Finally, enough space is dug out so that we can start farming. Argel will be pleased to get to work on that.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



The surface is looking increasingly inhospitable - the murky pools are almost completely dry now. I've asked Coraiunki to see if any of the plants on the surface are edible or useful before they all dry up.

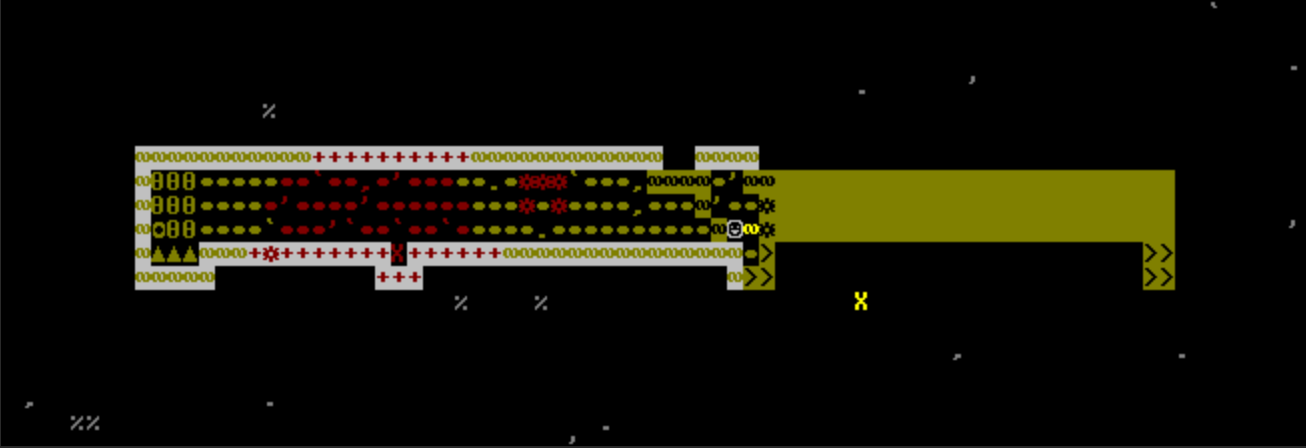
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Phenix slowly and carefully dug her way through the stone, heading deeper beneath the ocean. The farming galleries had finally been finished, and Cilob had given her permission to resume looking for a way through the aquifer. Of course, the first thing she did was discard his plans and guildlines to plan the dig herself.

Early on she had hit a cluster of bauxite. Lovely, fireproof, dry red stone, with clumps of gems embedded in it. It would make a lovely site for some bedrooms and offices, but first she wanted to find a way deeper into the earth. She dug a stairway down, hoping the vein of bauxite continued. No such luck, the stone gave way to water-soaked conglomerate. Abandoning that hole, she went back to lengthening the corridor.

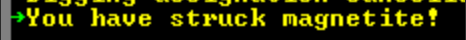
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The second staircase she dug also filled with water, forcing her to abandon it.

On the third test hole, she found something quite different.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



And beneath that, dry olivine.

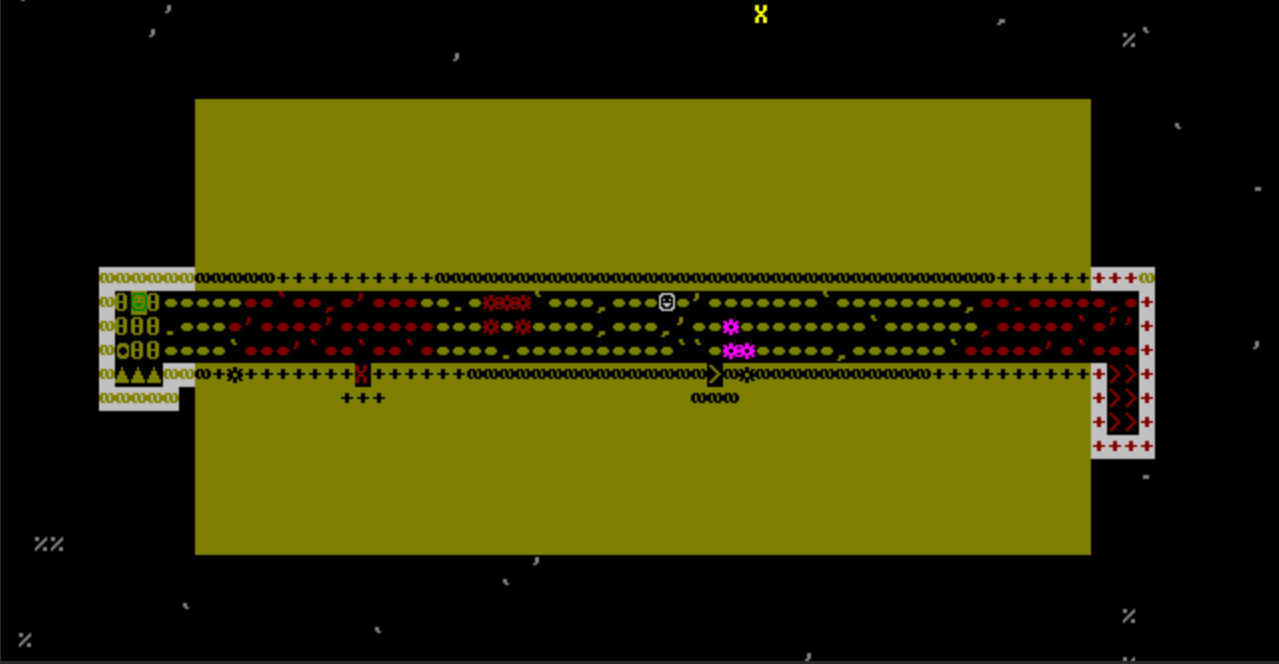
"Not just a way through the aquifer, but the most desirable iron ore known. Told Cilob I knew where to mine."

Cilob's Journal

Praise the miners! Well, just the one miner. Phenix found a path through the aquifer, through a vein of magnetite, down through some other stones, finally ending up in a layer of solid marble. With magnetite, marble, and charcoal, we'll be able to make steel. Eventually. If the mountainhomes send us someone who knows how to run a smelter.

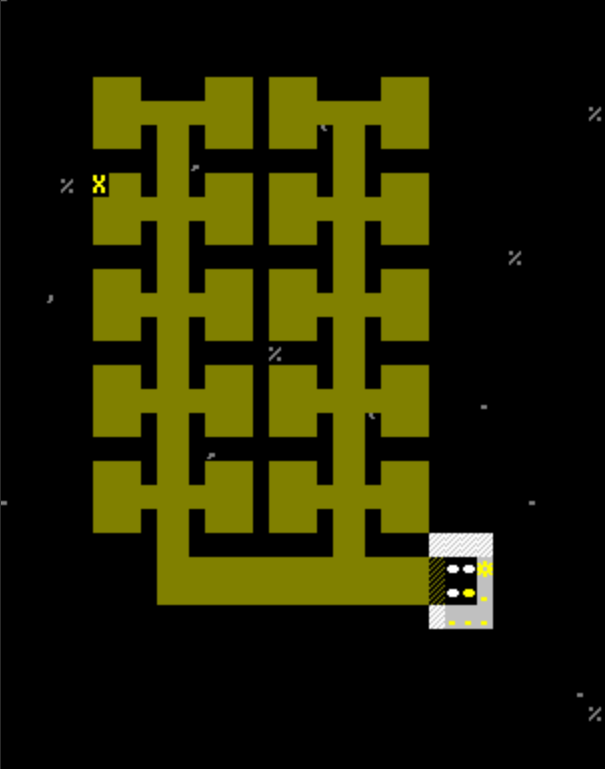
I've ordered the upper hallway expanded. This will become the main crafting area.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



We'll put the bedrooms and offices in the marble layer. I've laid out a simple repeating floor plan that we can expand over time as needed.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Counting off the days tells me that it's now summer. Certainly hot enough for it. Summer also seems to be the rainy season, it's been pouring for days. The grass is still all dead, but some of the pools are refilling.

Weather. Nothing any good dwarf should have to deal with. The sooner we have everything safely deep underground the better.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **March 29, 2012, 08:13:29 pm**

Im gonna make my charecter info, like phoneix did.

CoraiUnki is a over-happy, insanely enthusiastic, and overall a annoyance to everyone nearby. He finds everyone (and everything) nearby his friend, and has a strange lure to Strawberry wine, the only thing on (or under) the planet he doesn't like are cave spiders, being terrified by them.

Sirocco is my favorite charterer from Syreupleaf if you cant tell.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 29, 2012, 09:17:23 pm**

Cilob's Journal

CoraiUnki came to me today, telling me about some new friends he just made. He call them 'giant birdy-birdies', says they look just like the little wrens that live outside the mountainhomes, but bigger than he is.

I'd write this off as him getting a bit too much sun, but I saw something similar myself some weeks back.

I'll ask him to make some cages, and Fishybang to set up some cage traps. General Reg wants monsters, we might as well get started on catching her some.

8th of Malachite.

Migrants have arrived! Much sooner than I expected - I thought General Reg would block any immigrants until we provided some evidence that we'd be able to provide what she wanted. Three women, one man, one kid just barely adult, five children, and a handful of children.

Two of the women are war veterans, they claim. One is a skilled hammerdwarf.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Mörul Cattendoren has been quite content lately. She is a dubious worshipper of icum the Gladness of Trusting. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is a former member of The Lost Shields. She is a former member of The Praised Turquoise. She is a former member of The Relic of Burying. She is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. She arrived at Shinarel on the 8th of Malachite in the year 51. She has the appearance of somebody that is one hundred thirty-five years old and is one of the first of her kind. She is incredibly muscular. Her free-lobed tall ears are extremely narrow. Her rust eyes are slightly wide-set. Her hair is quite sparse. Her very long hair is neatly combed. Her head is somewhat short. Her hair is gray with some white. Her skin is peach. Her ears are slightly flattened. She is incredibly quick to heal, mighty, very agile and tough. Mörul Cattendoren likes bituminous coal, sponge zirconium, thorianite, maple wood, giant anaconda leather, badger tooth, the color aqua, mittens, scepters, horses for their strength and albatrosses for their large wings. When possible, she prefers to consume hungry head, mead and goat's milk. She absolutely detests purring maggots. She has an iron will, a good kinesthetic sense and a good feel for social relationships, but she has poor analytical abilities, bad intuition, little natural inclination toward music and a poor memory. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

She claims six elves killed back in the war of 39. The other veteran is a Marksdwarf, and claims seven elves killed.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Alâth Athellogem has been quite content lately. She talked with a child lately. She is married to Dastot Flaggate and has one child: Dakost Swallowworked. She is the daughter of Stukos Minedlobster and Tirist Anvilwealth. She is a faithful worshipper of icum the Gladness of Trusting, an ardent worshipper of Stettad, an ardent worshipper of Adil the Flicker of Glowing and an ardent worshipper of As Copperrock. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. She arrived at Shinarel on the 8th of Malachite in the year 51. She is twenty-eight years old, born on the 8th of Obsidian in the year 23. Her hair is extremely long. Her somewhat narrow rust eyes are very wide-set. Her eyebrows are extremely low. Her ears are extremely narrow. She is average in size. Her hair is tan. Her skin is peach. She is tough, but she is susceptible to disease. Alâth Athellogem likes black marble, magnalium, pipe opal, giant skunk leather, rattlesnake tooth, spheres, reindeer for their large herds and aardvarks for their snout. When possible, she prefers to consume brown bullhead and gutter cruor. She absolutely detests lizards. She has poor analytical abilities, a questionable spatial sense, meager creativity, little patience, quite poor focus, a large deficit of willpower and a poor memory. She is concerned about rejection and ridicule. She can handle stress. She is grounded in reality. She has a good awareness of her own emotions. She is open-minded to new ideas. She finds rules confining. She becomes very rigid when she's angry. Her hands are animated when she speaks. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

She's brought her daughter along with her. No sign of her husband, I gather he's dead. Must be some story there.

The barely an adult man claims to be a clothier of some skill.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Erush Fatheggut has been quite content lately. He is the son of Mosus Roomyears and Urvad Ragwhipped. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Figure of Play. He is a former member of The Glacial Hatchet. He arrived at Shinarel on the 8th of Malachite in the year 51. He is fifteen years old, born on the 23rd of Obsidian in the year 36. His very long sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is neatly combed. He is average in size. His rust eyes are close-set. His nose bridge is somewhat concave. His hair is tan. His skin is peach. He is clumsy, very quick to tire and remarkably flimsy. Erush Fatheggut likes bituminous coal, red brass, dendritic agate, giant rat leather, alpaca wool, the color sea green, crossbows, high boots, ducks for their quacks and giant wolverines for their tenacity. When possible, he prefers to consume magpie, brook lamprey and dwarven beer. He absolutely detests worms. He has a great affinity for language, great analytical abilities and a great feel for the surrounding space, but he has a meager ability with social relationships, an iffy memory and meager creativity. He only rarely feels strong cravings or urges. He is assertive. He is often cheerful. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He would never shy away from an opportunity to say he is better than somebody else. He finds rules confining. He exhales sharply when he becomes exasperated. When he gets exasperated, he often points and shakes his finger. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Then there's the married couple. The lady claims to be a glassworker, the guy's a farmer, but neither of them has much skill at anything

but making children, it seems.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Cog ágasob has been quite content lately. She is married to Rovod Walkdaggers and has 4 children: Thob Gravelices, Rakust Delightroad, Kib Syrupblue and Mestthos Cloisteredtempt. She is the daughter of Nish Letteriddled and ðnul Castleheat. She is an ardent worshipper of ícum the Gladness of Trusting and an ardent worshipper of Stettad. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. She is a former member of The Figure of Play. She arrived at Shinarel on the 8th of Malachite in the year 51. She is twenty-six years old, born on the 15th of Opal in the year 25. She is fat. Her very long hair is neatly combed. Her ears have large hanging lobes. Her short nose is upturned. Her eyebrows are high. Her rust eyes have large irises. Her head is narrow. Her hair is tan. Her skin is peach. She is susceptible to disease, slow to heal, weak and clumsy. Cog ágasob likes sylvite, magnesium, benitoite, floating guts suede, the color chocolate, coins, covies for their three toes and ospreys for their fishing ability. When possible, she prefers to consume hagfish, prickly berry wine and cow's milk. She absolutely detests jumping spiders. She has an iron will, a great memory and a sharp intellect, but she has a shortage of patience and a very bad sense of empathy. She has a calm demeanor. She is quick to anger. She is very friendly. She is unassertive. She is uncomfortable with change. She admires tradition. She is very disorganized. When she becomes exasperated, she clicks her tongue. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Rovod Berdanurist has been quite content lately. He is married to Cog Overboard and has 4 children: Thob Gravelices, Rakust Delightroad, Kib Syrupblue and Mestthos Cloisteredtempt. He is the son of Stukos Minedlobster and Tirist Anvilwealth. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. He is a former member of The Figure of Play. He arrived at Shinarel on the 8th of Malachite in the year 51. He is thirty years old, born on the 7th of Slate in the year 21. He is very muscular. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. He has a scratchy voice. He has high cheekbones, and he has a round chin. His somewhat tall ears are somewhat narrow. His skin is peach. His eyes are rust. He is very strong and slow to tire. Rovod Berdanurist likes tennantite, nordic gold, diopside, clear glass, the color dark peach and gauntlets. When possible, he prefers to consume giant python and mead. He absolutely detests brown recluse spiders. He has a very good sense of empathy, but he has a meager kinesthetic sense, an iffy memory, little willpower, poor analytical abilities, quite poor focus, little patience and lousy intuition. He has a very calm demeanor. He occasionally overindulges. He is a risk-taker and a thrill-seeker. He does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He doesn't like to compromise with others. He is immodest. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

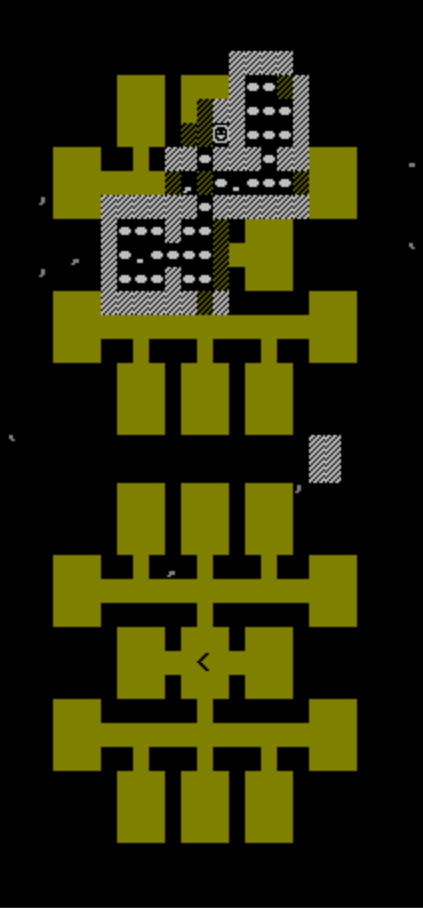
A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Oh, they brought their four children along with them too.

Got a bit confusing trying to work out the family relationships at work. Seems the clothier lad is the nephew of the marksdwarf, and the guy of the married couple is her brother. So except for that one hammerdwarf, this is all one extended family group.

I went to check on how Phenix was coming along with the bedrooms, and what do I find?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



That's not the design I gave her at all! I confronted her, and she rolled her eyes and told me that my layout was too boring and two-dimensional, that making the bedrooms this way was 'fractal' and 'post-modern' and more efficient. Well, what's dug is dug, and it would take too long to make her stop and put it back the way I wanted it. We need those bedrooms as soon as possible.

I told her to finish my office first, so I could storm back into it and slam the door.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

He was forced to talk to somebody annoying lately.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 29, 2012, 09:33:10 pm**

I just want to add as an OOC note how amazed I am with the results now that DF is drawing dwarves from world populations. Since posting this update I've been going back through legends mode and reading the history of this family. All these dwarves have detailed backstories. Morul is ancient and appears to have helped General Reg found a few moutainhomes. Alath fought alongside her husband in the war of 39. He died there, and was later reanimated by a necromancer who is still at large. Her daughter was born that same year - not sure if it was before or after the war - and she's been raising her alone ever since. Cog Agasob narrowly escaped injury in the same titan attack that crippled the Queen's left hand. And Erush is a kid who has never seen war or megabeast attack, he only knows battle from stories his relatives no doubt bore him with at family reunions.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Phenixmirage** on **March 29, 2012, 10:09:43 pm**

Enjoying the story so far. You're really churning these updates out fast! :)

Just one complaint: you keep calling Phenix a 'he'. :P

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 30, 2012, 07:23:11 am**

Sorry! I wrote that last update late and tired. I've gone back and corrected it.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Phenixmirage** on **March 30, 2012, 08:59:20 am**

S'ok, I understand that late & tired happens. ;D

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 30, 2012, 08:07:14 pm**

Cilob's Journal

Ha ha, I've been a fool. When General Reg threatened my expedition with doom if I didn't get her what she wanted, I thought she'd merely cut off supplies and immigrants. But reviewing the group that arrived yesterday, what do I have? A veteran soldier from the old days, a celebrated hero of the war of '39, and a family of loyalists. She's sent them to keep an eye on us, and make sure we come through.

When life gives you microcline, you make mugs. I can put these spies and soldiers to good use. That old veteran hammerdwarf, she's perfect to be our militia commander. She also has some experience with running a furnace and a smithy, so I can put her to work making herself some steel for armor and weapons. The younger window veteran will be our sheriff. I'll see that Phenix makes her an office. The married couple are becoming miners and masons, put to work for Phenix. I'm sure she'll be happy to have someone working for her. That arrogant young clothier, he can be a hauler until we're ready for him to make clothing.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"And then once we catch some, the giant birdy-birdies can stay here and be our friends forever!"

(sigh) "That's the idea, Corai. Once Cilob tames them."

"Yay! We're friends too, right Fishy?"

"Sure are, Corai."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (44) Relationships of the Woodworker 'Coraiunki' Litastavuz	
Stettad	Deity
Ustuth Lålekast	Deity
'Fishybang' ðnulibruk, Stoneworker	Friend
FPS: 100 (49)ships of the Stoneworker 'Fishybang' ðnulibruk	
Guthstak Okaggodumzekrim	Deity
Ber	Deity
'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf	Friend
'Argel' Dodókszaluð, Farmer	Friend
'Phenix' Esdorbomrek, Miner	Friend
'Coraiunki' Litastavuz, Woodworker	Friend

Cilob's Journal

13th Malachite

The first batch of sweet pod have ripened! While they're not quite my favorite, they do remind me of home, and if we can get some syrup roasts cooked up for the fall they'll sell well to any traders who come by. I've asked Argel to set up a workshop and start processing them into syrup.

5th Galena

The summer is settling into a quiet routine. Fishybang has been doing a remarkable job of getting workshops set up and building more cage traps. Phenix is still mining out bedrooms. I've claimed the second one that was ready. I would have claimed the first, but that old veteran hammerdwarf called it first, and gave me a bit of a look when I tried to claim it as expedition commander. Phenix also had to change her mining layout a bit when some of the stone was a little too damp. I told her to go ahead and keep mining, but she called me a reckless fool and declared that entire room off-limits. That married couple has been put to work. The lady is learning to use a pick. Phenix says she's not very good, but is learning. The fellow has been making doors, and has actually managed to figure out how to make them swing on hinges without falling over or getting stuck now.

OOO note - the dwarves of this immigration batch are still open for claiming.

We have the 135 year old veteran hammerdwarf militia captain, the young window marksdwarf hero of the war against the elves, her nearly-adult daughter, the young arrogant clothier, the married couple, and their four children.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **March 30, 2012, 08:23:03 pm**

Your capturing me pretty well, nice.

-Diary of CoraiUnki, Entry One-

Hi diary! I decided that since im in a new home, with new friends, people may want to hear! So here it is! But of course your gonna know everything I write! Dont tell anyone! Hee!

Well I saw a couple Giant birdie birdies, and everyone I told called me a "Nut ball elf-loving kobold" until I told Fishybang. I didnt ask what a "nut ball elf-loving kobold" meant, but I probably will later. I bet it means "Sack of Rock Nuts being carried by a elf-trader with a adoreable kobold pup in the background" which means adorable. Im adorable! I also got to make some cages and cut wood. I felt bad for the trees. But they got to become beautiful art! Although I cant say I havent gotten some blood on them from hammering my hand, I told everyone it was paint though, dont tell anyone though diary! I hope that we also get to find a few kobolds, there so tiny and cute, with there little dog-snouts! I tried to hug one back at the mountainhomes, but it tried to tickle me with a copper stick! Silly thing. I wont get into that though. Well, thats the end of the first entry in you diary! Byeeeee!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **March 30, 2012, 08:23:14 pm**

XD I love how you portray me its so like me IRL ;D

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 30, 2012, 09:01:54 pm**

Cilob's Journal.

Autumn has arrived. You can tell because it stopped raining.

A flock of those damn giant birds flew right by our workshops, and managed to completely avoid the line of cage traps Fishybang set out. Damn things. I've ordered a second line of traps built.

Phenix, along with her two assistants, has actually managed to dig out all the bedrooms and offices! I'm impressed with her speed. We still need furniture for them all, but we should have everyone with proper rooms soon. I'll ask her to dig out some workshop area next, so we can move the workshops down from the surface.

"Hey there, Clothier!"

"The name's Erush! I didn't have to come out here, you know. I'm a genius. Best clothing designer in the mountainhomes."

"Er, yeah. Whatever you say. Maybe I'll let you make some ropes and bags later. But for now, Since we don't have any need for clothing, how about making some charcoal so we can start smelting iron? Your aunt can show you how."

"Sure, whatever."

25th of Limestone

Some more migrants have arrived. Three adults and three children. And I should have known, they're greeting that clothier like he's family. It's a damn family reunion out there.

When I finally managed to break up the hugs and cheerful greetings and get some information out of them. Turns out that this was all a family group that got seperated. The only one of them that's any use is a lady with some experience with gems. She'll be thrilled to see the cluster of rubies Phenix just found while carving out workshop space.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 106 <44>

Kol itebozkak, "Kol Postcarried", Jeweler

Kol itebozkak has been quite content lately.
She is the daughter of Mosus Roomyears and Urvad Ragwhipped.
She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is a former member of The Figure of Play. She is a former member of The Glacial Hatchet. She arrived at Shinarel on the 25th of Limestone in the year 51.
She is sixteen years old, born on the 6th of Galena in the year 35.
She is very muscular. She has a grating, raspy voice. She has a recessed chin. Her hair is clean-shaven. Her peach skin is wrinkled. Her lips are thin. Her eyes are rust.
She is almost never sick and very strong.
Kol itebozkak likes olivenite, electrum, alexandrite, pig tail fiber fabric, the color mahogany, spears, mittens, amulets and goblets. When possible, she prefers to consume perch and sewer brew. She absolutely detests purring maggots.
She has very good creativity, a way with words, a feel for music and a good kinesthetic sense, but she has poor analytical abilities and very bad intuition.
She is often nervous. She is slow to anger. She is self-conscious. She doesn't often experience strong cravings or urges. She tends to avoid crowds. She is unassertive. She is a pessimist. She likes to try new things. She finds immodesty distasteful. She has a sense of duty. She strives for excellence. She keeps her voice very quiet when she is nervous. She rolls her eyes when she's annoyed. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

She's also the brother of that useless clothier.

There's also a married couple. The fellow claims to be a fish cleaner, as if we don't have enough of those already.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <48>

Rîsen Ellesttekkud, "Rîsen Kinpick", Fish Cleaner

Rîsen Ellesttekkud has been quite content lately.
He is married to Mafol Headtowers and has three children: Logem Scouredstake, Likot Bolthbalance and Lâr Tombmorals. He is the son of Nish Letteriddled and ònul Castleheat. He is an ardent worshipper of ícum the Gladness of Trusting and an ardent worshipper of Stettad.
He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Bodices of Lightness. He arrived at Shinarel on the 25th of Limestone in the year 51.
He is twenty-one years old, born on the 10th of Slate in the year 30.
His hair is extremely long. He is average in size. He has a recessed chin. His lips are thick. His ears have nearly fused lobes. His head is somewhat short. His hair is tan. His skin is peach. His eyes are rust.
He is slow to tire.
Rîsen Ellesttekkud likes obsidian, titanium, red zircon, leopard seal tooth, the color midnight blue, spears, coins, turkeys for their wattle and bats for their haunting cries. When possible, he prefers to consume humblebee mead. He absolutely detests forest spiders.
He has a very good feel for social relationships, a good intellect and a feel for music, but he has bad intuition, quite poor focus and poor spatial senses.
He has a calm demeanor. He is very distant and reserved. He is not a risk-taker. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He prefers familiar routines. He is very straightforward with others. He is self-disciplined. He rarely speaks when he's annoyed. He rolls his eyes when he's annoyed. When he's thinking, his body becomes very still. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

The lady says she knows how to milk animals.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <47>Mafol Serurdim, "Mafol Headtowers", Milker

Mafol Serurdim has been quite content lately. She is married to Risen Kinpick and has three children: Logem Scouredstake, Likot Boltbalance and Lør Tombmorals. She is the daughter of Stukos Minedlobster and Tirist Anvilwealth. She is an ardent worshipper of ícum the Gladness of Trusting, an ardent worshipper of Stettad, an ardent worshipper of Adil the Flicker of Glowing and an ardent worshipper of Ås Copperrock. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is a former member of The Bodices of Lightness. She arrived at Shinarel on the 25th of Limestone in the year 51. **She is twenty-one years old, born on the 25th of Opal in the year 30.** Her hair is extremely long. She is average in size. Her nose is short. Her slightly wide-set rust eyes have thin irises. Her peach skin is slightly wrinkled. Her hair is tan. **She is rarely sick, tough and slow to tire.** **Mafol Serurdim likes garnierite, black wolfram, gray chalcedony, sheep wool and the color raw umber. When possible, she prefers to consume prickle berry wine and sheep's milk. She absolutely detests slugs.** **She has a great ability to focus, a lot of willpower and good creativity, but she has a meager kinesthetic sense, an iffy sense for music, very bad intuition, poor spatial senses and very little patience.** She is quick to anger. She is comfortable in social situations. She tends to avoid crowds. She is unassertive. She has a fertile imagination. She is not interested in art. She prefers familiar routines. She is slow to trust others. She is modest. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

I had to tell her we had no plans for a dairy farm. She snapped at me angrily. What did she expect? Doesn't anyone even try to learn about the fortress they're going to before they head out? Are the mountainhomes that crowded?

And of course these two are both already related to the growing family we've got here. She tried to explain the links of the family tree to me, till my eyes glazed over and I had to excuse myself. Crowded and inbred the Mountainhomes are, I don't know how anyone keeps the family trees straight.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <48>	Relationships of the Milker Mafol Serurdim
<div><div>Risen Ellesttekkud, Fish Cleaner</div><div>Likot Aläthneth, Dwarven Child</div><div>Logem Bubnusatis, Dwarven Child</div><div>Lør Rakusttuman, Dwarven Child</div><div>Stukos Avuzzedot</div><div>Tirist Zuntîrlimâr</div><div>Nish Lolordallith</div><div>ðnul Rintarvúsh</div><div>Rovod Berdanurist, Mason</div><div>Bomrek Dolekendok</div><div>Endok Mengkab</div><div>Mosus Mosusid</div><div>Aläth Athellogem, sheriff</div><div>Olon Rigöthbakust</div><div>Id Rulnil</div><div>Obok Shigósineth</div></div>	<div><div>Husband</div><div>Eldest Daughter</div><div>Only Son</div><div>Youngest Daughter</div><div>Mother</div><div>Father</div><div>Paternal Grandmother</div><div>Paternal Grandfather</div><div>Older Brother</div><div>Older Brother</div><div>Older Brother</div><div>Older Sister</div><div>Older Sister</div><div>Older Sister</div><div>Maternal Grandmother</div><div>Younger Brother</div></div>

Final note-

It just occurred to me that CoraiUnki and Fishybang are spending a lot of time together lately. I wonder what's up with that?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <48>	Relationships of the Stoneworker 'Fishybang' ðnulibruk
<div><div>'CoraiUnki' Litastavuz, Woodworker</div></div>	<div><div>Lover</div></div>
FPS: 100 <48>	Relationships of the Woodworker 'CoraiUnki' Litastavuz
<div><div>'Fishybang' ðnulibruk, Stoneworker</div></div>	<div><div>Lover</div></div>

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **March 30, 2012, 09:12:18 pm**

.....I FEEL ODD NOW.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **March 30, 2012, 09:35:04 pm**

Quote from: Corai on March 30, 2012, 09:12:18 pm

.....I FEEL ODD NOW.

No kidding :P

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **March 30, 2012, 09:48:04 pm**

I can imagine Corai and Fishybang on there first date.

"Hey Co-"

"BIRD"

"Hey Co"

"FISH"

"..."

"Yes?"

"Well I just wanted to say-"

"GIANT BIRD-FISH!"

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **March 30, 2012, 10:39:48 pm**

Quote from: Corai on March 30, 2012, 09:48:04 pm

I can imagine Corai and Fishybang on there first date.

"Hey Co-"
"BIRD"
"Hey Co"
"FISH"
"..."
"Yes?"
"Well I just wanted to say-"
"GIANT BIRD-FISH!"

Our Children would be the weirdest children ever :D

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **March 30, 2012, 10:54:09 pm**

Oh god.

"Hey Corai the II"

"HI FRIEND LOOK WHAT I MADE ITS A PRETTY BIRD, MOM GOT HUGGED BY IT, BUT NOW SHES TAKING A NAP. SHE SPILLED A JUICE BOX TOO, BUT ITS RED."

"Okay....Okay.....the only sane person in my family is dead.....please let those goblins get here soon"

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 30, 2012, 11:00:55 pm**

Cilob's Journal, 9th of Sandstone

Phenix struck a vein of Microcline while digging out the bedrooms. Nobody wants furniture made out of the stuff, so I've told the jeweler to practice carving it like gems for a bit. She says she'd rather work on the olivine we also dug out, so I'll let her work on that too.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Jeweler's Workshop

conglomerate

rectangular microcline cabochons

round microcline cabochons

round microcline cabochons

rectangular microcline cabochons

round microcline cabochons

round microcline cabochons

microcline

[B]

TSK

Young Dakost Mozibducim has come of age! Seems her mother planned it this way, so she'd start her adult life at our new fortress. She still isn't sure what she wants to do for a living yet, and I don't have any pressing need for her yet.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <48>

Dakost Mozibducim, "Dakost Swallowworked", Peasant

Dakost Mozibducim has been happy lately. She has been accosted by terrible vermin. She slept uneasily due to noise lately. She slept in a good bedroom recently. She made a friend recently. She dined in a very good dining room recently. She talked with mother lately. She has been annoyed by flies. She has been satisfied at work lately. She admired a completely sublime Well lately.

She is the daughter of Alâth Ringpaint and Dastot Flaggate.

She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. She is a former member of The Spears of Trusting. She arrived at Shinarel on the 8th of Malachite in the year 51.

She is twelve years old, born on the 8th of Sandstone in the year 39.

Her hair is extremely long. She is average in size. She has a jutting chin. Her eyebrows are extremely short. Her hair is tan. Her skin is peach. Her eyes are rust. Her eyes have slightly large irises.

She is flimsy and susceptible to disease.

Dakost Mozibducim likes blue marble, electrum, topazolite, giant horseshoe crab chitin, wild boar hoof, alpaca wool, the color rust, crossbows, shields, floodgates, animal traps and geese for their formation flying. When possible, she prefers to consume salmon, sewer brew and prickle berry seeds. She absolutely detests flies.

She has an ability to read emotions fairly well and the ability to focus, but she has little patience.

She is very slow to anger. She rarely feels discouraged. She feels strong urges and seeks short-term rewards. She makes friends quickly. She is relaxed. She is slow to trust others. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She finds rules confining. She often does the first thing that comes to mind. She chews her cheek when she's bored. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

She does seem to be setting in well here.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

'CoraiUnki' Litastavuz, Woodworker

Friend

Now that our 'genius' clothier has figured out how to make charcoal, I've told Phenix to dig out some more of the magnetite. She didn't jump to this as quickly as I'd like. Seems the magnetite is in the middle of an aquifer, and she's scared of flooding the entire lower chambers. She insisted on installing walls and doors to halt any flooding if someone accidentally digs too far and breaches the aquifer.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Far too cautious, if you ask me.

I have also asked Fishybang to set up a trade depot. General Reg is going to be sending someone by the end of the year to check on our progress, so I might as well make them feel welcome.

CoraiUnki was happily cutting wood to make beds in his new carpentry workshop. Cilob had insisted on moving the workshops down into the new stone hall as soon as there was room. Corai missed watching his birdie friends fly past while he was working, but the mechanics workshop where Fishbang sometimes worked was right across the hall, which was nice.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

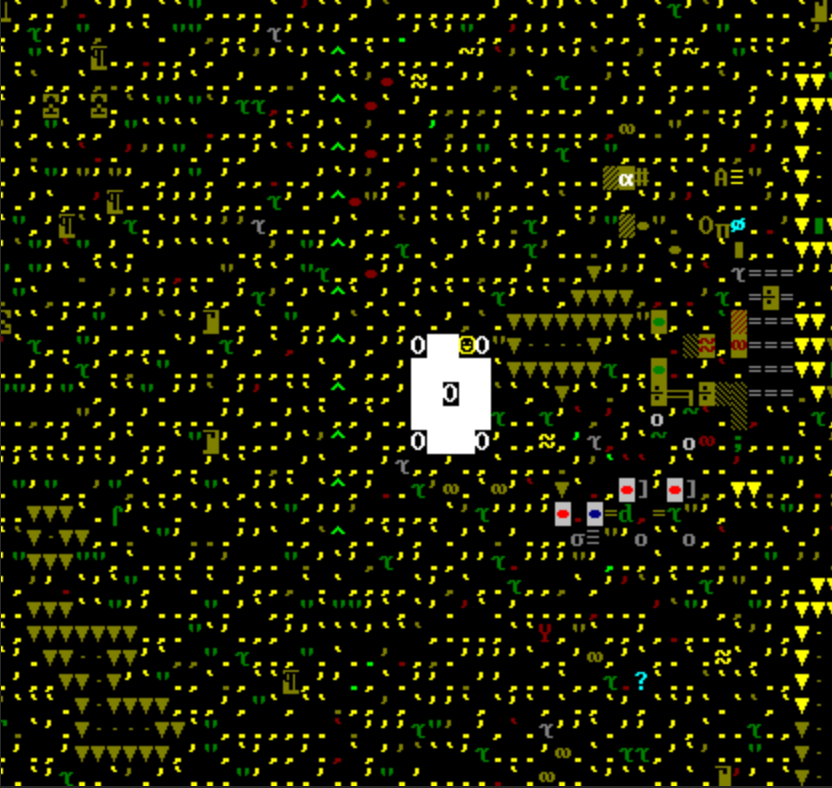


Cilob had told him they'd need lots of beds, with all the children arriving. For some reason Cilob never seemed happy about all the new friends showing up.

Bed was finished, time for another one. Corai ran up the ramp to the main store room. Oh no! There was no wood left! Someone took the last one! Time to go cut some more.

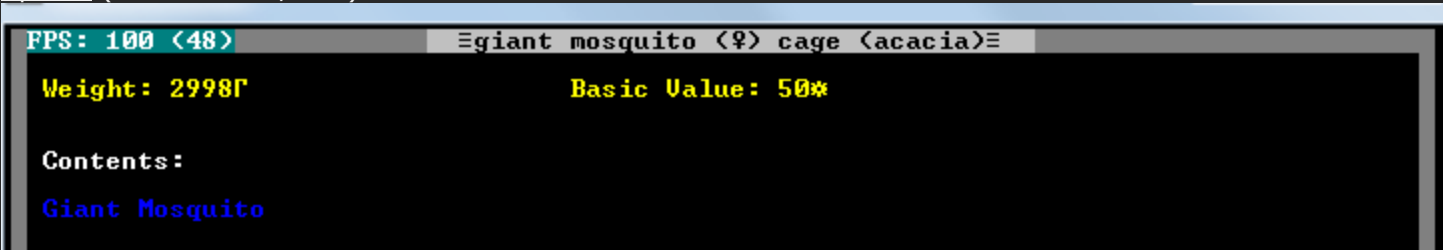
On the way to the trees, Corai passed the white marble trade depot Fishy had built. It was really pretty, just like Fishy.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



From up ahead, between the trees, there was a strange buzzing sound! Among the dry grass, one of the cage traps that Fishy had built had caught something. Corai ran forward to see what new friend had arrived.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Cilob's Journal, continued.

A giant mosquito. And guess who gets to tame it. What am I even supposed to feed that thing?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **March 30, 2012, 11:03:02 pm**

Im the boy, fishy is the girl.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **March 30, 2012, 11:03:35 pm**

Quote from: Corai on March 30, 2012, 10:54:09 pm

Oh god.

"Hey Corai the II"

"HI FRIEND LOOK WHAT I MADE ITS A PRETTY BIRD, MOM GOT HUGGED BY IT, BUT NOW SHES TAKING A NAP. SHE SPILLED A JUICE BOX TOO, BUT ITS RED."

"Okay....Okay.....the only sane person in my family is dead.....please let those goblins get here soon"

Ah Roc! Its attacking me help corai II! Ah my spine my grugle...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **March 31, 2012, 05:40:34 am**

Could I claim the newly grown peasant girl?

Name her Geb, and give her the bowyer and bonecarver labours. Crossbows and bolts! She'll be willing to do odd jobs around the fort while waiting for the opportunity, but she wants to try making fish bone crossbows and fishbolts.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 31, 2012, 08:42:28 am**

Geb is yours. We could use a bowyer/bonecarver. Your first job will be to make a crossbow and some bolts for your mother.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **March 31, 2012, 08:44:09 am**

I wonder what Fishybang and Corai's every-day life are like now that there lovers.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **BeserkNINJA** on **March 31, 2012, 10:25:37 am**

ptw

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **March 31, 2012, 01:36:44 pm**

Quote from: Corai on March 31, 2012, 08:44:09 am

I wonder what Fishybang and Corai's every-day life are like now that there lovers.

I dont thank I want to thank about that :P

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **March 31, 2012, 04:17:14 pm**

Quote from: Fishybang on March 31, 2012, 01:36:44 pm

Quote from: Corai on March 31, 2012, 08:44:09 am

I wonder what Fishybang and Corai's every-day life are like now that there lovers.

I dont thank I want to thank about that :P

Who would. :3

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **FearfulJesuit** on **March 31, 2012, 05:59:38 pm**

Can I claim the jeweler? Name her Rachel.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 31, 2012, 08:10:11 pm**

Cilob's Journal.

Dakost Mozibducim, the daughter of our war veteran, has come of age. She has announced that she would like to be known as 'Geb', and wishes to take up the professions of crossbow-making and bonecarving, so that she can produce weapons and ammunition for her mother to use. I told her to go ahead and set up workshops on the surface for now, which we'll move into the crafting-hall once it's dug out further.

She immediately went and produced a crossbow. It's a very good piece of work for her first attempt. Growing up with a famed marksdwarf for a mother, she's probably grown up seeing crossbows daily, but it's still impressive that she carved out such a nice example on her first try.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

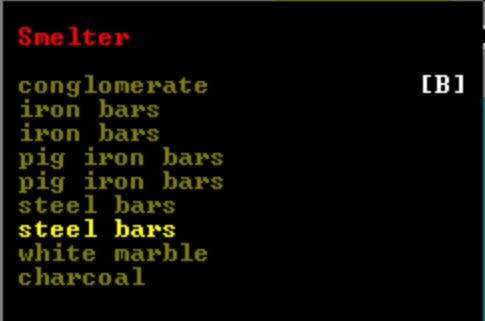
FPS: 100 <49>

yak bone crossbow

This is a superior quality yak bone crossbow.

I am also quite pleased to announce that we have manufactured our first locally produced steel! It's considered a basic mark of self-sufficiency for a fortress, and we have managed it within a our first year. This steel will go towards making armor and weapon for our meager military, so our fortress won't be completely defenseless should the elves or goblins find us.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



18th of Timber.

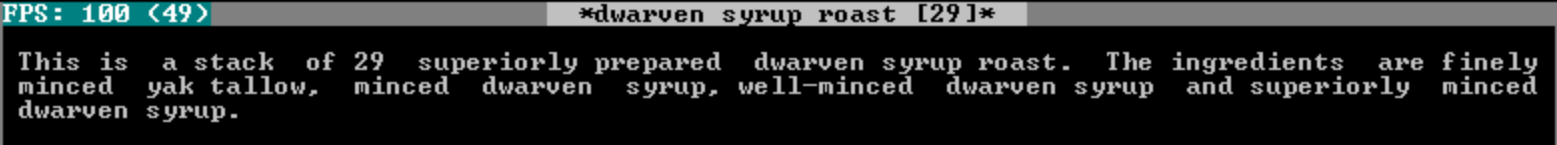
The day I was expecting and half dreading has arrived. The liaison from the mountainhomes has arrived, along with a trading caravan.

He'll want to see evidence that we're working towards meeting the demands of both the queen and the general, and I'm sure that several of our immigrants will be sending their own secret reports back. I admit our fortress isn't much to look at yet - a few crude buildings aboveground, and some small rooms carved in the stone beneath the ocean - but the trade goods should convince them that we're making progress.

First up to the depot are the microcline and olivine cabuchons our jeweler has produced. I took a look at some of them as they were being brought up. Each one has a tiny 'R' engraved on the back - that's short for 'Rachel', which is what our jeweler tells me she wants to be known as. I don't know how much polished microcline is going to go for, but I suppose it's a good start for her to develop a name for herself.

Will_Tuna has outdone herself. She's prepared a batch of some heart-stoppingly rich syrup and fat confections. This kind of thing fetches a fortune back at the mountainhomes.

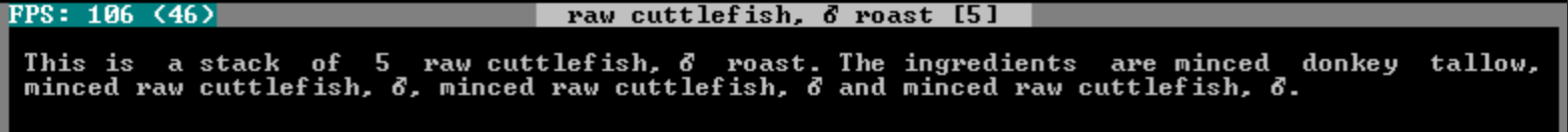
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Of course, Argel deserves the credit for growing the plants, butchering the animals, and processing the sweet pods into syrup.

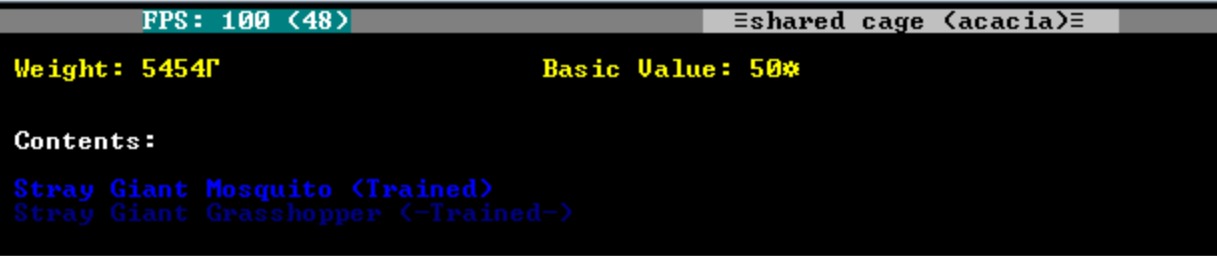
Will_Tuna has also prepared a special treat for the Queen. She calls it Cuttlefish Surprise.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



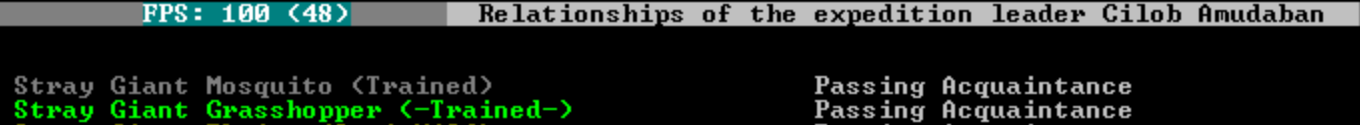
And I have a special gift just for General Reg. The first two monsters for her mighty army.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



I don't know what she's going to do with them. Figuring out how to use these in combat is her problem. The mosquito can probably swoop down and suck blood or something, and maybe she can put a saddle on the grasshopper and ride it into combat. I'm still amazed I managed to tame the damn things in the first place. And yet, I'm going to miss those bugs.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **March 31, 2012, 08:38:03 pm**

Sweet new glitch.

-Diary of CoraiUnki, Entry Two-

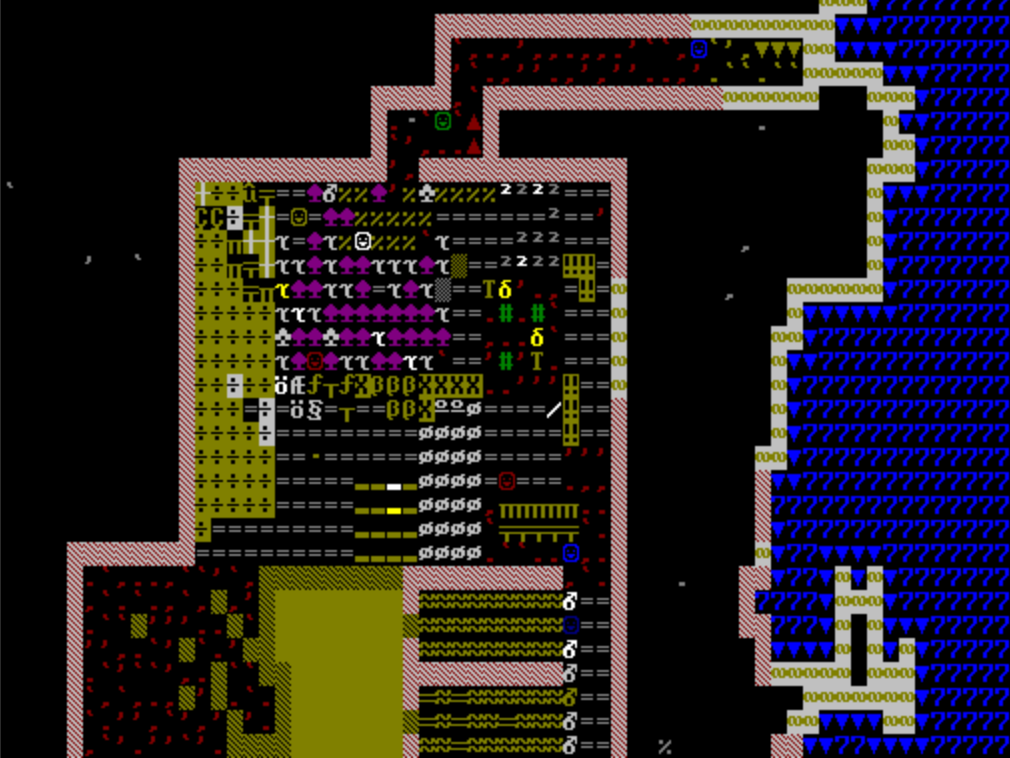
Hi diary! A bunch of stuff happened lately! We got another friend, a green hopping thing! Everyone calls it a Grasshopper, so thats what its called I guess. It was so adorable, oh and speaking of adorable, guess what, I made a new super friend! Fishybang is so nice! Shes sweet and nice and just great! And my workshop is just a neck-turn!

Later on the day, we got a trade-caravan from the mountainhomes. I saw people bringing polished rocks and our two friends there. I hope they have a fun time back in the mountainhomes! And those polished rocks looked nice. I'd like to have one. Maybe I should ask Rachel. And I should proboly meet Geb too. Well, bye diary! Byeeeeeeeeeeeee! And I know you been reading this guys, stop it!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 31, 2012, 08:44:48 pm**

1st of Moonstone. The dwarves of Brightwater are gathered in the communal dining area.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Red loam soil is slightly damp underneath. The dining hall consists of all of five chairs and tables. Stockpiles are crowded all around. The farms are mere feet away on the other side of a dirt wall, and fresh dirt from ongoing excavations are tracked across the floor. Nearby, two Giant Thrips, bizarre-looking insect monsters, crouch near the kennels where Cilob has been training them.

Amid this din and mess, Cilob, Expedition leader and chief animal trainer, stands on a table and raises a barrel of locally brewed wine.

My fellow dwarves! AHM! Phenix, can you lay off the mining for a moment while I'm speaking?

My Fellow Dwarves! It was only a year ago today that our wagon arrived on the shore, here where the The Watchful Ocean meets the Hill of Proliferating. Now, thanks to all of you, we have put this fortress on the path to success. I know there's not much of a fortress here yet, but look at what we have accomplished. Self-sufficiency in food and metalsmithing, and a working animal trapping industry with our first specimens already on the way back home. I have to admit I wasn't expecting success on that front so soon.

Now I have to admit, that thanks to the tireless efforts of Phenix and the two dwarves I've assigned to help her, we have a good start on the underground architecture of this fortress. We have stone bedrooms for every dwarf in the fortress now - nobody has to sleep in a common barracks any more. We have the start of a very nice crafting hall.

Mind the thrips, Geb. That second one is still a little bitey.

But as I was saying, as much work as Phenix has done, I will have to ask her to do far more in this upcoming year. I am sure you'll all agree that we could use a better dining room. We'll all be glad to see what Phenix can do there. Our poor doctor Cain, who has had nothing to do all year, has been asking me for a proper hospital, and I intend to have that functional before the end of this new year.

But first, before all of that, we need to work on our defenses. Though we all know how impressive the two military ladies we have here are - killed thirteen elves between the two of them, I hear - it takes more than soldiers to defend a fortress. Our Queen has demanded that this be a private beach and fishing fortress, so I have asked Phenix to construct a curtain wall around our site. Our Queen has provided me with some plans that I'll pass over to her.

Now, someone pass me some of that sheep tallow roast, and clear some space on a table.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Hamlet Shinarel, "Brightwater" FPS: 100 (45) 1st Moonstone, 51, Early Winter									
Animals Kitchen Stone Stocks Health Justice									
Created Wealth:		26139*		Population:		23			
Weapons:		50*		Miners		0	2	Axedwarves	0 None
Armor and Garb:		None		Woodworkers		0	1	Axe Lords	0 None
Furniture:		2500*		Stoneworkers		0	2	Swordsdwarves	0 None
Other Objects:		14785*		Rangers		0	1	Swordmasters	0 None
Architecture:		4917*		Metalsmiths		0	None	Macedwarves	0 None
Displayed:		3847*		Jewelers		0	1	Mace Lords	0 None
Held/Worn:		40*		Craftsdwarves		0	1	Hammerdwarves	0 None
Imported Wealth:		19708*		Nobles/Admins		0	1	Hammer Lords	0 None
Exported Wealth:		None		Peasants		0	1	Speardwarves	0 None
Food Stores:		516		Dwarven Childrn		0	7	Spearmasters	0 None
Meat		None	Seeds	Fishery Workers		0	3	Marksdwarves	0 None
Fish		None	Drink	Farmers		0	3	Elite Mrksdwrvs	0 None
Plant		57	Other	Engineers		0	None	Wrestlers	0 None
				Trained Animals		A	None	Elite Wrestlers	0 None
				Other Animals		A	5	Recruit/Others	0 None

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **March 31, 2012, 08:47:07 pm**

You are god of these, your almost as good as Boatmurdered/syreupleaf and better then Headshoots.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **March 31, 2012, 08:48:13 pm**

Diary of Fishybang, Entry one.

Hello Diary im Fishybang ill be writing in this thing from now on when ever i deem fit. Anyway to day i was reading my Friend Corai's Diary but I thank he's on to me ill have to cover my tracks better next time. Hope he doesnt find this thing.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **March 31, 2012, 11:45:11 pm**

Events of early obsidian

Having finished his meeting with Cilob, the outpost liaison climbed the crude dirt ramp into the sunlight. Blinking, half-blind in the glare, he stumbled over a boulder that hadn't been there before. The boulder screamed and tried to run away.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



CoraiUnki turned at the sound. He clapped his hands and cheered at the adorable sight.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)
‘CoraiUnki’ Litastavuz, Woodworker cancels Store Item in Bag: Interrupted by Kobold Thief.

The kobold took off, trying to run away after having been spotted. Unfortunately, it chose to flee past the trade depot, where the traders were still packing their wagons. The caravan guards cut the poor kobold down in moments.

13th of Obsidian

The trade caravan had finally finished packing. The animals were hooked up to the wagons, and began pulling them out on the long trip back to the mountainhomes.

As the caravan passed the work site where Phenix's crew had started building walls, a second kobold, hiding among the stones, lost his nerve and fled. This one was luckier, having enough of a head start to completely evade the guards.

Back nearer the shore, at the metalsmith's workshop, the military commander was admiring the steel warhammer she had just finished making. Nearly as nice as the one she used back in the wars against the elves. She swung it experimentally, testing the weight and balance. Now if only she had something to hit with it.

At that moment, a third kobold made the fatal mistake of trying to sneak past her into the fortress entrance. The resulting fight didn't last long.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

Page 1/1FPS: 100 <49>	Dwa 25th Moonstone, 51
<p>The militia commander charges at The Kobold Thief! The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the right lower leg with her *steel war hammer*, fracturing the bone! The militia commander collides with The Kobold Thief! The Kobold Thief is knocked over and tumbles backward! The militia commander punches The Kobold Thief in the right foot with her left hand, jamming the bone through the right ankle's muscle and shattering the right ankle's bone! The militia commander scratches The Kobold Thief in the head, tearing the muscle and bruising the upper spine's bone! The militia commander punches The Kobold Thief in the left eye with her right hand, shattering the left eyelid! The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the head with her *steel war hammer*, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle and tearing apart the upper spine's nervous tissue! The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the head with her *steel war hammer*, shattering the skin and bruising the muscle, jamming the *skull through the brain and tearing the brain!</p>	
z: Zoom to location	Announcement Date: 25th Moonstone, 51

At the end of the fight, the kobold's mangled body was left wedged into the side of the smelter. She tugged at it a few times in an unsuccessful attempt to dislodge it, then changed her mind and decided the smelter looked better with a dead kobold stuck in it.

20th of Obsidian

Fishybang was carrying a load of granite out to the work site where Phenix's curtain wall was under construction. Over at the smelter, the military commander was happily making another batch of steel, in her smelter with the dead kobold still stuck in it. Fishybang barely noticed. So many new things, new thoughts and feelings lately. She felt like she needed to do something.

A spark of inspiration flared through her head. She dropped the granite and headed back into the fortress.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)
‘Fishybang’ ònulibruk, Stoneworker cancels Construct Building: Taken by mood.
The dwarves suspended the construction of Wall.
→‘Fishybang’ ònulibruk, Stoneworker is taken by a fey mood!

Quickly she arrived at the newly constructed craftsdwarf workshop in the crafting hall.

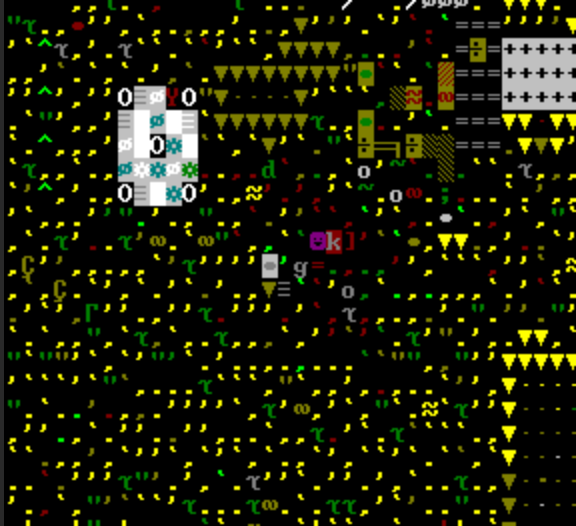
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)
‘Fishybang’ ònulibruk has claimed a Craftsdwarf's Workshop.

Grabbing a mere two stones, she set to work.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)
‘Fishybang’ ònulibruk has begun a mysterious construction!

Meanwhile, back at the surface, the commander's smelting was interrupted by the suddenly muffled scream of a child. A goblin thief sprinted away from the entrance to the fortress, carrying a struggling bag. The commander smiled and picked up her hammer, still splattered with kobold blood.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



This fight was not over quickly.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Page 1/4 FPS: 100 (49) 20th Obsidian, 51

→The militia commander strikes at The Goblin Thief but the shot is parried!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Thief in the right lower arm with her *steel war hammer*, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle through the <<cave spider silk cloak>>!
The militia commander punches The Goblin Thief in the lower body with her right hand, chipping the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the guts through the <<cave spider silk trousers>>!
The militia commander strikes at The Goblin Thief but the shot is parried!
The Goblin Thief counterstrikes!
The Goblin Thief misses The militia commander!
The militia commander strikes at The Goblin Thief but the shot is parried!
The Goblin Thief counterstrikes!
The Goblin Thief strikes at The militia commander but the shot is parried!
The militia commander kicks The Goblin Thief in the upper lip with her right foot, shattering the skin and bruising the muscle through the <<cave spider silk cloak>>!

z: Zoom to location Announcement Date: 20th Obsidian, 51

Page 2/4 FPS: 100 (49) 20th Obsidian, 51

→The militia commander strikes at The Goblin Thief but the shot is parried!
The Goblin Thief counterstrikes!
The Goblin Thief strikes at The militia commander but the shot is parried!
The militia commander strikes at The Goblin Thief but the shot is parried!
The Goblin Thief counterstrikes!
The Goblin Thief misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Thief in the upper body with her *steel war hammer*, chipping the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the liver through the <<cave spider silk cloak>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Thief in the lower body with her *steel war hammer*, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the guts through the <<cave spider silk trousers>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Thief in the upper body with her *steel war hammer*, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle and tearing the middle spine's nervous tissue through the <<cave spider silk cloak>>!
The Goblin Thief loses hold of the <<cave spider silk bag>>.

z: Zoom to location Announcement Date: 20th Obsidian, 51

Page 3/4 FPS: 100 (49) 20th Obsidian, 51

→The Goblin Thief loses hold of the <<large arsenical bronze dagger>>.
The Goblin Thief falls over.
The militia commander punches The Goblin Thief in the left upper leg with her left hand, fracturing the skin and bruising the bone through the <<cave spider silk trousers>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Thief in the head with her *steel war hammer*, chipping the skin and bruising the muscle and shattering the skull through the <<giant cave spider silk hood>>!
The militia commander kicks The Goblin Thief in the right upper leg with her right foot, fracturing the skin and bruising the bone through the <<cave spider silk trousers>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Thief in the left foot with her *steel war hammer*, jamming the bone through the left ankle's muscle and shattering the left ankle's bone!
The militia commander punches The Goblin Thief in the right lower arm with her left hand, fracturing the skin and bruising the bone through the <<cave spider silk cloak>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Thief in the left upper leg with her *steel war hammer*, jamming the bone through the left hip's muscle and fracturing the left hip's bone!

z: Zoom to location Announcement Date: 20th Obsidian, 51

The captive child was freed almost immediately, after a blow to the goblin's spine fractured it and left the thief half-paralyzed. The commander could have killed the goblin easily, but why hurry? She'd never fought a goblin before. She took her time, shattering each part of its body in turn. Teeth scattered across the landscape like bloody shrapnel.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



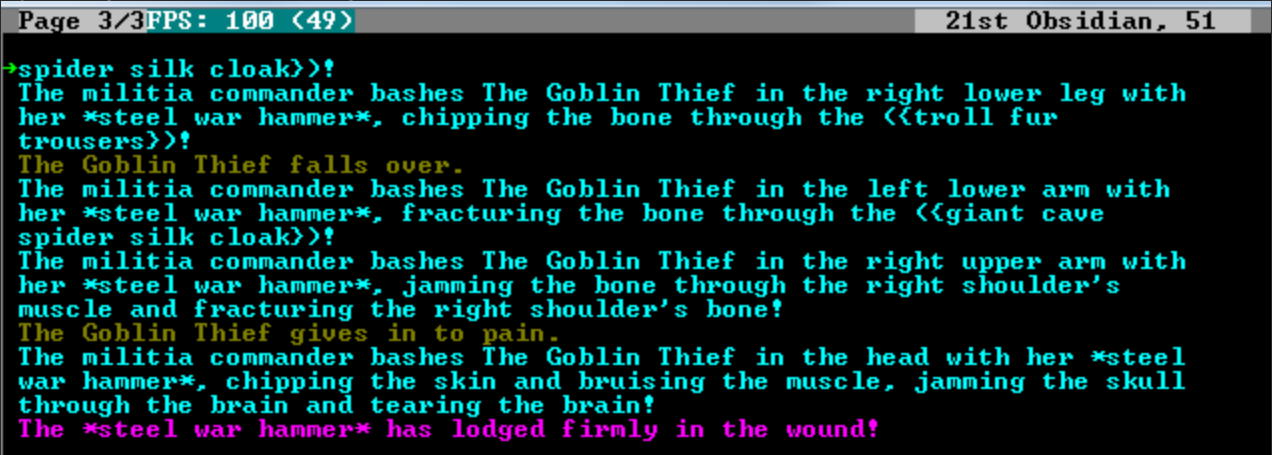
Finally, after the creature had been reduced to a barely-moving mangled mass, every bone broken, she finished it off with a blow to the head.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



While strolling back to her smelter, she stumbled across a second thief. Her curiosity already satisfied, she finished this one off with only a few blows.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Meanwhile, unaware of the carnage taking place above, Fishybang finished her work.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



This makes Fishybang our first dwarf to have a mood. She's now a legendary engraver.

Someone really needs to claim that commander before she gets a title. She's becoming quite badass.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **March 31, 2012, 11:53:06 pm**

Its an omen! She wants kids get ready to get busy Corai :P

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **March 31, 2012, 11:57:31 pm**

I feel simply awful for our kids if we have two. A sane one, and a Corai.

It would be like octomom, but so...so much worse.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **FearfulJesuit** on **April 01, 2012, 12:12:19 am**

If she were a lasher, I'd suggest renaming her Wanda von Dwarfajew, but she ain't, so...meh.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **April 01, 2012, 03:57:55 am**

In a moment of idleness, Geb enters the dining hall.

"Good afternoon, Miss Thrips!"

chirrup

She leans in a bit closer. "Do you want to hear a secret?"

thorax wriggle *chirrup*

"It's something you only know if you're in a bowyering family. It's how you make a spring out of bone. Making a spring from wood is easy, you just have to keep bending it a little, hold it there, bend some more... if you do it right the wood gets used to being bent and won't snap. Bone is different though..."

As she leans in closer still and begins to whisper, the thrip leaps forwards, lunging at her.

"Gah! Bad thrip! You'll never be a bowyer with an attitude like that."

Ok. I need to be dwarfed in this. Is the Sun of the two migrants claimed? If not, Athra shall be his new name. If that is ok with you, that is.

Quote from: zomara0292 on April 01, 2012, 09:44:24 am

Ok. I need to be dwarfed in this. Is the Sun of the two migrants claimed? If not, Athra shall be his new name. If that is ok with you, that is.

Kib Udibenor, only son of immigrant couple Cog Agasob and Rovod Berdanurist, has not been claimed. He shall now be known as Athra. (I assume that's the son you were referring to?)

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>

'Athra' Udibenôr, "'Athra' Syrupblue", Dwarven Child

'Athra' Udibenôr has been happy lately. He slept in a good bedroom recently. He dined in a very good dining room recently. He talked with mother lately. He made a friend recently. He admired own fine Bed lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He admired a fine Door lately. He is the son of Cog Overboard and Rovod Walkdaggers. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Figure of Play. He is a former member of The Spears of Trusting. He arrived at Shinarel on the 8th of Malachite in the year 51. He is eight years old, born on the 7th of Slate in the year 43. He is average in size. His medium-length sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. His slightly close-set rust eyes have very large irises. His ears are free-lobed. His lips are thin. His skin is peach. He is agile, but he is quite susceptible to disease. 'Athra' Udibenôr likes thorianite, thorium, white chalcedony, bugbat bone, the color flax and picks. When possible, he prefers to consume giant koala and prickle berry wine. He absolutely detests moon snails. He has a great sense of empathy, a lot of willpower, a great deal of patience and a good feel for social relationships, but he has an iffy memory, a questionable spatial sense and very bad intuition. He feels strong urges and seeks short-term rewards. He can handle stress. He is somewhat reserved. He is very active. He is often cheerful. He loves new and fresh ideas. He is confident. He takes time when making decisions. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

FPS: 100 <48>

Relationships of the Dwarven child 'Athra' Udibenôr

Cog ágasob, Miner

Rovod Berdanurist, Mason

Stukos Avuzzedot

Tirist Zuntîrlimâr

Thob Asênushil, Dwarven Child

Rakust Amithtulon, Dwarven Child

Nish Lolordallith

Mestthos Oddombecor, Dwarven Child

ònul Rintarvúsh

Eral Atêknomal

Ustuth Dastottenshed

Udib Sazirrithar

Åblel Idromgoden

Etur Lôrbuket

Mosus Mosusîd

Alâth Athellogem, sheriff

Mother

Father

Paternal Grandmother

Paternal Grandfather

Older Sister

Older Sister

Maternal Grandmother

Younger Sister

Maternal Grandfather

Aunt

Aunt

Aunt

Aunt

Aunt

Aunt

Aunt

Olon Rigòthbakust

Mafol Serurdim, Miner

Udil Delerorshar

Zefon Kikrostsokan

Kivish ósducin

Stinthåd Sazirbuzat

Sigun Zefoncatten

Adil Nâzommeng

Sigun Kegethlikot

Urdim Uzolmonang

Rîsen Ellesttekkud, Miner

Bomrek Dolekendok

Endok Mengkab

Obok Shigósineth

Sigun Komanmedtob

Rith Letmoskib

Aunt

Aunt

Aunt

Aunt

Uncle

Uncle

Uncle

Uncle

Uncle

Uncle

Uncle

Uncle

Uncle

Uncle

Cousin

Cousin

Tulon Taranvabôk

Adil Uzololin

'Rachel' îtebozkak, Gem Cutter

Erush Fatheggut, Clothier

Domas Tobulkulin

Sigun Uzolamas

Dumat Rutodshorast

Ilral Kinemäs

Udil Uúshavuz

'Geb' Mozibducin, Bone Carver

Logem Buhnusatis, Dwarven Child

Likot Alâthneth, Dwarven Child

Lôr Rakusttumam, Dwarven Child

Môrul Cattendoren, militia commander

'Fishybang' ònulibruk, Engraver

'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf

Cousin

Cousin

Cousin

Cousin

Cousin

Cousin

Cousin

Cousin

Cousin

Cousin

Cousin

Cousin

Cousin

Cousin

Friend

Friend

Friend

'CoraiUnki' Litastavuz, Woodworker

'Will_Tuna' Edêmkadôl, Farmer

'Phenix' Esdorbomrek, Miner

Cilob Amudaban, expedition leader

'Argel' Dodókszalur, Farmer

Passing Acquaintance

Passing Acquaintance

Passing Acquaintance

Passing Acquaintance

Passing Acquaintance

Yes. Yes he is. Thank you kindly.

Cilob's Journal, 28th of Obsidian

Yet another goblin thief tried to sneak in today. This one was spotted at the top of the entrance ramp. Our Sherrif managed to get off a few bolts at it before it ran into a cage trap. We'll have it brought down to the animal storage room and stripped of armor and weapons while we decide what to do with it.

In light of the goblin and kobold incursions, I have decided to tighten up security at the main entrance. Phenix is still working on the

curtain wall, but she tells me that might take another year to complete. Until then, I've ordered some additional walls built to restrict the entrance to the underground part of the fortress, and had some additional cage traps placed.

In more sad news, 'Miss Thrips' was found dead by the kennels.

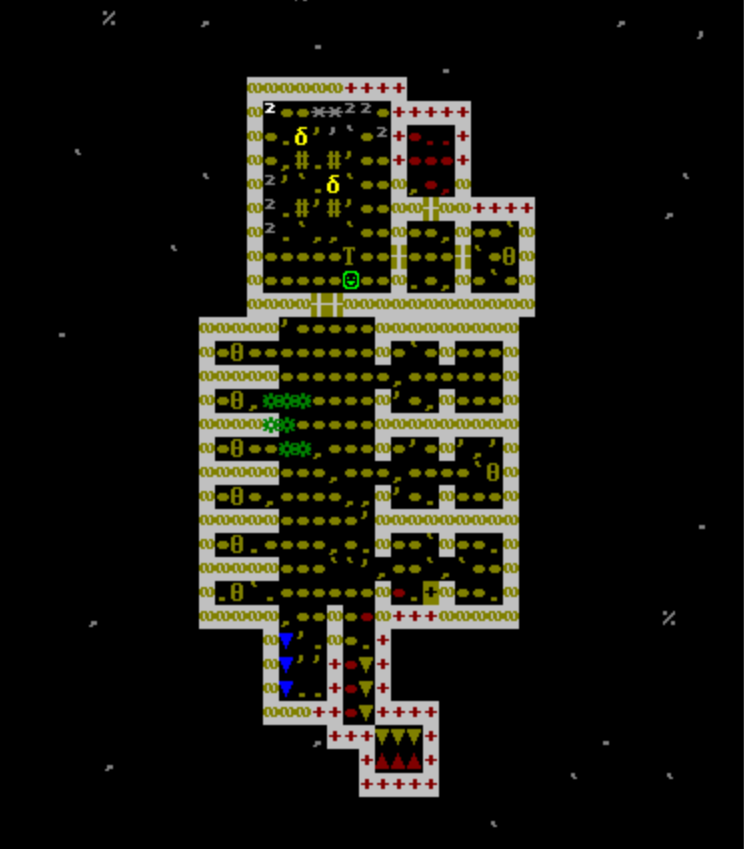
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Spring has arrived on the calendar.
→The Stray Giant Thrips (-Trained-) has died of old age.

She appears to have died of natural causes. Even giant insects have short lifespans it seems.

12th of Granite

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The hospital wing and animal research center is under construction. Phenix has finished digging out the rooms, and furnishings are being installed.

The preliminary hospital will have six private treatment rooms, aquifer-fed wells for cleaning and drinking, plenty of storage space, and offices and living quarters for the medical staff. I have also had the kennels and animal training facilities moved to a back area behind the hospital, along with my own quarters, as Doctor Cain has expressed some interest in animal training.

1st of Felsite

Today I emerged to find a crowd of dwarves marching into my fortress. So ... many ... children.

I hadn't realized that being open for immigrants would mean that half the mountainhomes would move here.

Fifteen adults and thirteen children, unless I've missed a few. And nearly all of them are related! Only three of the adults have no family connection to the previous immigrants.

There's an armorer of some skill. That will be welcome, our military commander made armor for herself, but it would be a bit much to ask her to armor the entire military.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <45>

Nish Stukosgasol, "Nish Razorbreaths", Armorer

Nish Stukosgasol has been quite content lately.

He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Lost Shields. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Slate in the year 52.

He has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-four years old and is one of the first of his kind.

He is average in size. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is braided. His hair is clean-shaven. His rust eyes have large irises. He has a clear voice. His ears are somewhat narrow. His skin is peach.

Nish Stukosgasol likes siltstone, zinc, blue garnet, oak wood, giant chinchilla nail, the color puce, human cities and millstones. When possible, he prefers to consume mackerel, plump helmets, sewer brew and tapir's milk. He absolutely detests large roaches.

He has an amazing spatial sense, a great sense of empathy, a great kinesthetic sense and a lot of willpower, but he has little patience and little natural inclination toward music.

He rarely feels discouraged. He makes friends quickly. He is very assertive. He is relaxed. He loves a good thrill. He is disorganized. He winks during conversations. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

The second one calls himself a Ranger. Seems he has some skills with a crossbow, but no actual military experience.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <48>

Domas Egullolok, "Domas Controlgranite", Ranger

Domas Egullolok has been quite content lately.

He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Lost Shields. He is a former member of The Standard of Auras. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Slate in the year 52.

He has the appearance of somebody that is ninety-three years old and is one of the first of his kind.

He is very fat. His hair is extremely sparse. His very long sideburns are braided. His long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is braided. His very long hair is arranged in double braids. His rust eyes have large irises. His somewhat tall ears are slightly flattened. His hair is tan with some gray. His skin is peach.

He is very slow to heal, quite susceptible to disease and very quick to tire.

Domas Egullolok likes garnierite, solid mercury, jelly opal, mangrove wood, gigantic squid leather, the color lemon, earrings, yaks for their shaggy hair, giant bark scorpions for their stinging tail and pig tails for their twisting stalks. When possible, he prefers to consume giant penguin, herring, horse cheese and fisher berry wine. He absolutely detests slugs.

He has a great sense of empathy, very good intuition, a natural ability with music, a good spatial sense, a good memory and a good intellect, but he has a meager kinesthetic sense and very little patience.

He is organized. He has a sense of duty. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

And for the third, I was astonished to see a familiar face.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>

Ral Mistêmmeng, "Ral Portallash", Bone Carver

Ral Mistêmmeng has been quite content lately.
She is a worshipper of Ås Copperrock.
She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is the former outpost liaison of The Imperial Pick. She arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Slate in the year 52.
She has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-nine years old and is one of the first of her kind.
She is muscular. Her hair is clean-shaven. Her ears are somewhat narrow. Her skin is peach. Her eyes are rust. Her eyes are slightly protruding.
She is incredibly tough, rarely sick and strong.
Ral Mistêmmeng likes brown marble, zircaloy, sardonyx, oak wood, drunian bone, honey badger nail, bracelets and cave swallows for their coloration. When possible, she prefers to consume emperor penguin, pig cheese and whip wine. She absolutely detests blood gnats.
She has an iron will, a very good sense of the position of her own body, a great deal of patience and a feel for music, but she has an iffy memory.
She doesn't often experience strong cravings or urges. She is very distant and reserved. She is unassertive. She is relaxed. She has a fertile imagination. She appreciates art and natural beauty. She prefers familiar routines. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She dislikes helping others. She is confident. She shakes her finger up and down when she's trying to remember something. She cackles when she's nervous. She keeps her voice very quiet when she is nervous. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

"Ral? Ral Portallash? You just left a few months ago! I didn't expect to see you back till the end of the year."

"Ha, well, once I saw how nice this place was coming along, I decided to move here permanently. Turned in my report to the Queen, then resigned my position as Liaison and joined the next group heading out. They were glad to have someone who knew the way."

She glanced back and forth at the moment, then leaned in closer.

"Between you and me, the General's planning something. Nearly this entire group is related to her. Be careful around this family."

"Wonderful. Say, now that you're here, do you mind taking over some of the bookkeeping for me? I have a lot to do and not enough time to do it."

Looking over the rest of the immigrants, I'm starting to see a pattern. One of the older dwarves to arrive is a daughter of General Reg and the former King Kivish MasteredCeilings.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <48>

Udil Inethtilesh, "Udil Citytruss", Armorer

Udil Inethtilesh has been quite content lately.
She is married to Asën Tongsstands and has two children: Thob Roofsears and Dastot Flaggate. She is the daughter of Reg Paintedpost and Kivish Masteredceilings. She is a worshipper of Stettad.
She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is a former member of The Praised Turquoise. She is a former member of The Relic of Burying. She is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. She arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Slate in the year 52.
She is forty-eight years old, born on the 19th of Obsidian in the year 4.
She is weak. Her eyes are rust. Her very long hair is tied in a pony tail. Her teeth are tangled. She has a clear voice. Her hair is quite sparse. Her hair is tan. Her tongue is gone. Her skin is peach.
She is quite susceptible to disease and very weak.
Udil Inethtilesh likes cinnabar, bismuth, clear garnet, crystal glass, mimmoth ivory, bucklers and sheep for their wool. When possible, she prefers to consume firefly and river spirits. She absolutely detests rats.
She has a great affinity for language, a very good sense of empathy and a good intellect, but she has meager creativity, a poor kinesthetic sense, little natural inclination toward music and lousy intuition. She occasionally overindulges. She can handle stress. She is relaxed. She isn't given to flights of fancy. She has a great awareness of her own emotions. She prefers familiar routines. She dislikes confrontations. She lacks confidence. She strives for excellence. She often does the first thing that comes to mind. She often snaps her fingers when she's nervous. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Strangely, her voice is quite clear despite her injury.

Her sister, the only other child of Reg and Kivish, is also here, along with her husband and some of their children

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 95 <42>

Fath Laratîs, "Fath Meetstakes", Miner

Fath Laratîs has been quite content lately.
She is married to Kulet Metalrained and has 9 children: Kûbuk Cosmosdike, Tulon Rungrope, Olon Arrowpriest, Urvad Ragwhipped, Lorbam Relicholt, Kogan Steelrack, Aban Earthspells, Zulban Chambersnarled and Rimtar Silverywades. She is the daughter of Reg Paintedpost and Kivish Masteredceilings. She is a worshipper of Stettad.
She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is a former member of The Praised Turquoise. She is a former member of The Relic of Burying. She is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. She arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Slate in the year 52.
She is forty-nine years old, born on the 19th of Moonstone in the year 3.
She is fat. Her hair is clean-shaven. Her somewhat narrow ears have large hanging lobes. Her skin is peach. Her eyes are rust.
She is agile and tough, but she is slow to heal.
Fath Laratîs likes porphyry, iron, rhodolite, amber and yaks for their shaggy hair. When possible, she prefers to consume giant forest spider and tuber beer. She absolutely detests large roaches.
She has a very good sense of the position of her own body, very good focus, willpower, good intuition and a good spatial sense, but she has little linguistic ability.
She prefers that others handle the leadership roles. She is very active. She is guarded in relationships with others. She is modest. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Kulet Keludar has been happy lately. He is married to Fath Meetstakes and has 9 children: Kûbuk Cosmosdike, Tulon Rungrope, Olon Arrowpriest, Urvad Ragwhipped, Lorbam Relicbolt, Kogan Steelrack, Aban Earthspells, Zulban Chambersnarled and Rimtar Silverywades. He is the son of Id Mutedhammer and Melbil Treatysaints. He is a faithful worshipper of Adil the Flicker of Glowing and an ardent worshipper of Æs Copperrock. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Praised Turquoise. He is a former member of The Relic of Burying. He is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Slate in the year 52. He is forty-eight years old, born on the 14th of Moonstone in the year 4. He has a once-thin frame, now belarded. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is braided. His teeth are gapped. His skin is peach. His eyes are rust. He is quick to tire, very weak, quite clumsy and very slow to heal. Kulet Keludar likes petrified wood, lay pewter, urania, spore tree wood, pig tail fiber fabric and trumpets. When possible, he prefers to consume dwarven wine and whip vine flour. He absolutely detests rats. He has a great affinity for language and a great feel for social relationships, but he has poor focus and little patience. He occasionally overindulges. He is somewhat reserved. He is unassertive. He is highly adventurous and loves fresh experiences. He very rarely does more work than necessary. He scratches his ear when he's thinking. He has trouble speaking when he's excited. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Other than that, I see four married couples, with eleven more children between them, and then two more unmarried dwarves. They're all related. None of them have any notable skills. I need to go sit down in my new office and work out the family tree. It's going to take a while.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 01, 2012, 02:16:23 pm**

I have a idea for the kiddies.

Make a 3z level drop and fill it with stray dogs, 1 tile. Drop all kids in it and about 20 dogs/puppies. By the time they grow up they will ATLEAST be a competent fighter, striker, dodger, and wrestler with "doesnt really care about anything anymore." because his friends, his fellow children, will likely die of dog, infection, or insanity.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 01, 2012, 02:33:12 pm**

"Cilob?"

Fishybang knocked on the door to the new office. Behind her, a giant thrips stirred, then settled back down next to the new kennels. No answer came from inside the office, but she could hear scratching and muttering. She pushed the door open.

Inside, Cilob was studying a wall hafd-covered in boxes and lines, tiny notations and arrows scattered among them. "So Domas married to Udil, but Udil is also Domas's aunt through Mosus Mosusid... Ah, come in Fishy. Here to smooth the walls? Leave this one as is, I'd hate to lose these notes."

"Are those the new immigrants?"

"Most of them. I think I've just about worked out the genealogy." He gestured to the top of the wall. "See, we start off with four ancestral couples, including the King and our General Reg. Those couples had many children, and then many of those children married each other, and some who didn't marry each other married the children of those that did. So the family tree, it's all a tangled mess. Nearly all of these immigrants are related to each other, and nearly all of them are related to the old king, some more directly than others. Funny thing is, I can't find any links to the current Queen from anyone here now."

"Ah, speaking of the immigrants, they need orders."

"Right. I have the specifics here. There's a few that will be going into the military, but anyone without useful jobs is going to be assigned to Phenix as a trainee mason. We need to get that perimeter wall up as soon as possible."

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **zomara0292** on **April 01, 2012, 03:31:09 pm**

Quote from: Corai on April 01, 2012, 02:16:23 pm

I have a idea for the kiddies.

Make a 3z level drop and fill it with stray dogs, 1 tile. Drop all kids in it and about 20 dogs/puppies. By the time they grow up they will ATLEAST be a competent fighter, striker, dodger, and wrestler with "doesnt really care about anything anymore." because his friends, his fellow children, will likely die of dog, infection, or insanity.

I am opposed to this because I will be included in that group. Why not a small nursery with three table/chairs a food stack pile and cloths. i found out kids dont like not having access to cloths.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 01, 2012, 03:32:42 pm**

Quote from: zomara0292 on April 01, 2012, 03:31:09 pm

Quote from: Corai on April 01, 2012, 02:16:23 pm

I have a idea for the kiddies.

Make a 3z level drop and fill it with stray dogs, 1 tile. Drop all kids in it and about 20 dogs/puppies. By the time they grow up they will ATLEAST be a competent fighter, striker, dodger, and wrestler with "doesnt really care about anything anymore." because his friends, his fellow children, will likely die of dog, infection, or insanity.

I am opposed to this because I will be included in that group. Why not a small nursery with three table/chairs a food stack pile and cloths. i found out kids dont like not having access to cloths.

Dont you want to be a unholy monster of mass destruction? Even demons would wet themselves at the sight of you. Let alone a snatcher. Your version is so elf.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 01, 2012, 03:55:06 pm**

Cilob's Journal

Today I found an anonymous note on my desk, containing a quite disturbing suggestion for what to do with the many children of our immigrants. I am shocked that any of our citizens would be so depraved as to suggest such a thing. This is a civilized settlement, we

don't practice that type of training. Besides which, we don't even have any dogs.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The dwarves of The Humid Silver now know a few facts about giant thrips training.

I have learned a few things about giant thrips. Specifically, I've learned that they are unlikely to be useful as a weapon for the General. They simply don't live long enough, and attempts to breed them in captivity have failed. Once they have been captured and trained, they don't have much lifespan left.

We'll have to capture some other creatures.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Hey Mosus, what are you doing there?"

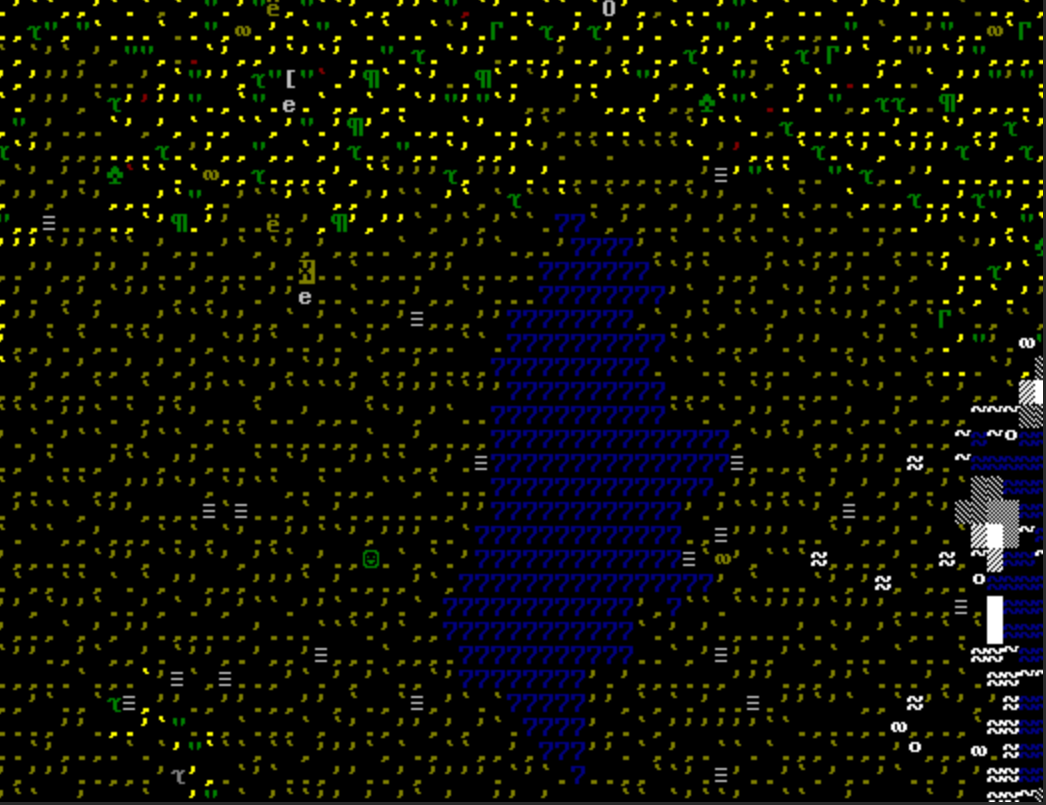
"Trying to catch fish, what's it look like?"

"That's a well, dug in an aquifer. Shouldn't you be fishing outside, in the ocean?"

"Nah, it's too bright and hot out there. It's safer fishing here."

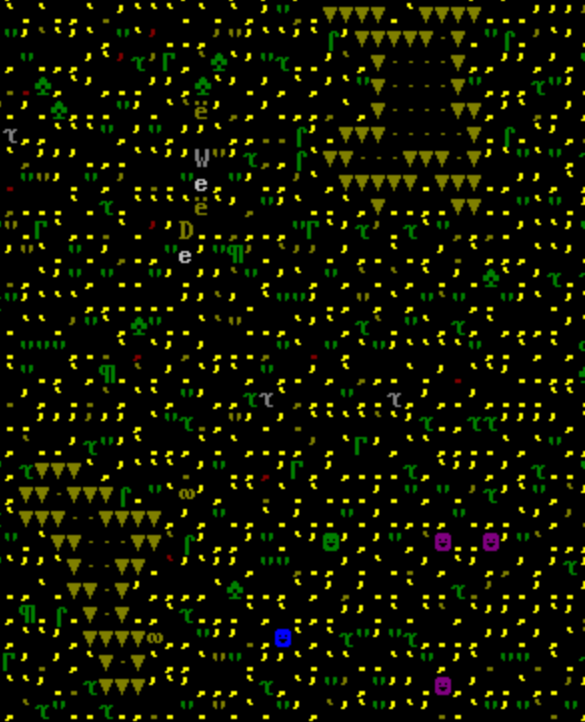
At that moment, Urist Kadolfieb, immigrant Ranger, burst into the main hall. "Elves! Elves are coming! Over the north rise, I saw them while I was out looking for animals."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Grab your hammers! Soldiers to the surface! I don't know how they found us, but they won't take this fortress!"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The military of Brightwater, such as it was, gathered on the dry grass north of the trade depot.

The elves, four in total, along with two heavily laden animals, walked across the surface, making no effort to hide themselves.

The soldiers looked to the military commander, veteran of the wars against the elves. She shook her head sadly.

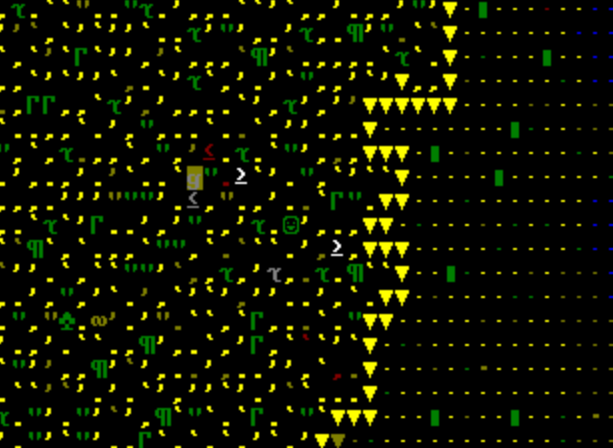
"Look at those banners. That's not the Mythical Net-Horn or the Entangled Shores. This is a completely different elven nation. They're probably here to trade or something."

"Can't we kill them anyway?"

"Cilob was clear on that, we have to be friendly towards the new nations in this land. Keep an eye on them, but unless they do anything hostile, don't attack."

Fairly soon, the soldiers were called into action. Not against the elves, who really did seem to be genuinely friendly and wanting to trade, but against more goblin thieves. The first one was spotted by a mason and ran off, escaping the pursuing military. The second was spotted by Urist Kadolfieb, immigrant Ranger. Still annoyed at not being able to kill the elves, he shot the creeping goblin in the leg, disabling it with a single bolt.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The flying <yak bone bolt> strikes The Goblin Thief in the right upper leg, chipping the bone through the <<troll fur trousers>>!
A tendon has been torn!
The Goblin Thief falls over.
→The Goblin Thief gives in to pain.

The rest of the military arrived in moments, the commander getting the kill.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→The militia commander bashes The Goblin Thief in the head with her *steel war hammer*, chipping the skin and bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!

Meanwhile, the former outpost liaison met with the elves, trading a handful of Rachel's polished microcline stones for all the wood they were carrying.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 01, 2012, 04:18:29 pm**

Elf :3

-Diary of CoraiUnki, Entry Three-

Hi diary! Today I noticed all the kids in the fortress, and got a idea, why not put them all in a hole with some pet dogs and have them all be friends and play! I left a note on Cilob's desk, I hope he likes it. I also noticed our big thrip friends keep dieing, its sad. But I guess they have to leave eventully. MAYBE WELL FIND A GIANT FLUFFY WOMBLER! I also got a idea for the fortress what all these goblins keep coming for our kids, I guess there lonely. We can make a pit a few levels deep, put some thrips and other animals in there, and put the goblins in. It would be so cute watching them play together! I should bring that up with cilob! And Im gonna ask if I can go foraging in my spare time, its so booring sitting around in the dining room. I would much rather be finding strawberries and Prickle berries. They make such wonderful wine! Well bye diary, byeeeeeeee!

Oh and stop reading this guys! I know your reading it!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **zomara0292** on **April 01, 2012, 04:28:46 pm**

Quote from: Diary of CoraiUnki, Entry Three (defaced by Athra)

Elf :3

-Diary of CoraiUnki, Entry Three-

Hi diary! Today I noticed all the kids in the fortress, and got a idea, why not put them all in a hole with some pet dogs and have them all be friends and play! I left a note on Cilob's desk, I hope he likes it. I also noticed our big thrip friends keep dieing, its sad. But I guess they have to leave eventully. MAYBE WELL FIND A GIANT FLUFFY WOMBLER! I also got a idea for the fortress what all these goblins keep coming for our kids, I guess there lonely. We can make a pit a few levels deep, put some thrips and other animals in there, and put the goblins in. It would be so cute watching them play together! I should bring that up with cilob! And Im gonna ask if I can go foraging in my spare time, its so booring sitting around in the dining room. I would much rather be finding strawberries and Prickle berries. They make such wonderful wine! Well bye diary, byeeeeeeee!

Oh and stop reading this guys! I know your reading it!
I will stop reading it when I am done writing.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **April 01, 2012, 04:33:39 pm**

"Well, talking to the thrips didn't work out too well. They don't like secrets, they don't like hugs, and then they die. So... hello Mr Syrup Barrel. I'm not expecting you to be the sort of friend who likes secrets or hugs either, but I can steal syrup out of you, so that's enough."

"..."

"My crossbows have been used in battle now, Mr Barrel! Isn't that exciting? Some of my bolts are stuck in a goblin!"

"..."

She glares at the barrel for a while, and then shrugs, and dips in a finger to steal another taste.

"I'm starting to see why the others just keep a journal. Barrels are no fun."

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 01, 2012, 04:35:36 pm**

Quote from: Geb on April 01, 2012, 04:33:39 pm

"Well, talking to the thrips didn't work out too well. They don't like secrets, they don't like hugs, and then they die. So... hello Mr Syrup Barrel. I'm not expecting you to be the sort of friend who likes secrets or hugs either, but I can steal syrup out of you, so that's enough."

"..."

"My crossbows have been used in battle now, Mr Barrel! Isn't that exciting? Some of my bolts are stuck in a goblin!"

"..."

She glares at the barrel for a while, and then shrugs, and dips in a finger to steal another taste.

"I'm starting to see why the others just keep a journal. Barrels are no fun."

You can faintly hear Corai talking to a giant thrip, which isdesperately trying to escape.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **April 01, 2012, 05:33:19 pm**

Fishybangs Dairy entry two.

"All the dwarfs in this fortress are crazy! Just a little while ago a saw some insane dwarf talking to a syrup barrel!
Remind me not to eat any of the syrup roasts. The only dwarf whos not crazy is Corai. I dont see why people dont like him very much hes fun and shows me the Thrips that im not allowed to go near.. BLARGH WHATS HAPPENING TO ME!!!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 01, 2012, 06:37:38 pm**

Cilob's Journal

Our fortress is in morning now, the first dwarf having died in our fortress. Etur Lorbuket, hammerdwarf, gave her life in defense of the fortress.

I had stationed our soldiers out by the trade depot, keeping an eye on the elves in case they tried anything suspicious. Our military commander must have become bored with the elves' non-aggression. She spotted some type of giant insect-monster off in the woods and charged off after it. She and the other soldiers managed to kill it, but not before the commander suffered some minor injuries in the battle.

I shall have to have a talk with her about military discipline. While she was being returned to the hospital for examination, a goblin thief snuck into the main hall. The foul invader stabbed a fishery worker before fleeing, but was caught in the cage traps at the entrance. No sooner had the trap been reloaded that a second goblin trying to sneak in was caught in the same trap.

Our military commander was sufficiently shamed by that to return to duty without even waiting for Cain to examine her injuries. It's just as well, Doctor Cain will be busy stitching up the injuries on the civilian who was stabbed. But after returning to patrol, the commander couldn't find Etur.

They went searching along the shoreline, and eventually found her mangled body far to the north. The corpse was mangled, bearing deep tears and puncture wounds. A burial place is being prepared in the magnetite lodes.

The real surprise came when the corpse of the giant louse monster over to the butcher. Will_Tuna is positive that the creature our commander was responsible for Etur's death. She must have wandered off alone and been ambushed by it. Having tasted dwarf blood, the monster then attacked our commander, and even managed to injure her before being struck down.

I have instructed Phenix that getting the curtain wall finished has to be our top priority. I will also demand the construction of steel armor for every member of our military, as only the commander has proper armor at the moment.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Phenixmirage** on **April 01, 2012, 07:32:01 pm**

Phenix's Journal

Cilob reminded me *again* today that the curtain wall is top priority. Does he think I don't know that? Does he think that pestering me about it will build it faster? I work for the day that this wall is finished so my talents can be put toward more creative endeavors.

The trainees I've been sent wouldn't know craftsmanship if it set their beards on fire, but at least they know which end of the hammer to hold. The extra hands should speed construction along nicely, providing no one is stupid enough to wall themselves in. ... I'd better check on them.

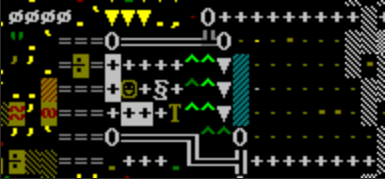
~ Phenix~

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 01, 2012, 08:04:36 pm**

Cilob's Journal

After a suggestion from of all people CoraiUnki, I have moved our one surviving tame giant thrips out in front of the fortress entrance, on a chain, placed such that anyone entering the fortress will have to pass by it. Perhaps we can find out if it is any good at combat before it dies.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



We had a bit of mixed luck from the cage traps recently. A flock of some kind of giant bird, sparrows by the look of it, landed out there, and several were caught in the traps. I have been hoping to catch some of those. If they breed like other birds, we should be able to breed them in captivity and properly domesticate them. And even if they don't breed, the eggs would at least be a welcome food supply.

I'm told there was a bit of a difficulty retrieving the cages, as the remainder of the flock refused to leave their trapped brethren.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

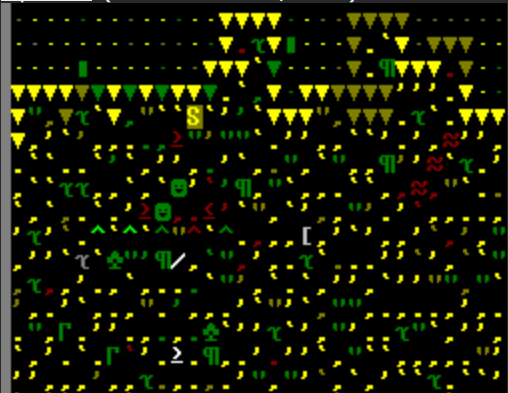
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Kulet Keludar, Peasant cancels Store Item in Stockpile: Interrupted by
Giant Sparrow.
→Kulet Keludar, Peasant cancels Store Item in Stockpile: Interrupted by
Giant Sparrow.

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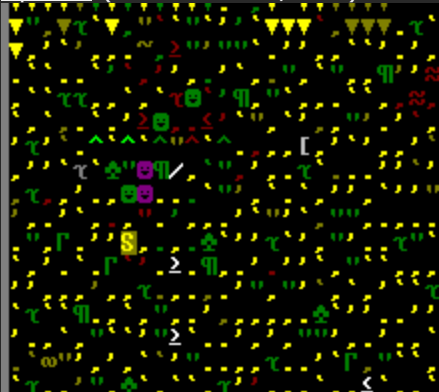
I had to send the military out there to help finish them off. You wouldn't think a few birds would be so hard to kill.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



```
→The Giant Sparrow misses The Peasant!
The Peasant counterstrikes!
The Peasant misses The Giant Sparrow!
The Giant Sparrow leaps at The Peasant!
The Giant Sparrow misses The Peasant!
The Giant Sparrow collides with The Peasant!
The Peasant is knocked over and tumbles backward!
The flying <yak bone bolt> strikes The Giant Sparrow in the upper body,
tearing the muscle and tearing the liver!
The flying <yak bone bolt> strikes The Giant Sparrow in the lower body,
tearing the muscle and tearing the guts!
The Giant Sparrow looks sick!
The <yak bone bolt> has lodged firmly in the wound!
```

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



steel war hammer, bruising the muscle and bruising the pancreas!
The militia commander kicks The Giant Sparrow in the right lower leg with her right foot, bruising the bone!
The Hammerdwarf bashes The Giant Sparrow in the right lower leg with his *steel war hammer*, chipping the bone!
The militia commander bashes The Giant Sparrow in the right wing with her *steel war hammer*, chipping the bone!
The Hammerdwarf bashes The Giant Sparrow in the left foot with his *steel war hammer*, fracturing the bone!
The militia commander bashes The Giant Sparrow in the upper body with her *steel war hammer*, bruising the muscle and bruising the liver!
The flying <yak bone bolt> strikes The Giant Sparrow in the lower body, tearing the muscle and tearing the stomach!
The militia commander punches The Giant Sparrow in the left wing with her right hand, bruising the muscle!
The militia commander bashes The Giant Sparrow in the right eye with her *steel war hammer*, bruising it!
The flying <yak bone bolt> strikes The Giant Sparrow in the left lower leg, chipping the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!

z: Zoom to location Announcement Date: 7th Malachite, 52

Of course, only later after managing to tame them, did I realize that we hadn't managed to catch any females.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Stray Weasel, ♀ (Trained)	TT	Unavailable
Stray Giant Sparrow, ♂ (Trained)	TT	Unavailable
Stray Giant Sparrow, ♂ (Trained)	TT	Unavailable
Stray Giant Sparrow, ♂ (Semi-Wld)	WT	Unavailable

It's a step forward at least.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The dwarves of The Humid Silver now know a few facts about giant sparrow training.

There have been a few reminders lately that this is settling down to be a proper settlement. We had our first child born in the fortress.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Mafo1 Serurdim, Miner has given birth to a boy.

Of course, it's part of that gigantic sprawling inbred family that's been forced on us, so I take this as a mixed good and bad news item.

At about the same time, our Broker informed me that the mayor had forbade the export of Earrings.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

Domas Egullolok, mayor has imposed a ban on certain exports.

My response, of course, was What mayor? The immigrants decided to hold an election without telling me.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

FPS: 100 <48> Domas Egullolok, "Domas Egullolok", mayor

Owned Objects: 10

Holdings: Meager Office
Modest Quarters
Meager Dining Room
2 Chests
No Cabinets
No Weapon Racks
No Armor Stands

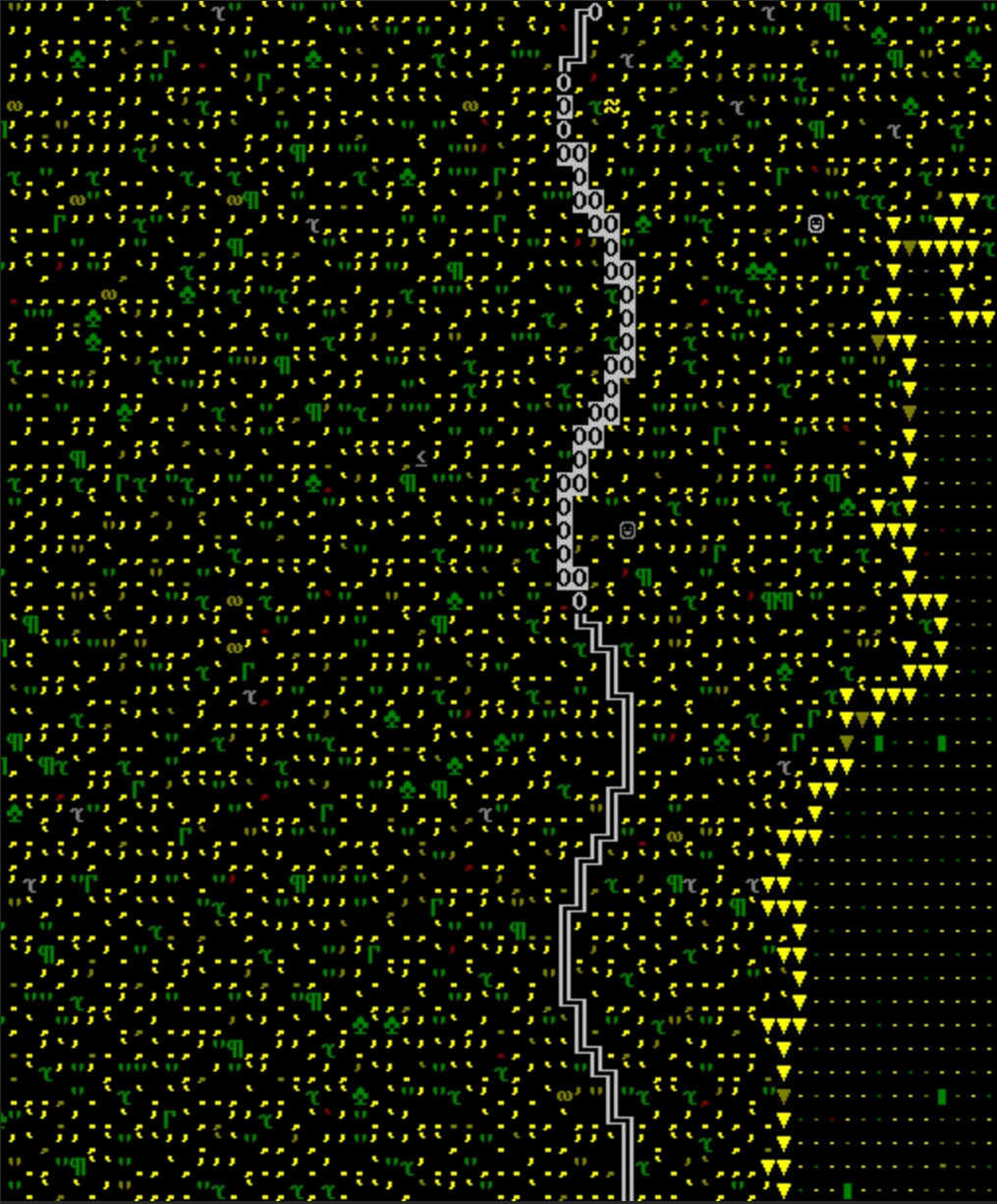
Needs: Decent Office
Needs: Decent Quarters
Needs: Decent Dining Room
Needs: 2 Chests
Needs: 1 Cabinet
Needs: 1 Weapon Rack
Needs: 1 Armor Stand

Mandates: Export of earrings Prohibited

Strangely, the fellow isn't a member of That Family, but one of the unrelated immigrants that arrived at the same time.

He'll need a better room than what he's got. Have to keep up standards. I should go see how Phenix is coming along with what she's already got to do.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



"Phenix. What in the world is that?"

"That, Cilob, is the curtain wall you keep pestering me about."

"I can see that. But why is it wavy? The plans from the Queen showed a straight wall."

"The plans from the Queen were scrawled in charcoal on a crumpled napkin. You handed them to me and told me to figure it out. So I did."

"But why did you make it wavy?"

"Because we are on the ocean. The waves in the wall evoke the waves in the ocean. And it is practical. After the lower level is done, we'll be putting archery nests at the protruding part of each wave. Being set out from the wall will give the marksdwarves a wider field of fire than a flat wall would."

"Right. How long till the basic wall is finished?"

"By the end of the year, provided you stop interrupting me."

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Jarod Cain** on **April 02, 2012, 01:33:44 am**

Chief Medical Officer's Log, Brightwater, Cain

It appears that I have been lax in my assigned duties. No matter, with the final construction of the hospital things have been quite busy as of late. Repeated attacks by giant pests and goblins have fortunately kept people in harms way and me busy. It is a shame that my quarters cannot look out over or into the sea but I suppose some things are not worth asking about. I am concerned with the lack of genetic diversity in this place, hopefully we can have some purging menace come and rebalance things.

With the aid of Cilob our information regarding several of the local species has increased. This knowledge could be expanded, however my older plans for the extreme environment chambers would need to be adapted to work for this area before they could be submitted. Fortunately work with the goblins has proven fruitful and I can without doubt say that they have no souls. The reason for this, be it some freak genetic weakness on their part, or by means of a demonic pact has yet to be determinted.

As always, sublimely joyful I am me.
Cain

OOC: Wow... I leave for the weekend and you make something like ten posts... :|
-J-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 02, 2012, 01:56:03 am**

Quote from: Jarod Cain on April 02, 2012, 01:33:44 am

Chief Medical Officer's Log, Brightwater, Cain
It appears that I have been lax in my assigned duties. No matter, with the final construction of the hospital things have been quite busy as of late. Repeated attacks by giant pests and goblins have fortunately kept people in harms way and me busy. It is a shame that my quarters cannot look out over or into the sea but I suppose some things are not worth asking about. I am concerned with the lack of genetic diversity in this place, hopefully we can have some purging menace come and rebalance things.

With the aid of Cilob our information regarding several of the local species has increased. This knowledge could be expanded, however my older plans for the extreme environment chambers would need to be adapted to work for this area before they could be submitted. Fortunately work with the goblins has proven fruitful and I can without doubt say that they have no souls. The reason for this, be it some freak genetic weakness on their part, or by means of a demonic pact has yet to be determinted.

As always, sublimely joyful I am me.
Cain

OOC: Wow... I leave for the weekend and you make something like ten posts... :|
-J-

While you were gone, Cain from Bleedtrials got owned with my dwarf. Cain also threw a tantrum that attracted zombies inside to maul us.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Jarod Cain** on **April 02, 2012, 02:02:12 am**

Yeah, just read that. About all I can say is that was awesome. :D
-J-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 02, 2012, 02:37:11 am**

Quote from: Jarod Cain on April 02, 2012, 02:02:12 am

Yeah, just read that. About all I can say is that was awesome. :D
-J-

Wanna try again?

On-topic

I wanna see a under-water dome for the queen, she would like that.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 02, 2012, 06:52:34 pm**

In the noise and bustle of the fortress, a child sneaks off on his own, to a workshop unused for current lack of bones to carve.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Tulon Taranvabôk, Dwarven Child withdraws from society...
→Tulon Taranvabôk has claimed a Craftsdwarf's Workshop.

He gathers a few pieces of materials from unwatched stockpiles.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
→Tulon Taranvabôk has begun a mysterious construction!

None of the adults pay attention.

Soon, his project is finished.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Tulon Taranvabôk, Dwarven Child has created Stagshilfikod, a pine ring!
Press Enter to close window

FPS: 101 <49> Stagshilfikod, "Finglazes", a pine ring
This is a pine ring. All craftsdwarfship is of the highest quality. It is decorated with highwood and encircled with bands of pine and giant louse chitin. This object menaces with spikes of maple. On the item is an image of Finglazes the pine ring in prase.

It's very clever. It even has a picture of itself on itself.

Cilob's Journal, 28th of Malachite

Yet another crowd of inbred relations of our General showed up on our doorstep today.

First, we have an older married couple, Tirist Zuntirlimar and Stukos Avuzzedot.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (46) Tirist Zuntîrlimâr, "Tirist Anvilwealth", Ranger

Tirist Zuntîrlimâr has been quite content lately. He is married to Stukos Minedlobster and has 10 children: Rovod Walkdaggers, Mosus Roomyears, Alâth Ringpaint, Olon Craftsurges, Bomrek Cometattics, Endok Lashname, Mafol Headtowers, Udil Steelweb, Zefon Stockadephrase and Obok Packedcity. He is the son of Nish Letteriddled and ònul Castleheat. He is a faithful worshipper of icum the Gladness of Trusting and an ardent worshipper of Stettad. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Praised Turquoise. He is a former member of The Relic of Burying. He is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Malachite in the year 52. He is forty-six years old, born on the 18th of Opal in the year 6. He is weak. His hair is extremely sparse. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His long beard is braided. His very long hair is braided. His slightly rounded rust eyes are very wide-set. He has high cheekbones. His nose is extremely narrow. His ears are somewhat narrow. His hair is tan. His skin is peach. He is very weak and very flimsy. Tirist Zuntîrlimâr likes orthoclase, solid mercury, fire opal, coati bone and the color burnt umber. When possible, he prefers to consume kestrel and Longland beer. He absolutely detests slugs. He has a good kinesthetic sense, but he has little patience. He doesn't handle stress well. He is somewhat reserved. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He has a decent imagination. He tends not to openly express emotions. He is very trusting. He is guarded in relationships with others. He is very confident. He is disorganized. He finds rules confining. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (49) Stukos Avuzzedot, "Stukos Minedlobster", Farmer

Stukos Avuzzedot has been quite content lately. She is married to Tirist Anvilwealth and has 10 children: Rovod Walkdaggers, Mosus Roomyears, Alâth Ringpaint, Olon Craftsurges, Bomrek Cometattics, Endok Lashname, Mafol Headtowers, Udil Steelweb, Zefon Stockadephrase and Obok Packedcity. She is the daughter of Id Mutedhammer and Melbil Treatysaints. She is an ardent worshipper of Adil the Flicker of Glowing and an ardent worshipper of Âs Copperrock. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is a former member of The Praised Turquoise. She is a former member of The Relic of Burying. She is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. She arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Malachite in the year 52. She is forty-nine years old, born on the 5th of Opal in the year 3. She is short and incredibly skinny. Her ears are fuse-lobed. She has high cheekbones, and she has a broad chin. Her hair is clean-shaven. Her peach skin is wrinkled. Her eyes are rust. She is incredibly quick to heal and rarely sick. Stukos Avuzzedot likes goethite, stainless steel, lapis lazuli, crystal glass, mimmoth bone, the color sky blue, gems, amulets, splints and ravens for their intelligence. When possible, she prefers to consume fisher berry wine. She absolutely detests hamsters. She has an iron will, a great kinesthetic sense and a feel for music, but she has a little difficulty with words. She lives for risk and excitement. She is often cheerful. She appreciates art and natural beauty. She tends not to openly express emotions. She is highly adventurous and loves fresh experiences. She dislikes intellectual discussions. She doesn't like to compromise with others. She is easily moved to pity. She always acts without considering alternatives or thinking through possibilities. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Looking over my genealogy chart, I see that these two are grandparents of our jeweler Rachel through one child, and our bonecarver Geb through another. They have also brought along two more of their own not yet grown children.

We also have one Kogan Delerled, who claims to be a Bowyer but also has a fair amount of experience with a sword.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (48) Kogan Delerled, "Kogan Steelrack", Bowyer

Kogan Delerled has been quite content lately. He admired a fine Trap lately. He is the son of Fath Meetstakes and Kulet Metalrained. He is a faithful worshipper of Adil the Flicker of Glowing, an ardent worshipper of Âs Copperrock and a worshipper of Stettad. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Malachite in the year 52. He is twenty-seven years old, born on the 19th of Malachite in the year 25. His hair is extremely long. He is muscular. His ears are splayed out. He has very low cheekbones. His slightly wide-set rust eyes are narrow. His head is narrow. His peach skin is slightly wrinkled. His hair is tan. He is strong and rarely sick. Kogan Delerled likes talc, mithril, dendritic agate, clear glass, the color dark chestnut, picks, greaves, bins and animal traps. When possible, he prefers to consume yellow bullhead and sewer brew. He absolutely detests mosquitos. He has a great musical sense, a deep well of patience, a good feel for social relationships, a good memory and good creativity, but he has poor focus. He has a calm demeanor. He is comfortable in social situations. He doesn't handle stress well. He is incredibly creative. He is organized. He takes time when making decisions. His hands jump all over the place when he's excited. He chews his lips when he gets excited. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

He fits into the great sprawling family tree, some cousin or something.

There are also four here who amazingly aren't part of the great sprawling family.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (49) Cilob Iridkonos, "Cilob Rhythmbress", Potash Maker

Cilob Iridkonos has been quite content lately. He is a worshipper of Ber and a worshipper of Bisek Perplexknots. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Malachite in the year 52. He has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-five years old and is one of the first of his kind. He is weak and skinny. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is braided. His hair is clean-shaven. His extremely narrow ears are splayed out. His rust eyes are slightly wide-set. His ears are somewhat tall. His skin is peach. He is very slow to tire, quick to heal and rarely sick, but he is weak. Cilob Iridkonos likes black marble, black wolfram, demantoid, chub bone, crossbows, chains and sheep for their wool. When possible, he prefers to consume yak and gutter cruor. He absolutely detests toads. He has a very good feel for social relationships, but he has meager creativity, poor empathy, a questionable spatial sense and next to no willpower. He can handle stress. He admires tradition. He is not easily moved to pity. He very rarely does more work than necessary. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He clicks his tongue repeatedly when he's annoyed. He laughs very loudly whenever he's nervous. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>

Momuz Tanuzol, "Momuz Ticksoils", Planter

Momuz Tanuzol has been quite content lately. He is a casual worshipper of icum the Gladness of Trusting and a casual worshipper of Æs Copperrock. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Malachite in the year 52. He has the appearance of somebody that is eighty years old and is one of the first of his kind. He is fat. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. His slightly wide-set rust eyes have large irises. His ears are somewhat narrow. His peach skin is slightly wrinkled. He is susceptible to disease and slow to heal. Momuz Tanuzol likes tennantite, bronze, levin opal, polar bear leather, giant opossum tooth, leopard gecko bone, giant phantom spider silk and splints. When possible, he prefers to consume duck, river spirits and quarry bush leaves. He absolutely detests large roaches. He has a great ability to focus and a way with words, but he has poor analytical abilities, little willpower and a lack of understanding of social relationships. He is somewhat reserved. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He likes to try new things. He doesn't like to compromise with others. He takes time when making decisions. His hands become animated when he gets angry. He holds his breath when he's nervous. He rolls his eyes when he's exasperated. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>

Monom Enasrigòth, "Monom Doctrinecrafts", Lye Maker

Monom Enasrigòth has been quite content lately. She is a worshipper of Ber and a worshipper of Stettad. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Malachite in the year 52. She has the appearance of somebody that is sixty-seven years old and is one of the first of her kind. She is average in size. Her hair is clean-shaven. Her ears are somewhat tall. Her skin is peach. Her eyes are rust. She is agile. Monom Enasrigòth likes bituminous coal, magnesium, peridot, the color sea green, dark elf skulls, bolts, shields and bumblebees for their woolly appearance. When possible, she prefers to consume whip wine and dwarven sugar. She absolutely detests mosquitos. She has great analytical abilities, a natural inclination toward language, a very good sense of the position of her own body, a very good feel for social relationships, an ability to read emotions fairly well and the ability to focus, but she has a shortage of patience and an iffy sense for music. She is self-conscious. She can handle stress. She appreciates art and natural beauty. She prefers familiar routines. She regards intellectual exercises as a waste of energy. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She winks when she is nervous. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>

Thìkut Sazirrúbal, "Thìkut Bridgegills", Woodcutter

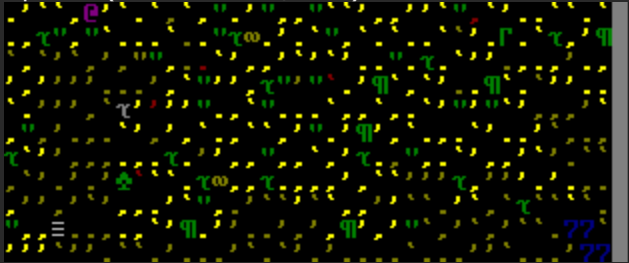
Thìkut Sazirrúbal has been quite content lately. He is an ardent worshipper of Bokbon Calmstills and a dubious worshipper of Æs Copperrock. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Malachite in the year 52. He has the appearance of somebody that is sixty-nine years old and is one of the first of his kind. He is fat. His very long sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. He has a very clear voice. His somewhat tall ears are somewhat narrow. His skin is peach. His eyes are rust. He is tough, but he is slow to heal. Thìkut Sazirrúbal likes anglesite, arsenical bronze, crystal opal, pine wood, impala hoof, hatch covers and mules for their stubbornness. When possible, he prefers to consume gutter cruor and Longland flour. He absolutely detests moon snails. He has great analytical abilities, a great memory, a lot of willpower and a good feel for social relationships, but he has a shortage of patience and a very bad sense of empathy. He has an incredibly calm demeanor. He occasionally overindulges. He can handle stress. He is very friendly. He is assertive. He is relaxed. He tends not to openly express emotions. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He does not feel effective in life. He doesn't go out of his way to do more work than necessary. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

It looks like Thikut has some military experience, and Zefon and Monom have some skill with swords. I'll be putting them in the militia.

Finally, one more dwarf came with them, but she didn't join the others coming to the fortress. She took a position off in the distance, at the edge of the perimeter construction, and stayed there.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Astesh Gingurist, Trader
"Astesh Youngdaggers"
♀

I went out to speak with her. Quite an unfriendly person! She refused to say what she was there for, but I managed to get from her that we wouldn't be getting any more immigrants until she was done observing the fortress.

This is intolerable. It's bad enough that General Reg is sending her troops and relatives to my fortress. Now she's sending observers who aren't even trying to disguise their reasons for being here. It's only a matter of time before she tries to remove me from this place completely and put a puppet of her own in power.

I have had a few architecture requests. Doctor Cain mentioned to me the other day that he'd like to someday have an office overlooking the ocean. I told him that a luxury tower overlooking the ocean is in the Queen's plans, but it will have to wait until we finish building the curtain wall and making basic living quarters for everyone. Someone else left me a note about an 'underwater dome!' where the queen could watch fish from under the ocean. A fascinating challenge. We might try that someday.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **zomara0292** on **April 02, 2012, 07:45:19 pm**

Quote from: Note written to Cilob

I was listening to mamma and Pappap talken and they said that the Gobels were commin, that they always commin. So I sat around thinkin. I though and though and thunk until my I was tired. I got so tired that I feel down the stairs. It hurt a lot but Mr. Cain said I would be fine. Then I got an idea. What if I fell from higher. it would hurt even more. I might not even be able to walk. It hurt so much that I might not be able to move. If a Gobel would have seen me then, I would be finished. Then I though, what if it was a Gobel instead of me? Then it would be finished! It would be hurt so bad even I could fight it and win. Can we have a Gobel pit? Please?
-Athra

OOC: I got the idea from my fortress. I build a pit to see what it does and accidentally sent an untamed boar instead of the tamed one. I watched in horror as it was dragged all the way to the pit. And dropped. Died on impact. Then I got curious. Tried it with a goblin. Worked. Died on impact. Tried it with two more. Same. Tried it with five and a Troll. All but one goblin survived. The other four lost their

weapons and broke most of their bones. The Troll survived, but lost both of its legs and a tusk. They were easy pickings. Mine is about 5-6 z layers down. That's all you need. A training post at the bottom. A pit at the top. And a goblin, of course.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 02, 2012, 07:59:30 pm**

Events of the 18th of Galena, year 52.

Thikut Sazirrupal, recently immigrant, was calmly cutting down trees. He had to admit to himself that he wasn't much impressed with the fortress itself so far - not much more than a hole in the ground, some roughly-carved rooms, and an incomplete curtain wall. The people were decent enough, for the most part. Bit of a divide between the relatives of the General, and the outliers like himself.

And then there was CoraiUnki. Cilob, the dwarf in charge, had sent Corai along with Thikut to cut trees inside the unfinished curtain wall. And Corai hadn't shut up the entire time. Only a lifetime of practice allowed Thikut to maintain his calm.

"an then Cilob trained the giant Thrips and learned their secrets and taught them to talk but then they all died and it was sad and then I showed my friend Fishy the secret animal room she's so pretty and then KOBOLD!"

"Eeeregevus!"

The Kobold which had been trying to sneak past them jumped up and screamed. Corai laughed. Thikut just sighed as it ran off. "Better call the militia, there might be more of them."

The soldiers - at least, those few of them that had armor and weapons - gathered on the hill in front of the main wall. They eyed the untouched woods outside the wall nervously, scanning the brush for movement. They weren't scared of kobolds, or even goblins, those were just fun prey to kill. They were more scared of the strange giant monsters that wandered the woods, which had already killed one soldier.

"There, something moving over there! Must be another one!"

"I don't think so, soldier. Kobolds don't bring wagons."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Thikut Sazirrupal, Woodcutter cancels Store Item in Stockpile:
Interrupted by Kobold Thief.
A human caravan from Anthath Laspar has arrived.
A Guild Representative from Anthath Laspar has arrived.

"Better get down there, kobolds might think they're an easier target than the fortress."

"Hang on, what's that? Over there, to the north!"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Minotaur Belepi has come! A giant humanoid monster with the head of a bull.
Press Enter to close window

Morul Cattendoren, militia commander, shuddered with the memory, recalling ancient horrors. Minotaurs, killers of kings. There wasn't dwarf of the Imperial Picks who hadn't lost a relative to their attacks. "No, not yet. We aren't ready for this."

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 02, 2012, 08:04:24 pm**

I love your writing style, so freaking much.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 02, 2012, 08:44:23 pm**

Belepi would have to admit that she was not the most fearsome of minotaurs. That is, provided Belepi could talk, and were the type to bellow anything but threats, of course. Her brothers and sisters had torn through the dwarven civilizations, attacking mountainhomes with impunity, killing their leaders and military heroes. She had little more to show than a string of failed attacks on elves, and most humiliatingly, had even been hunted herself by the local humans.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49> Belepi, "Belepi"

Belepi was a minotaur. She was one of the first of her kind. Belepi was associated with strength, deformity, darkness, chaos and caverns.

In 1, Belepi settled in The Forest of Lusters.

In the late spring of 1, Belepi became an enemy of The Subtle Orange.

In the late spring of 1, Belepi became an enemy of The Lean Vegetation.

In the late spring of 1, Belepi attacked the elf Thilìri Savantsmile.

In the late spring of 1, Belepi fought with the elf Thilìri Savantsmile. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In the late spring of 1, Belepi attacked the elf Necalo Westbird.

In the late spring of 1, Belepi fought with the elf Necalo Westbird. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In the late spring of 1, Belepi began wandering The Geared Hills.

In the early spring of 7, Belepi began wandering The Forest of Lusters.

In the early summer of 18, Belepi became an enemy of The Smooth Thunder.

In the early summer of 18, Belepi attacked the elf Saló Clashhawks.

In the early summer of 18, Belepi fought with the elf Saló Clashhawks. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In the early spring of 21, Belepi attacked the elf Saló Clashhawks.

In the early spring of 21, Belepi fought with the elf Saló Clashhawks. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In 36, the human Catet Leadersecrets ambushed Belepi.

In 36, Belepi fought with the human Catet Leadersecrets. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

She had nearly convinced herself that elves and humans were terribly fearsome beasts, and if only she could find some dwarves to hunt, she'd have the same luck as the other minotaurs.

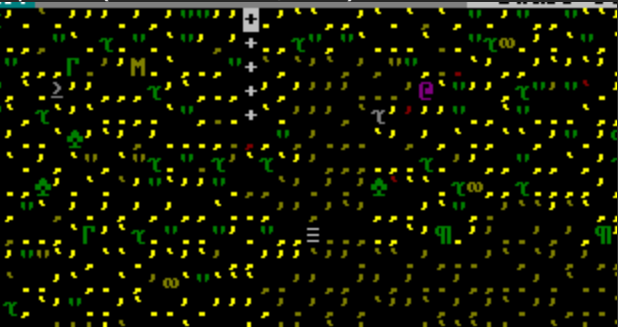
To her delight, a stretch of beach that had been barren just a few years back, now had a selection of unaware dwarves for her to hunt! One was standing off by itself, away from the others. She bellowed with joy and charged towards it.

Astesh Gingurist, Trader, was sitting out in the terrible sunlight, in the interminable humid heat of this muddy fortress site near the horrifyingly large ocean. She was really not enjoying her job, and was very much looking forward to the arrival of the fall caravan, when she could give her report and then leave.

She had a brief moment of hope when she caught a glimpse of wagons being pulled through the jungle, but then realized that the figures walking past them were much too tall to be dwarves. Humans, probably using wagons baseon designs stolen from dwarves.

Suddenly, a bellowing tore through the jungle. A sound of terror, something she hadn't heard since she was a child. Memories of walls smashed asunder, dwarven heroes being tossed around by a monstrous form.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The militia commander charged northward over the muddy ground. "It's going after the Trader! Head east around the pond, cut it off!"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Page 1/4FPS: 100 <49>Dwarf Fortress19th Galena, 52

→The Minotaur charges at The Trader!
The Trader looks surprised by the ferocity of The Minotaur's onslaught!
The Minotaur punches The Trader in the upper body with her left hand, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the right lung through the <alpaca wool coat>!
The Minotaur collides with The Trader!
The Trader is knocked over and tumbles backward!
The Minotaur grabs The Trader by the fifth toe, left foot with her right lower arm!
The Minotaur releases the grip of The Minotaur's right lower arm on The Trader's fifth toe, left foot.
The Minotaur bites The Trader in the fifth toe, right foot, shattering the skin through the <alpaca wool shoe>!
The Minotaur latches on firmly!
The militia commander misses The Minotaur!
The Minotaur shakes The Trader around by the fifth toe, right foot and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The fifth toe, right foot is ripped away and remains in The Minotaur's grip!
The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the right foot from behind

z: Zoom to locationAnnouncement Date: 18th Galena, 52

Belepi caught up with the trader easily. With a single punch she easily knocked the dwarf over. She reached down, grabbed the struggling dwarf's right foot, lifted the dwarf off the ground, then with a snap of her jaws removed a toe. Ha! Dwarves were easy to fight! She should have done this years ago!

At that moment the Militia Commander struck her from behind like a tiny steel-clad avalanche, knocking her off her feet.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Page 2/4FPS: 100 <49>Dwarf Fortress19th Galena, 52

→with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the bone!
The Minotaur falls over.
The militia commander punches The Minotaur in the lower body from behind with her left hand, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the stomach!
The Minotaur grabs The Trader by the <alpaca wool cap> with her left hand!
The militia commander scratches The Minotaur in the right lower leg from behind, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the left upper leg from behind with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the bone!
The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the right lower leg from behind with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the bone!
The militia commander bites The Minotaur in the left lower leg from behind, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The militia commander latches on firmly!
The Minotaur breaks the grip of The militia commander's upper front teeth on The Minotaur's left lower leg.
The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the upper body with her <*steel war hammer*>, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle and

z: Zoom to locationAnnouncement Date: 18th Galena, 52

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→fracturing the left true ribs!
The Trader punches The Minotaur in the right upper arm from behind with her right hand, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle!
The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the right lower arm with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the bone!
The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the upper body with her <*steel war hammer*>, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the liver!
The Trader punches The Minotaur in the right foot from behind with her left hand, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle!
The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the left upper leg with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the bone!
The Trader punches The Minotaur in the upper body from behind with her left hand, tearing the skin and bruising the fat!
The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the left foot with her <*steel war hammer*>, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle!
The Minotaur misses The militia commander!
The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the head with her <*steel war hammer*>, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle and tearing the upper spine's nervous tissue!

z: Zoom to locationAnnouncement Date: 19th Galena, 52

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The Minotaur loses hold of the <alpaca wool cap>.

The militia commander punches The Minotaur in the throat with her left hand, tearing it!

A major artery has been opened by the attack!

The Trader punches The Minotaur in the right upper leg from behind with her left hand, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle!

The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the right upper leg with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the bone!

The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the left upper arm with her <*steel war hammer*>, tearing the skin and bruising the fat!

The Trader punches The Minotaur in the first finger, right hand from behind with her left hand, shattering the bone!

The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the head with her <*steel war hammer*>, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle and tearing the upper spine's nervous tissue!

The Minotaur misses The militia commander!

→The Trader punches The Minotaur in the head from behind with her right hand, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle!

The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the lower body with her <*steel war hammer*>, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle and

z: Zoom to location

Announcement Date: 19th Galena, 52

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Dwarf Fortress19th Galena, 52

bruising the guts!

The Minotaur looks sick!

The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the right lower leg with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the bone!

The Trader punches The Minotaur in the right foot from behind with her left hand, tearing apart the skin and bruising the muscle!

The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the right foot with her <*steel war hammer*>, jamming the bone through the right ankle's muscle and fracturing the right ankle's bone!

The Trader punches The Minotaur in the lower body from behind with her right hand, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the pancreas!

The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the upper body with her <*steel war hammer*>, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the liver!

The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the left lower leg with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the bone!

→The Minotaur misses The militia commander!

The Trader scratches The Minotaur in the head from behind, tearing the fat!

z: Zoom to location

Announcement Date: 19th Galena, 52

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Dwarf Fortress19th Galena, 52

The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the lower body with her <*steel war hammer*>, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the guts!

The Trader punches The Minotaur in the lower left back teeth from behind with her left hand and the severed part sails off in an arc!

The militia commander kicks The Minotaur in the upper body with her left foot, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the left lung!

The militia commander scratches The Minotaur in the head, tearing the muscle!

The Trader kicks The Minotaur in the right hand from behind with her left foot, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle!

The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the lower body with her <*steel war hammer*>, bruising the muscle and bruising the right kidney!

The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the left hand with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the bone!

→The Minotaur misses The militia commander!

z: Zoom to location

Announcement Date: 19th Galena, 52

The Commander struck at Belepi again and again, landing an endless flurry of blows on the downed creature. Her vision was a red haze, her movement driven by the pent-up hatred and anger, of so many dwarves killed or maimed by minotaurs over the years. Belepi never regained her feet, never managed to land a blow on her assailant.

Astesh staggered to her feet, wincing at the loss of her toe, and holding her side, where the minotaur's punch had broken bone and torn flesh. She looked over at where the military commander was still pummeling an increasingly mangled, unmoving mass. "I think - ah, that hurts - I think it's dead now. You can stop hitting it."

The Commander lowered her hammer gently, and looked over at the Trader.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>

Astesh Gingurist

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Her upper body is smashed open. Her upper body is bruised. Her right lung is bruised. She is average in size. Her hair is straight. Her very long hair is neatly combed. Her somewhat narrow head is somewhat short. Her ears are somewhat narrow. Her hair is tan. Her fifth toe, right foot is gone. Her skin is peach. Her eyes are rust. Her eyes are slightly rounded.

The trader drew herself up, trying to hide the pain.

"Don't think I'll make my report more favorable on your account. Your security here is terribly lax. I'll be recommending to the General that you get no more immigrants till this is improved."

The Militia Commander shook her head. "That's supposed to be a threat?" She turned to the other soldiers who were just arriving. "Come on, let's go tell Cilob the good news."

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 02, 2012, 08:58:37 pm**

-Diary of CoraiUnki, Entry Four-

Hi diary! Guess what! We have alot of fun the last few days! We got visited by someone from the mountainhomes! She doesnt seem very happy...maybe I should go talk to her! That would make her feel better! Especially since she got hurt playing with a Minotaur, it was fun watching the soldiers running around. I also saw a kobold! They are so cute, but it ran on screaming something, It was adorable. Maybe we can herd some into a small cave with glass, and watch them make a new home in there. They get to be safe and we get to melt at there cuteness! I keep giving ideas, maybe I should sign this one. Well, bye diary!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 03, 2012, 07:57:11 pm**

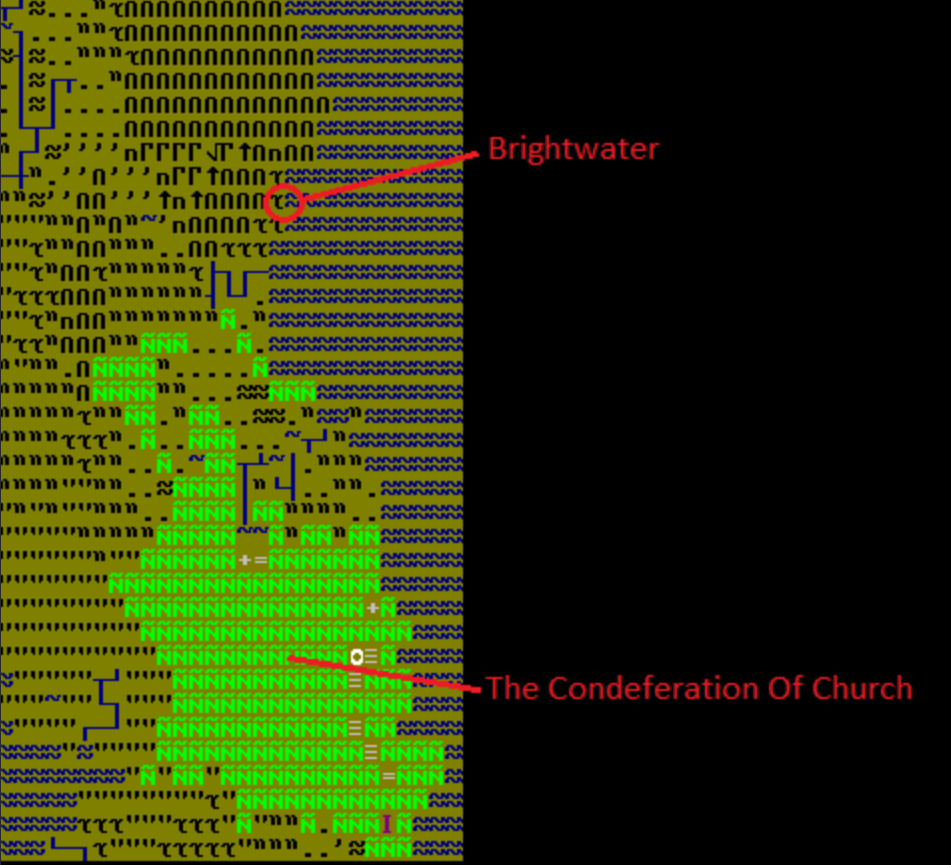
I have asked Cain to examine the corpse of the minotaur, or at least what our militia commander left of it. He has concluded that the creature was likely young and inexperienced, and after consulting the historical records declared that it did not match the description of any of the minotaurs known to have attacked the mountainhomes. It is likely that the creature had never fought a dwarf before today.

Cain also reported that the creature died slowly, from many small blunt impacts, none of which were enough to kill it alone. While I can't say that the suffering of such a monster bothers me much, it does seem to me that hammers alone are not an efficient way of killing a creature of that size. As several of our recent immigrants have skill with swords, I will be creating a secondary squad of soldiers armed with swords.

It has also been mentioned to me that steel is not the best material for warhammers. It is however the only metal (along with iron, which is no better) we can produce in large quantity at the moment.

Now that the minotaur is dealt with, I must deal with the humans. I am not surprised to see them here, as Brightwater is only a short distance from a major human civilization.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The humans are here to trade. Their advance scouts must have told them of our location. Fortunately, they are friendly. I am hoping that they will eventually be willing to give us some more information on local threats and monsters, creatures like the minotaur that attacked us they might know of. For now, we can trade some of our crafts for supplies.

I have ordered brought to the trade depot some of Rachel's cut gems and polished stones, some masterfully prepared food by Will_Tuna, and even a few strange totems that Geb carved from spare animal skulls. We traded them for some metal bars, lumber, some of the foreign booze the humans drink, and a selection of cloth and leather.

I have also received a suggestion recently, in the form of a note written in a child's handwriting, though quite neat and polite for that. The suggestion is for a mechanism to drop goblins to cripple them before letting our soldiers attack them. This appeals to me greatly. I will have to study the geological survey notes to find a location where the aquifers will let us dig a pit deep enough.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 03, 2012, 10:04:22 pm**

"So, why can't we tame these ones?"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Giraffe, ♂	Not Tame
Giraffe, ♀	Not Tame

"Well, they're giraffes. Everyone knows giraffes can't eat fast enough to keep themselves fed. Silly notion anyway, giraffes grazing. They can barely get their head low enough to reach the grass."

"Wait, if they can't keep from starving, how are these ones alive at all?"

"Cause these are wild giraffes. Only tame animals need to eat. Everyone knows that. Tame them, and they'll just starve."

Six more immigrants arrived today - much to my surprise, as the Trader had advised me that we would get no more. Of the six, only one is related to the great inbred family slowly taking over the fortress. The other five are unrelated, though two are married to each other.

None of them have any skills of use. I have assigned them all to masonry duties.

Our ongoing animal trapping project had some great luck today, after those useless giraffes we've caught something that we can actually use.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Giant Sparrow, ♀	Not Tame
Giant Sparrow, ♀	Not Tame
Giant Sparrow, ♀	Not Tame

Of course, after these three were caught in the traps, we had the usual hilarity as the rest of the flock crowded around the cage traps and refused to let any dwarves close enough to retrieve the cages. I decided to take this opportunity to send the new squad in and see how well sword-armed dwarves fared against them.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Our soldier sliced the first one in half with a single blow, and didn't take much longer to kill the others. I'd call that decisive. Against unarmored targets, the cutting weapons are far more deadly than hammers.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **April 04, 2012, 08:03:24 am**

This is a serious moral dilemma!

Giraffes are cute, but also, giraffes can be made into crossbows. Cuteness. Crossbows. How is anybody expected to make that sort of decision?

Maybe if there are some nice enough cages, they could be added to a zoo exhibit...

... or they could be torn apart and made into weapons of war.

Gah!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 04, 2012, 11:32:59 am**

I have the same thing with cutebolds

Cutebold zoo, or let them free, zoo, free, GAH.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **zomara0292** on **April 04, 2012, 11:51:46 am**

Cutebold zooo!!!!!! We can have them all in one cage, and goblins in another, and trolls in a third!!!!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 04, 2012, 11:58:36 am**

Quote from: zomara0292 on April 04, 2012, 11:51:46 am

Cutebold zooo!!!!!! We can have them all in one cage, and goblins in another, and trolls in a third!!!!

I prefer open-cave habitats.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Jarod Cain** on **April 05, 2012, 01:38:43 am**

What, "behold the cutebold in its natural state?"

Also, shame they're not mini-giraffes.

-J-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 05, 2012, 11:17:13 am**

Rachel Itebopzkak, Jeweler and great-granddaughter of the legendary King Kivish Koningiz, was working quietly in the cubbyhole carved in the bauxite lodes just off the main hallway. Just outside her doorless cubicle a constant stream of masons and miners ran back and forth carrying granite boulders from the granite mine/grand dining room below out to the mostly-completed curtain walls outside. She didn't pay that much attention, other than being glad that as a skilled worked she was exempt from the orders to all idle dwarves to help with the project.

Her hands were occupied with the by-now routine task of carefully chiseling the chunk of rough turquoise into a more attractive shape. One nice effect of the construction project, there were plenty of rough gems being mined out as a byproduct. Her mind went back over the time she'd been living at Brightwater. There had been some unkind things said about her and her family. Whispers she'd overheard, things like *inbred* and *lack of genetic diversity*. It wasn't nice. They shouldn't say such things, she was a direct descendant of the first King the Imperial Picks ever had. Of course, so was Geb, and so was most of the fortress population by now, but that wasn't the point.

There were a few who had been nice to her. Corai for one was friendly to everyone. And his girlfriend Fishybang semed nice too. Rumor has it they were getting married sometime soon.

Inspiration crept into her brain. *I should make something nice for those two.*

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

'Rachel' Itebozkak, Gem Cutter cancels Cut turquoise: Taken by mood.
'Rachel' Itebozkak, Gem Cutter withdraws from society...
→'Rachel' Itebozkak has claimed a Jeweler's Workshop.

She looked at the polished and cut turquoise gem in her hands. *Start with this, add some of that bauxite in the corner there, and then a bit more bauxite.*

Needs contrast. Congomerate's a nice brown, it'll set off the red and purple.

I've got a bit of cut ruby I can add to it. This one looks like a shiny fist. Fishybang should like that.

Corai's always out gathering plants and talking about his giant birdy friends, right? I can add some plants in bird leather. Wait, what do plants look like outside? Ah, I'll just make pig tails. Nobody will know the difference.

And some diamonds. Everyone likes diamonds!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→'Rachel' itebozkak, Gem Cutter has created Gansitshalig, a turquoise amulet!

FPS: 100 (49)Gansitshalig, "Slimbridles", a turquoise amulet

This is a turquoise amulet. All crafts dwarfship is of the highest quality. This object is adorned with hanging rings of bauxite and menaces with spikes of conglomerate and bauxite. On the item is an image of 'CoraiUnki' Torchmines the dwarf in turquoise. 'CoraiUnki' Torchmines is laboring. The artwork relates to the settling of the dwarf 'CoraiUnki' Torchmines in Brightwater in the early spring of 51. On the item is an image of silver fists in ruby. On the item is an image of a pig tail in giant sparrow leather. On the item is an image of diamonds in llama wool.

I will be away on vacation for the weekend, so there will probably not be any updates till sometime next week. Coming up then: Completion of the curtain wall, opening of the grand dining room, giant sparrow breeding, and the end of the second year report.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 05, 2012, 07:26:24 pm**

Okee-dokee, AND THAT ARTIFACT IS PURE WIN.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Phenixmirage** on **April 06, 2012, 05:34:38 pm**

Enjoy your vacation! :)

Phenix approves of this masterfully crafted artifact; it is indeed made of Win and menaces with spikes of Awesome.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Shinziril** on **April 06, 2012, 06:25:45 pm**

An image of silver fists? Never seen that before, interesting.

Your writing is delicious. Keep doing it.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 06, 2012, 07:33:17 pm**

Quote from: Phenixmirage on April 06, 2012, 05:34:38 pm

Enjoy your vacation! :)

Thanks! On the free internet at the hotel now.

Quote from: Shinziril on April 06, 2012, 06:25:45 pm

An image of silver fists? Never seen that before, interesting.

I think it's from Dig Deeper, my mods include the expanded art image files from that.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 06, 2012, 09:21:40 pm**

Enjoy your vacation!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 08, 2012, 07:09:50 pm**

Cilob's Journal

No sooner had the humans left, that the caravan from the Mountainhomes arrived.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The outpost liaison Uucar Adaskeskal from Thalaltekkud has arrived.

→A caravan from Thalaltekkud has arrived.

As expected, those two spies from the General who had been lurking outside the curtain wall joined up with them. I expect they gave the new Liaison an earful about the conditions and 'shockingly poor security' here. I sent the soldiers out to escort them in, and made sure the caravan went past the stockpile where the corpse of that minotaur is still rotting. Main entrance not ready for use yet, you see. That at least should make an impression - it'll be hard for the spies to spin our military killing a cousin of the monster that killed King Kivish as anything other than what it is.

Two Kobolds tried to sneak it along with the caravans. The first one got away with only a fractured leg.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The militia commander charges at The Kobold Thief!

The Kobold Thief looks surprised by the ferocity of The militia commander's onslaught!

The militia commander kicks The Kobold Thief in the left lower arm with her left foot, shattering the bone!

The militia commander collides with The Kobold Thief!

→The Kobold Thief is knocked over!

Our Commander chased the other one a remarkable distance before taking it down.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→The militia commander charges at The Kobold Thief!
The Kobold Thief looks surprised by the ferocity of The militia commander's onslaught!
The militia commander misses The Kobold Thief!
The militia commander collides with The Kobold Thief!
The Kobold Thief is knocked over and tumbles backward!
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the left lower leg with her {*steel war hammer*}, fracturing the bone!
The Kobold Thief gives in to pain.
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the head with her {*steel war hammer*}, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!

I had some of Rachel's polished stones brought to the depot. None of the really good gems, I have plans for those, just the last of the olivine. Also, a few of Will_Tuna's more creative kitchen creations.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>≡prepared giant louse intestines roast [14]≡

This is a stack of 14 finely-prepared prepared giant louse intestines roast. The ingredients are superiorly minced prepared cow kidney, finely minced prepared cow brain, exceptionally minced prepared giant louse heart and well-minced prepared giant louse intestines.

FPS: 100 <49>*giant grasshopper meat roast [12]*

This is a stack of 12 well-prepared giant grasshopper meat roast. The ingredients are finely minced raw cuttlefish, ♂, finely minced prepared giant grasshopper heart, well-minced prepared giant grasshopper brain and superiorly minced giant grasshopper meat.

FPS: 100 <49>*clownfish, ♂ roast [5]*

This is a stack of 5 well-prepared clownfish, ♂ roast. The ingredients are well-minced pond turtle, ♀, finely minced cuttlefish, ♂, superiorly minced pond turtle, ♂ and finely minced clownfish, ♂.

Finally, a cage containing a few of the animals we've caught here that I won't need for future research. The giant insects are research dead-ends, and the other creatures seem to have little military application.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <46>shared cage <highwood>

Weight: 3186fBasic Value: 10*

Contents:

prickle berry seeds

Stray Giant Grasshopper <Trained>

Stray Weasel <Trained>

Stray Pangolin <-Trained->

We traded them for basic supplies - some metal we can't produce locally, some glass and wood, cloth and leather, and finally, a breeding population of war dogs. They'll be useful for intrusion alarms on the main entrance, once it's completed.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Say, Cilob? These animals you traded us? I'm not sure they're quite tame."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→Stray Weasel <Semi-Wild> has forgotten her training!

"Don't worry about it. She's just a bit upset at being caged. Let her out when you get to the mountainhomes, she'll calm right down."

"You sure about that? It just tried to bite Vucar."

"That's what he gets for poking at it! Put a cloak over the cage, give the poor thing some peace."

"And that giant insect thing, I think it's trying to kick its cage open."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→Stray Giant Grasshopper <Semi-Wild> has forgotten his training!

"It'll be fine. Just whack him on the nose if it gives you trouble. Really quite timid once you show him who's boss. Oh, and be sure to get these straight to General Reg when you get back, she'll want to examine them personally."

Now that the traders are gone, I can get back to my research. We have had the fortune of capturing three females of the giant sparrow-like birds that frequent this area. I have prepared nesting annexes off the animal training room.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The sparrows were quite happy to take to the offered nests and lay eggs.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Nest Box

-conglomerate nest box-

[B]

giant sparrow egg [5]

TSK

After verifying that eggs had been laid, I locked the doors to the nesting annexes to ensure that the brooding mothers would not be disturbed. I hope that the training I gave the birds will hold long enough, as I suspect that removing the mothers to re-train them would render the eggs nonviable. If my theories are correct the hatchlings will be far easier to train than the adults, having never known a wild experience. Time will tell.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 08, 2012, 07:51:47 pm**

It is the end of year 52, the second year of Brightwater's history. Excavation of the new dining room has just been completed. The walls are rough granite, interrupted in two places by a vein of gold nuggets. Two cages containing wild live giraffes have been installed near the entrance. A handful of chairs and tables have also been installed, but the size of the room makes it clear that many more are intended.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Into the new dining room walks fortress founder Cilob Amudaban. He stands on a table, turns, and begins addressing the crowd of dwarves. Mostly children, the bulk of the fortress's workers being busy elsewhere, but there are a few dwarves here on break, including the Bone Carver Geb Mozibducim.

"My Fellow Dwarves! So glad to see that at least some of you read my notice on the anniversary address. For it has been two years now since we seven founders first arrived here on the shores of the ocean to build this settlement."

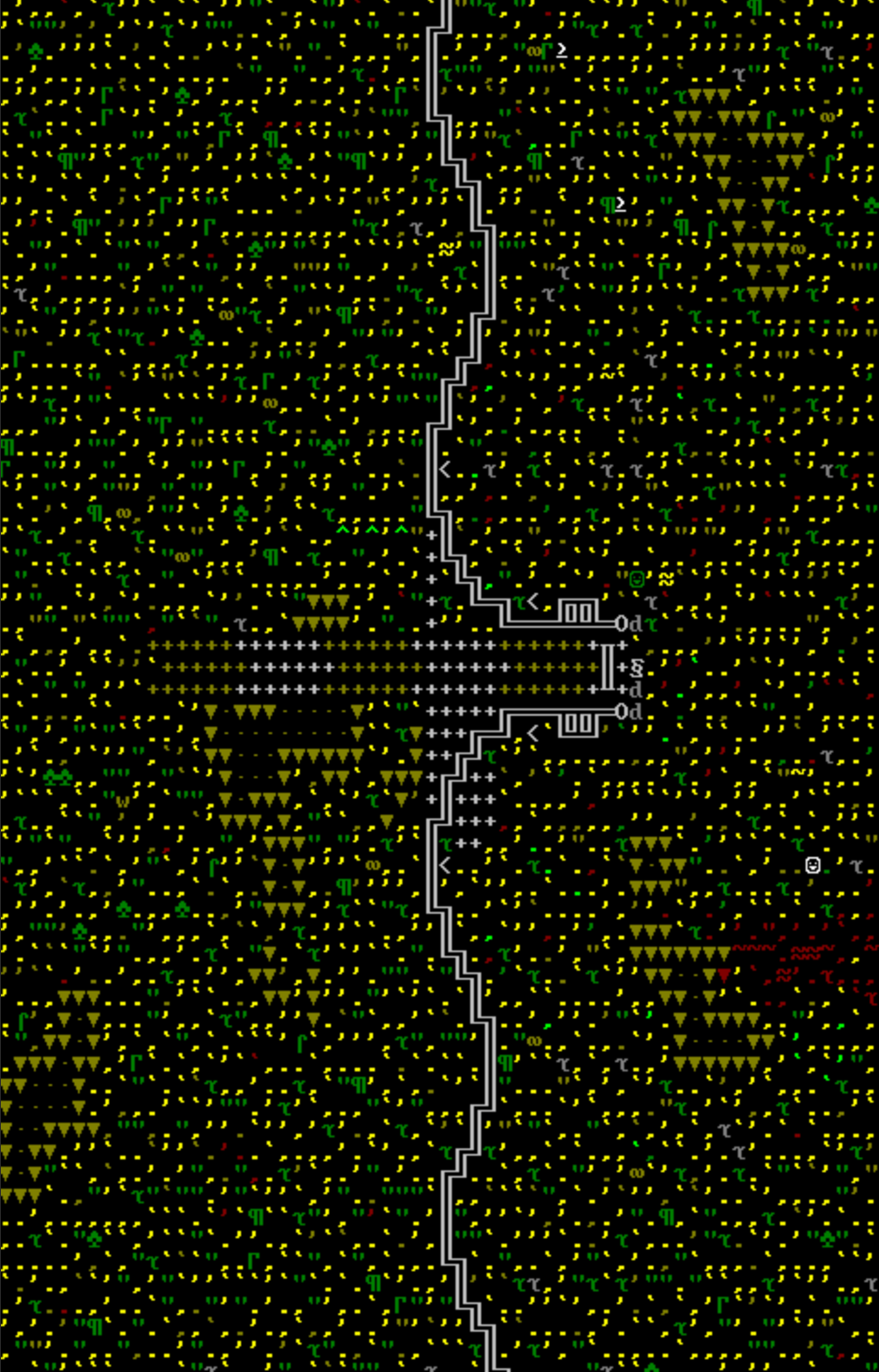
"We may not have much wealth to show by the numbers yet, it is true."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Animals Kitchen Stone Stocks Health Justice											
Created Wealth:		168344*		Population:		69					
Weapons:		3216*		Miners			6	Axedwarves			None
Armor and Garb:		6283*		Woodworkers			4	Axe Lords			None
Furniture:		10320*		Stoneworkers			6	Swordsdwarves			None
Other Objects:		110671*		Rangers			5	Swordmasters			None
Architecture:		21790*		Metalsmiths			3	Macedwarves			None
Displayed:		11118*		Jewelers			1	Mace Lords			None
Held/Worn:		4946*		Craftsdwarves			2	Hammerdwarves			None
Imported Wealth:		70768*		Nobles/Admins			2	Hammer Lords			None
Exported Wealth:		24021*		Peasants			1	Speardwarves			None
Food Stores:		1647		Dwarven Children			23	Spearmasters			None
Meat	None	Seeds	282	Fishery Workers			3	Marksdwarves			None
Fish	17	Drink	848	Farmers			12	Elite Mrksdwrvs			None
Plant	186	Other	314	Engineers			1	Wrestlers			None
				Trained Animals		A	8	Elite Wrestlers			None
				Other Animals		A	21	Recruit/Others			None

"But we have now, thanks to the work of so many of you, a completed curtain wall and entrance gate protecting our home."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"So much tireless work has gone into that, and many of you have had to do without proper bedrooms and other accommodations. That is changing, the completion of the curtain walls mean that Phenix and the other miners, masons, and architects can turn to bedrooms and living quarters, like this fine dining room."

"You there! Put that plump helmet down and stop feeding that giraffe! Can't you read the sign? If you feed the giraffes, they'll get used to it and forget how not need to eat anymore. You don't want them to starve, do you?"

"As I was saying. Other than the giraffes, we have learned quite a few things about taming the wild creatures of this land, one of our primary missions here."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
→The dwarves of The Humid Silver now know a few facts about warthog training.

"And we have quite a few talented artisans emerging from our population. I'm sure you have all by now seen that amazing piece of work that Rachel produced, celebrating our own CoraiUnki? "Pure win", I think I heard someone say."

"Of course, Geb here has also become quite skilled with her work. I had a chance to examine some of the ammunition she's producing, though not as closely as I expect some goblins or kobolds will some day."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
→'Geb' Mozibducim has created a masterpiece!

This is a stack of 5 masterful donkey bone bolt created by 'Geb' Mozibducim.

"But now, we have to look forward to the next year. The curtain wall is done, but the front gates still require a lot more work. The goblins are only going to become more aggressive over time. We will need to produce much more steel armor and weapons, more than the trees above can support. I will call for miners willing to explore downwards in search of magma pools so that we can build a proper metalworking industry. We will have a properly equipped military, in addition to the best traps that Dwarven ingenuity can devise."

"We also need to being working on fulfilling the Queen's orders for this fortress. Now that the curtain wall is finished, a large area of shoreline is available for fishing. We will begin a mass fishing industry, which in time will not only provide the bulk of the food we need, but fuel a healthy export back to the Mountainhomes. And Phenix tells me she can build some type of trap-platforms out in the ocean to capture larger creatures. We will harvest the very whales from the depths of the oceans!"

"Say, where did Geb run off to all of a sudden?"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
→'Geb' Mozibducim, Bone Carver has been possessed!

As the word CoraiUnki is mentioned a irritatingly loud "YAY!" is heard, deafening everyone for a few moments!

I had to do that. And god, they choose the wrong moments to make a artifact.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **April 09, 2012, 03:42:20 am**

"Uhh... where did everybody go? Where did the floor go? Hello?"

"Wait there. Keep Quiet. You can go back in an hour or so"

"I can't see you. Who are you? Where am I?"

"That's not keeping quiet."

"I want to know what's happening! Where did the hall go? I was trying to listen to Cilob's speech."

"Oh, hellfires, shut up will you! I'm trying to possess your body here! There's bonecarving to do! I can't claim a workshop while you're distracting me with pointless questions."

"Oh I see! You're a spirit who has come to give me an Artifact! You can teach me to be the greatest bonecarver of all time! That's so cool!"

"NO! I told you to shut up. I'm making this Artifact because I want to see it made, not for you. You don't get to watch. Now sit here in this featureless void and keep your spectral mouth shut, or I won't let you have your body back. I need to concentrate on my work."

" ... damnit."

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 09, 2012, 01:33:58 pm**

The events of 18th of Obsidian, Year 52

Phenix, chief architect, mason, and mechanic of Brightwater, was enjoying the chance to exercise some fine, hands-on craftsddwarfship. Ordering the trainee masons to build the curtain wall had gone well enough, and she had seen the job done well before Cilob's deadline, but such bulk masonry just wasn't as satisfying. Installing this last mechanism in the central gate would be the final piece needed to seal the fortress's defenses. It was also by far preferable to sitting through another one of Cilob's speeches.

The last finely stone-carved fit into place perfectly. Phenix gingerly removed the wooden blocks holding the counterweights in place. The granite bridge remained in place, smooth with the roadway surface, but ready to rise and block the entrance at a moment's notice.

Of course, there was still quite a bit more work to be done. The archery towers that would flank the entrance were little more than outlines in the dirt. The watchbox over the entrance path had its grates and gem windows, but still needed doors and dogs installed. Only two of the cage traps Phenix had insisted on installing were in place.

As she turned to walk away, there was a snap and a harsh, guttural yell from outside the wall. A mason atop the wall dropped his load of granite stones and ran down the stairs. "Goblins! Goblins at the traps!"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Close the gate! Pull the lever!"

Alath Athellogem, sheriff of Brightwater, hero of the war of 39, had her priorities. She had been ordered to the surface to provide security while Phenix finished up the work on the main gate. She had gathered her equipment, rousted the other two marksdwarves in her squad, and was headed in the direction of the ramp to the surface. But first, she wanted to check on her daughter. Geb had been acting strangely recently.

The workshop cubicles off the main corridor didn't have doors. Inside, Geb was sitting at her craftsddwarf's workshop, staring in amazement and curiosity at the weapon on the table in front of her. Alath stopped at the entrance, and rapped politely on the bauxite wall to get her attention.

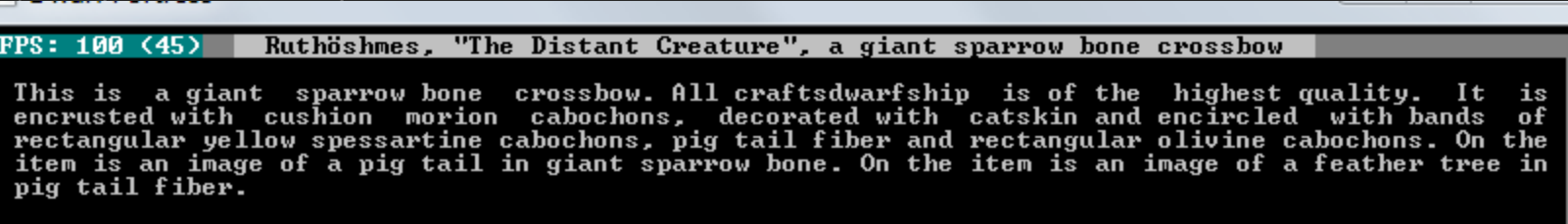
Geb looked up. "Mom? I think I made this for you."

"You think? You don't know?"

"I didn't see, I don't remember. But the voice said you would need it."

With that, she handed over a very impressive crossbow.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



It was a remarkable piece of work. The frame was carved from the strong yet lightweight bones of giant sparrows. The grip was cat leather, detailed with decorative strands of pigtail thread. It had a finely woven pigtail fiber drawstring, and spessartine overlay. Alath ran her hand along it. She touched a strange catch on the side, and with a click, several small lenses carved from the smoky quartz variant known as morion folded out from the top of the weapon on intricate bone arms.

"What are these? Oh, I see. You look through them when shooting. Very clever. See, it says here, "The Distant Creature". They're for shooting things far away."

Alath patted her daughter on the head. "I'll be honored to carry this into battle, Geb. Your father would be proud."

At that moment, a yell came from outside. "Goblins! Goblins at the gate!"

The raid had started off badly for the goblins. Elite child rescue agents sent previously had reported a vulnerable settlement, with workshops exposed on the surface and an unguarded main entrance. Those agents had also reported a few dwarves armed with steel hammers, which had prevented them from rescuing any children. A military team had been ordered in to deal with the resistance.

What they found was not what the advance squads had reported. A wavy yet solid wall, stretching an impressive distance along the shoreline, blocked access to the reported settlement location. Maintaining stealth, the goblins made their way along the wall, towards the roadway that seemed to be the only entrance. Then one of them made the mistake of poking at some dwarf-work machinery hidden in the brush, and was immediately caught in a cage. A dwarf on the wall yelled and ran, raising a commotion inside.

With stealth lost, the five remaining goblins charged towards the exposed entrance. Three dogs on chains just inside would pose little danger to them. They nearly made it. Moments before the leader would have passed through the entrance, a section of the roadway rose smoothly to block their path.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The goblins screamed and clawed at the raised bridge, trying to force it open, but Phenix's masonry was more than sufficient to keep them out. As they did, two more of them were caught in hidden cage traps concealed in the roadway.

Inside the walls, the panic had subsided as Phenix's gate rose flawlessly and sealed the entrance. Alath and her two squadmates met her near the entrance.

"Worked exactly as intended, I don't know why anyone was alarmed. There's not a creature in the world that can break down that gate. But the workers are refusing to finish the towers with the goblins out there, and there is a lot of work yet to be done outside. We can't get back to work till you get rid of them."

Alath nodded. "Are the firing positions on top of the walls completed?"

"No, but if you're careful, you should be able to climb the scaffolding and shoot from there."

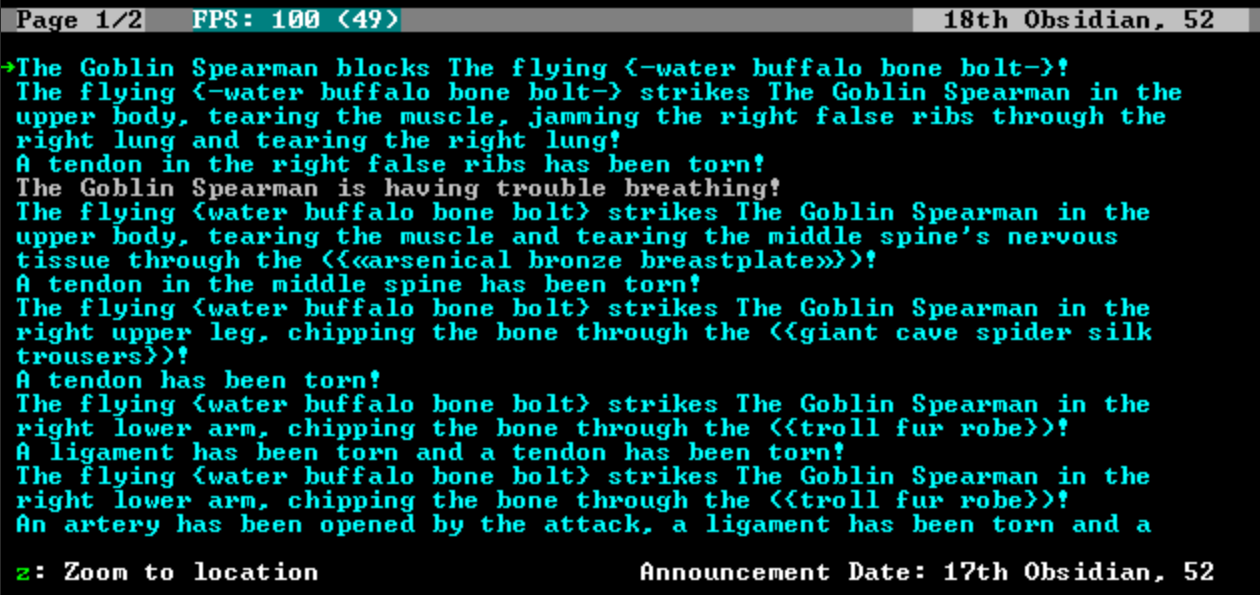
The three soldiers scrambled up the stairs onto the walls around the guard box. Below them, three goblins glared upwards.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Not all that distant of a creature, but close range should work too." Alath smiled and fired.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Showing remarkable target discipline, the two other marksdwarves followed Alath's lead and concentrated fire on the same target. The first goblin fell rapidly, pierced by a dozen bone bolts. The other two, realizing that the raid was a complete loss, turned and ran. Alath switched targets to one of them. The fleeing goblin managed to block four bolts, before taking a bolt to the head and slumping to the ground.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Page 1/1FPS: 100 <49>20th Obsidian, 52

The Goblin Spearman jumps away from The flying <-yak bone bolt->!
The Goblin Spearman blocks The flying <-yak bone bolt->!
The Goblin Spearman jumps away from The flying <-water buffalo bone bolt->!
The flying <-yak bone bolt-> misses The Goblin Spearman!
The flying <-water buffalo bone bolt-> strikes The Goblin Spearman in the nose, tearing the cartilage through the <<cave spider silk robe>>!
The <-water buffalo bone bolt-> has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Goblin Spearman blocks The flying <-yak bone bolt->!
The Goblin Spearman blocks The flying <-water buffalo bone bolt->!
The Goblin Spearman blocks The flying <-yak bone bolt->!
The Goblin Spearman blocks The flying <+water buffalo bone bolt+>!
The flying <+water buffalo bone bolt+> strikes The Goblin Spearman in the head, tearing the muscle and fracturing the skull through the <<silver cap>>!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
The Goblin Spearman gives in to pain.
→The Goblin Spearman falls over.

Amazingly, despite having an arrow embedded in its skull, the goblin was still alive. It dragged itself painfully across the ground, leaving a trail of blood. The other fleeing goblin didn't even look back as it ran off the end of the roadway and vanished into the trees.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Inside the gate, the fortress's other soldiers - a collection of hammerdwarves and swordsdwarves in uneven armor - had finally gathered. At the militia commander's signal, the lever controlling the front gate was pulled again. Phenix's finely crafted drawbridge slid back down into the roadway, revealing the one miserable goblin remaining.

A single trainee swordsdwarf finished it off, severing its head with a single blow.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Page 1/1FPS: 100 <48>22nd Obsidian, 52

The Swordsdwarf stabs The Goblin Spearman in the head with her *steel short sword* and the severed part sails off in an arc!

Phenix looked out at the mess - goblin blood and guts, and paving stones marred by bolt impacts. *No respect for fine crafts dwarfship. It'll take weeks to get this cleaned up and back up schedule.*

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 10, 2012, 08:47:48 pm**

Cilob's Journal

Spring has passed uneventfully. Phenix's curtain wall and gate has had its first test against a real assault, and seems to be sufficient. We will still need to build the rest of the firing positions, and perhaps an ammunition reserve near them so that the marksdwarves don't have to travel as far to re-equip.

Training of the native local fauna is going well.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→Giant sparrow hatchlings have hatched.
Stray Gnt Sprrw Htchlng, ♀ <-Trnd- -
Stray Gnt Sprrw Htchlng, ♂ <-Trnd- -

Only one of the three female Giant Sparrows was able to hatch its eggs, but the newly hatched chicks seem quite docile as compared to their parents. With a little more training, I think they can be declared domesticated.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Stray Giant Sprrw Htchlng, ♀ <Im> DT
Stray Giant Sprrw Htchlng, ♂ <Im> DT

I should really cull the parents, so that I can focus on raising the offspring and breeding for further domestication, but I find I have become rather fond of them.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Stray Giant Sparrow <+Trained+>Bonded
Stray Giant Sparrow <*Trained*>Bonded
Stray Giant Sparrow <+Trained+>Bonded

Perhaps I will station them around the fortress as guards instead.

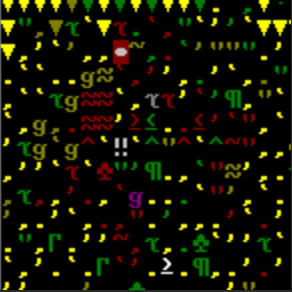
The events of 19 Felsite, 53

A second goblin team was approaching the fortress, creeping through the brush. Six with spears, led by one wih a hammer. The one survivor of the previous ambush squad had warned them about the defenses, cage traps, gates, and deadly crossbow fire from the battlements. They knew about the impervious gate, and the cage traps just outside it.

They also knew that the gate had to open to let trade caravans in. The goblins had been carefully trailing a group of elven merchants, planning to jump out of cover just as the elves were entering the fortress.

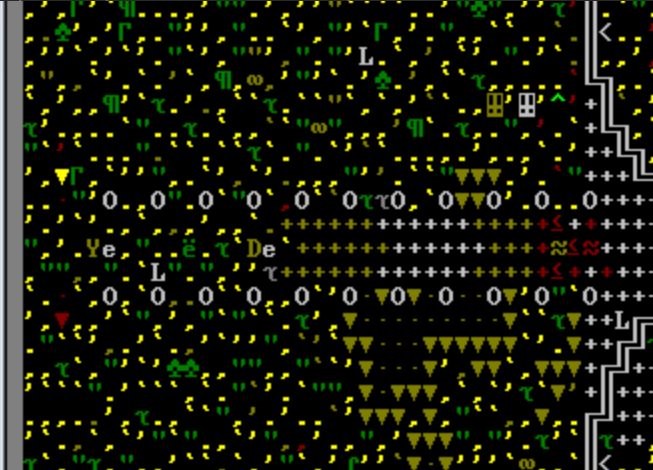
It might have worked, if one of the spear-carriers hadn't stepped on yet another damn cage trap.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The four elves - merchants Lolama and Are, and their guards Arile and Elana, were just totally mellow, feeling the oneness with the forest and the creatures. It was a beautiful day, the giant sparrows were chirping in the trees, and huge grey monkeys were scampering across the path and playing in the brush. The ugly gray stone wall ahead of them was a bit uncool, even if it was a groovy wavy shape, but the dwarves seemed decent folks even if they were a bit uptight.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

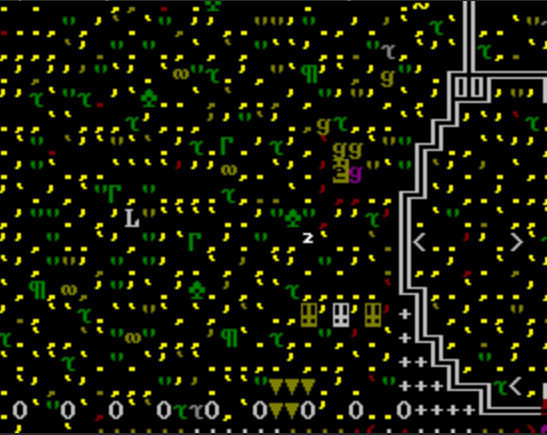


Then something totally not cool happened. Some of the grey monkey dudes were caught in cages, but that wasn't the worst thing. Goblins! Goblins to the north and they weren't at all friendly.

"I'll hold them off. You get inside, see if the dwarves can help" Arile ran towards the goblins, while Elana took up a firing position with her bow. The other two ran through the open gate.

Inside the fortress, the alarms had been raised. "Marksdwarves on top of the walls, pick them off. Hammers and swords, take up position inside. Be ready to fight if they get inside, but I don't want any of you risking your lives to save elves."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Outside, Arile and Elana were putting up a desperate fight. Arile was trying to hold off four goblins at once, while Elana fired mostly ineffectual wooden arrows at them from a distance.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



A glancing blow from a spear shattered her teeth. Hammer blows crippled her legs, and she crumpled to the ground. Despite the pain, she fought back, parrying blows with her wooden spear, until a stab to her arm forced her to drop it.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Page 3/4FPS: 100 (43)1st Hematite, 53

The Goblin Spearman scratches The Elf Spearman in the right hand, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle through the <<rope reed fiber right glove>>!
The Goblin Spearman shakes The Elf Spearman around by the head, tearing apart the head's muscle!
An artery in the head has been opened by the attack!
The Goblin Spearman stabs The Elf Spearman in the lower body with his <<silver spear>>, tearing the muscle and tearing the right kidney through the <<rope reed fiber trousers>>!
The <<silver spear>> has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Goblin Spearman shakes The Elf Spearman around by the head, tearing apart the head's muscle!
An artery in the head has been opened by the attack!
→The Goblin Spearman stabs The Elf Spearman in the right upper arm with her <<copper spear>>, fracturing the bone through the <<birchen mail shirt>>!
A motor nerve has been severed and a tendon has been torn!
The Elf Spearman loses hold of the <<pine spear>>.
The Goblin Spearman stabs The Elf Spearman in the left lower arm with her <<copper spear>>, fracturing the bone through the <<rope reed fiber

From inside the gate, the dwarves watched with growing admiration. Then the Militia commander spoke.

"Screw that. That one elf with the spear is holding the entire goblin group off by herself. I'm not letting an elf show us up. CARNAGE!"

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

Page 4/4FPS: 100 (47)1st Hematite, 53

coat>>!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Elf Spearman loses hold of the <<birchen shield>>.
The Elf Spearman misses The Goblin Spearman!
The Goblin Spearman stabs The Elf Spearman in the right foot with her <<copper spear>>, tearing the fat through the <<rope reed fiber sandal>>!
The <<copper spear>> has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Elf Spearman gives in to pain.

Crumpled on the ground, still trying to block blows with her wooden shield, she felt consciousness slipping away.

The goblin commander stood back, watching as his men stabbed the helpless elf. This raid was almost certainly a loss. The elves had screwed the whole thing up - at least, that's what she'd tell her superiors when she returned. Or rather, she would have, had she not suddenly been interrupted.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

The militia commander charges at The Goblin Hammerman!
The Goblin Hammerman looks surprised by the ferocity of The militia commander's onslaught!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Hammerman in the left upper arm with her <*<steel war hammer*>, jamming the bone through the left shoulder's muscle and fracturing the left shoulder's bone!
The militia commander collides with The Goblin Hammerman!
The Goblin Hammerman is knocked over!

The Military Commander attacked like a frenzied animal, at times seeming to forget the steel hammer still gripped in her hand in favor of biting and punching the goblin. Blood and body parts splattered across the landscape.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

The militia commander bites The Goblin Hammerman in the left lower leg, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle through the <<naked mole dog suede trousers>>!
The militia commander latches on firmly!
→The Goblin Hammerman has become enraged!
The militia commander shakes The Goblin Hammerman around by the left lower leg, tearing apart the left lower leg's muscle and bruising the bone!
An artery in the left lower leg has been opened by the attack, many nerves have been severed, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The militia commander punches The Goblin Hammerman in the left upper arm with her left hand, shattering the skin and bruising the bone through the <<pikeskin robe>>!

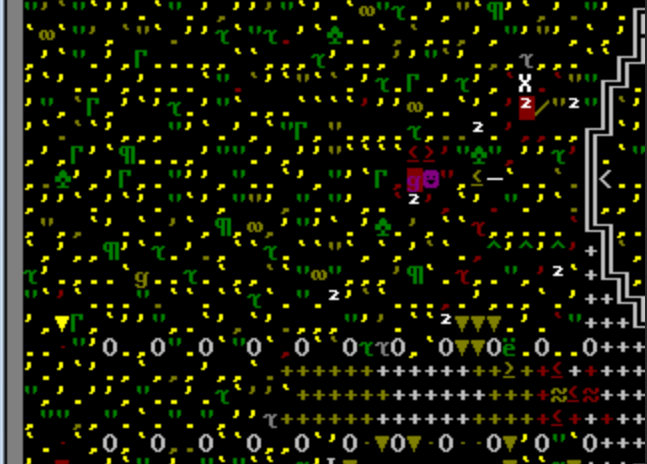
The goblin leader never stood a chance - barely even managing to fight back, and unable to connect with the frenzied dwarf attacker.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

The militia commander bashes The Goblin Hammerman in the right hand with her <*<steel war hammer*>, fracturing the bone through the <<cave spider silk right glove>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Hammerman in the left lower leg with her <*<steel war hammer*>, fracturing the bone through the <<naked mole dog suede trousers>>!
→The militia commander bashes The Goblin Hammerman in the right lower leg with her <*<steel war hammer*>, jamming the bone through the right knee's muscle and shattering the right knee's bone!
The militia commander kicks The Goblin Hammerman in the left hand with her right foot, shattering the bone through the <<cave spider silk left glove>>!
The militia commander kicks The Goblin Hammerman in the right upper leg with her right foot, bruising the bone through the <<naked mole dog suede trousers>>!
The Goblin Hammerman attacks The militia commander but She jumps away!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Hammerman in the left foot with her <*<steel war hammer*>, fracturing the bone through the <<giant cave

The rest of the goblins - four spear-carriers - watched the carnage, too surprised to even try to defend their leader. By mutual unspoken agreement, they turned and fled through the jungle.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



As they did, a single bolt fired from the fortress walls struck one in the leg.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
The flying <*donkey bone bolt*> strikes The Goblin Hammerman in the left upper leg, chipping the bone through the <<naked mole dog suede trousers>>!
→A tendon has been torn!

The Commander stood over the mangled body of his adversary. The goblin was very, very thoroughly dead. The elf it had been fighting was somehow still alive, though severely injured.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <45> Arile Avezepave

A medium-sized creature dedicated to the ruthless protection of nature.

Her right lower leg is broken. Her right lower leg is smashed open. Her right lower leg is bruised. Her head is torn open. Her head is bruised. Her upper body is smashed open. Her upper body is bruised. Her right hand is smashed open. Her right hand is bruised. Her left lower arm is broken. Her left lower arm is cut open. Her left foot is cut open. Her left foot is bruised. Her right upper arm is fractured. Her right upper arm is cut open. Her right foot is cut open. Her lower body is cut open. Her right lung is bruised. Her right kidney is fractured.

She is corpulent. Her hair is extremely long. She has a grating, raspy voice. Her nose is extraordinarily broad. She has a narrow chin. Her hair is goldenrod. Her skin is pale taupe. Her eyes are turquoise. Her lower front teeth is gone.

As she returned to her senses, surprised to still be alive, the commander offered her a hand up. "Come on. There are probably more of them around, and your friends are all waiting inside."

Cilob's Journal, continued.

For all that excitement, this was the most disappointing trading session I've seen yet. We traded some stone and bone trinkets for a few logs, some weak elven booze, and a bin of cloth. Someone has got to teach these elves some proper industry, and show them how to make wagons while they're at it.

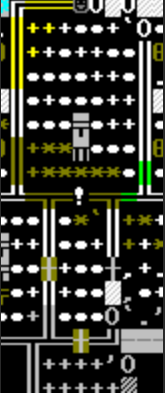
Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 10, 2012, 09:29:17 pm**

The events of 9th Hematite, 53

CoraiUnki was happily helping out in the living areas, installing furniture in a private room. There were so many rooms, and so many dwarves living down here. It wasn't as nice as being out on the surface with his kobold and birdy friends, but there were so many friends down here too!

Then it happened. CoraiUnki Had An Idea.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



CoraiUnki' Litastavuz, Woodworker cancels Construct Building: Taken by mood.
The dwarves suspended the construction of conglomerate Throne.
→CoraiUnki' Litastavuz, Woodworker is taken by a fey mood!

Upstairs, in the main crafting hall, Ral Mistemmeng was trying to finish trading with the elves. He knew, in the back of his head, that he was lucky to have this position. He had only just barely managed to escape from the mountainhomes to this place, and being assigned to be the bookkeeper, manager, and broker for Brightwater was actually a fairly cushy job. He got to spend most of his time in his quiet stone office, plenty of booze to drink, and the military was doing a god job of keeping the goblins and monsters at bay.

It was speaking with the elves that was crushing him. Back at the Mountainhomes, they had learned that the elves could be formidable in battle. But it was even worse having to listen to them talk.

"So yeah, man, you can't just cut the trees down. That's just not cool. Not at all keeping with the harmony of nature. You have to sing to them."

"Sing. Right. How does that get us lumber, then?"

"See, you sing to the trees, like really long, for years and years, has to be the right songs to. Got to get one of the wise elven tree-friend elders to teach you how. Then if the trees, if they like your song, they give you the gift of their wood. If you sing just right, they can grow into the shapes you want before they die, so you don't have to cut them at all. And that's why we can't have wagons. Like, no tree can grow that shape, and we can't cut them, cause that would be wrong, so we can't make wagons. But it's cool, we can carry everything on pack animals, there's not much more we could bring anyway."

"After they die, then? So you're only allowed to use wood from trees that die naturally?"

"Yeah, man. It would be wrong to waste them. Got to recycle everything, that's the harmony and spirit of the natural way. Speaking of which, are you guys going to eat that goblin? I know your hammer lady killed him, so she should get first dibs, but if she doesn't want to eat the body, there's no sense letting it just rot."

Ral was about to answer with something quite undiplomatic, when the conversation was interrupted by Corai running past. "I HAVE AN IDEAAAAAAAA!"

Ral stared in horror. "Armok help us all. Corai has an idea."

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Phenixmirage** on **April 10, 2012, 10:08:53 pm**

Phenix's Notes.

- Finished wall. Not bad work, in spite of everything. Looking forward to next project.
- Goblins tested front gate almost as soon as finished. Mechanisms worked flawlessly, as expected. Goblins repelled, but new wall suffered massive staining from goblin viscera. Tragedy.
- Elven traders arrived bearing goblins. Fairly sure it was unintentional. Traders showed surprising bravery. One (Are/le?) badly injured,

long term survival questionable. Perhaps commemoration statue in order? (*Ideas: Bees=power of the many? Clouds=trascendence over limitations? Think more on symbolism later*) M.Commander showing impressive combat prowess. (*goblin leader; last fall's Minotaur*) Begin planning honorary statue soon.

- Elves have no sunberries? Disappointed.

Addendum; Rumor: Corai has idea? Dear gods.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 10, 2012, 10:54:27 pm**

EVERYONE GET TO BOMB SHELTERS, MY IDEA WILL LIKELY INVOLVE ELVES, GOBLIN CORPSES, AND SEVERAL BUCKETS OF GASOLINE!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **April 10, 2012, 11:14:35 pm**

Quote from: Corai on April 10, 2012, 10:54:27 pm

EVERYONE GET TO BOMB SHELTERS, MY IDEA WILL LIKELY INVOLVE ELVES, GOBLIN CORPSES, AND SEVERAL BUCKETS OF GASOLINE!

This is a bomb. All craftdwarf ship is of the highest quality. On the item is a image of kobolds and Corai. Corai is making loving gestures to the kobold.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Jarod Cain** on **April 10, 2012, 11:56:40 pm**

Chief Medical Officer's Log, Brightwater, Cain

Despite my protests that it was important, the elves decided to treat their own wounded guard rather than take advantage of my facilities. Yet another chance to study and understand our old foes dashed.

...
In other news subjects 23 and 74 are responding well to the new treatments, reccomend full dwarven studies to be begun at the next opportunity.
Cain

Congrats Corai, wonder what you're going to make. :)
-J-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 11, 2012, 09:25:49 pm**

The events of 14th Hematite, 53

The Minotaur had been tracking the smell of dwarves for months. Months back, while hunting mountain goats back in the mountain range that was its usual territory, it had caught an unusual trail. Dwarves and their pack animals, far from the mountainhomes. This was unusual. Likod Romlameb Gulgunzar Kubuk, Minotaur terror to the dwarven mountainhomes, knew dwarves well. It had a particular love of fighting and killing them, and had done so many times since the world was young.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <40> Lidod Romlameb Gulgunzar Kûbuk, "Lidod Cloaksucker the Frothy-Outrg of Lncng"

Lidod Cloaksucker the Frothy-Outrage of Lancing was a minotaur. He was one of the first of his kind. Lidod was associated with strength, deformity, darkness, chaos and caverns.

In the early summer of 4, Lidod became an enemy of The Imperial Pick.

In the early summer of 4, Lidod attacked the dwarf Kulet Metalrained.

In the early summer of 4, Lidod fought with the dwarf Kulet Metalrained. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In the midspring of 5, Lidod attacked the dwarf Ustuth Swordchance.

In the midspring of 5, the dwarf Ustuth Swordchance's right lower leg was smashed by Lidod.

In the midspring of 5, the dwarf Ustuth Swordchance managed to escape from Lidod's onslaught.

In the midspring of 5, Lidod attacked the dwarf Uabôk Rockstar.

In the midspring of 5, Lidod struck down the dwarf Uabôk Rockstar in Constructslaughter.

In the midspring of 5, Lidod began wandering The Feral Jungle.

In the early autumn of 6, Lidod became an enemy of The Lost Shields.

In the early autumn of 6, Lidod attacked the dwarf Ral Dwellinglashed.

In the early autumn of 6, Lidod fought with the dwarf Ral Dwellinglashed. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In 15, the dwarf Fikod Weakenkey confronted Lidod.

In 15, Lidod fought with the dwarf Fikod Weakenkey. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In the early autumn of 21, Lidod attacked the dwarf Ral Dwellinglashed.

In the early autumn of 21, Lidod fought with the dwarf Ral Dwellinglashed. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In the early autumn of 21, Lidod attacked the dwarf Reg Paintedpost.

In the early autumn of 21, the dwarf Reg Paintedpost's upper front tooth was smashed by Lidod.

In the early autumn of 21, the dwarf Reg Paintedpost managed to escape from Lidod's onslaught.

In the early autumn of 21, Lidod attacked the dwarf Kol Clenchedink.

In the early autumn of 21, Lidod fought with the dwarf Kol Clenchedink. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In the late summer of 23, Lidod became an enemy of The Bodices of Tightness.

In the late summer of 23, Lidod attacked the dwarf Sigun Heldink.

In the late summer of 23, Lidod fought with the dwarf Sigun Heldink. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In the late summer of 23, Lidod attacked the dwarf Lorbam Relicbolt.

In the late summer of 23, Lidod fought with the dwarf Lorbam Relicbolt. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In the early summer of 26, Lidod attacked the dwarf ònul Scaleletter.

In the early summer of 26, Lidod fought with the dwarf ònul Scaleletter. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

Attacking the dwarves in their homes had become dangerous, but an isolated trade group was a different matter. Likod was patient and determined in his tracking, following the smell of the caravan through mountains, steppe, and humid jungle. Finally, the smell of dwarves and other creatures was strong, and Likod could see a strange stone wall through the forest.

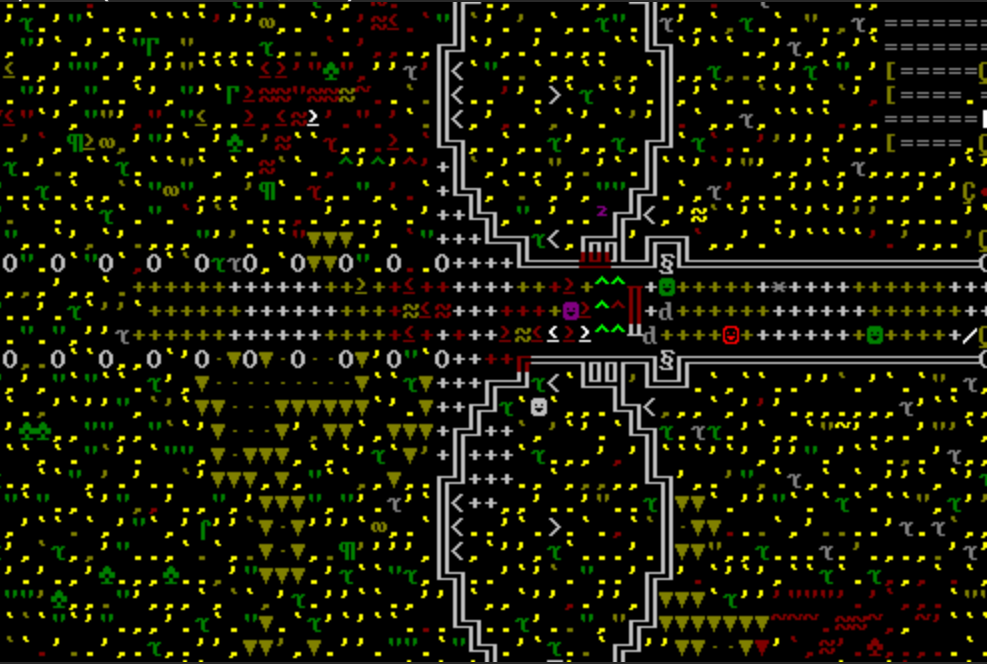
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Minotaur Lidod Romlameb Gulgunzar Kûbuk has come! A giant humanoid monster with the head of a bull.

Press **Enter** to close window

Fortunately for the dwarves, a giant bull-headed monster doesn't walk through the forest silently. A mechanic spotted Likod while reloading a cage trap, and ran back to the fortress to raise the guard.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Military Commander Morul Cattendoren waited at the entrance, just outside the cage traps and gate. Behind her, Alath Athellogem waited, with the masterful artifact crossbow her daughter had created. They weren't worried - in fact, they were looking forward to an easy fight. After all, the last minotaur to attack the fortress had been an easy fight.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



That one's a bit larger thought Morul, *and wow, it's moving fast* Then, before she even knew what was happening, the monster had gored her and tossed her into the air on its horns.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Page 1/3FPS: 100 <37>15th Hematite, 53

→The militia commander attacks The Minotaur but He jumps away!
The Minotaur charges at The militia commander!
The militia commander looks surprised by the ferocity of The Minotaur's onslaught!
The Minotaur gores The militia commander in the right upper arm with his right horn, jamming the bone through the right shoulder's muscle and shattering the right shoulder's bone!
The Minotaur collides with The militia commander!
The militia commander is knocked over!
The Minotaur grabs The militia commander by the *steel right gauntlet* with his left upper arm!
The Minotaur releases the grip of The Minotaur's left upper arm on The militia commander's *steel right gauntlet*.
The flying <+giant sparrow bone bolt+> misses The Minotaur!
The Minotaur grabs The militia commander by the <*steel war hammer*> with his right lower arm!
The Minotaur charges at The militia commander!
The militia commander looks surprised by the ferocity of The Minotaur's onslaught!
The Minotaur punches The militia commander in the lower body with his

z: Zoom to locationAnnouncement Date: 15th Hematite, 53

Morul's right arm was completely shattered, her shield clattering uselessly away on the paved ground. Alath fired into the melee, missing both Morul and the Minotaur. This fight was reminiscent of the commander's battle with the previous minotaur, but in reverse, with Morul desperately trying to ward off the monster's attacks.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Page 2/3FPS: 100 <42>15th Hematite, 53

→left hand, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the stomach through the *steel greaves*!
The Minotaur collides with The militia commander!
The militia commander is knocked over!
The Minotaur releases the grip of The Minotaur's right lower arm on The militia commander's <*steel war hammer*>.
The Minotaur grabs The militia commander by the fifth toe, left foot with his right lower arm!
The flying <+giant sparrow bone bolt+> strikes The Minotaur in the upper body, tearing the muscle and bruising the left lung!
The Minotaur releases the grip of The Minotaur's right lower arm on The militia commander's fifth toe, left foot.
The Minotaur kicks The militia commander in the lower lip with his right foot, shattering the skin and bruising the muscle through the *steel mail shirt*+!
The Minotaur charges at The militia commander!
The militia commander looks surprised by the ferocity of The Minotaur's onslaught!
The Minotaur punches The militia commander in the upper body with his right hand, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the

z: Zoom to locationAnnouncement Date: 15th Hematite, 53

The second bolt buried itself in the Minotaur's chest, which caused minor pain that only angered the creature more. On closer examination, the commander noted that the creature's body bore many scars, some of them recognizably from dwarven weapons. *This one has fought dwarves before. Could I be fighting one of the old terrors?*

The Minotaur connected with a blow, sending Morul sprawling. As she gasped for breath and tried to regain her feet, the monster grabbed her arm.

Then a third bolt connected, this one scoring a direct hit to the base of one of the monster's horns. It howled in pain, dropped Morul, and staggered backwards.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Page 3/3FPS: 100 <41>15th Hematite, 53

→right lung through the *steel mail shirt*+!
The Minotaur collides with The militia commander!
The militia commander is knocked over!
The Minotaur grabs The militia commander by the right lower arm with his left hand!
The flying <*donkey bone bolt*> strikes The Minotaur in the left horn, chipping the bone!
A tendon has been torn!
The Minotaur gives in to pain.
The Minotaur falls over.
The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the head with her <*steel war hammer*>, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle and tearing the upper spine's nervous tissue!
The militia commander bashes The Minotaur in the head with her <*steel war hammer*>, tearing the skin and bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!

Knowing this was her only chance, as the monster's grip slackened, Morul swung her hammer twice at the creature's head. The first blow shattered its spine, and the second crushed the monster's skull, killing it.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The commander slumped to the ground, exhausted. Her right arm and shoulder were completely mangled and smashed. Her face was bloodied, her entire body ached, and there was a distinct pain in her side every time she tried to breathe.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Her right upper arm is broken. Her right upper arm is smashed open. Her right upper arm is bruised. Her lower lip is smashed open. Her lower lip is bruised. Her upper body is smashed open. Her upper body is bruised. Her lower body is smashed open. Her lower body is bruised. Her right lung is bruised. Her stomach is bruised. Her right shoulder is broken.

Meanwhile, in the main crafting hall, a few dwarves who hadn't gone to watch the fight were crowded around CoraiUnki's carpentry shop.



She didn't answer me when I asked her if she could make more like the last one she made. We don't need any more at this point anyway, after all those that she's made, but we can always sell them back to the Mountainhomes.

After finishing the main walls, Phenix has been spending much time mining. The defensive walls, towers, and gates had used up our entire supply of granite, and she insisted on procuring more for the next major construction project. I pointed out that we have plenty of conglomerate, but she refused to use it, saying that it was an inferior material for construction. Well, we can use to have more deep storage areas and crafting halls dug out.

I am told that the deep mining exploration project is making progress, but has not yet found magma.

Report of the deep mining expedition

Extension of the main staircase directly beneath the granite layer some distance was interrupted by the discovery of a system of underground voids.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



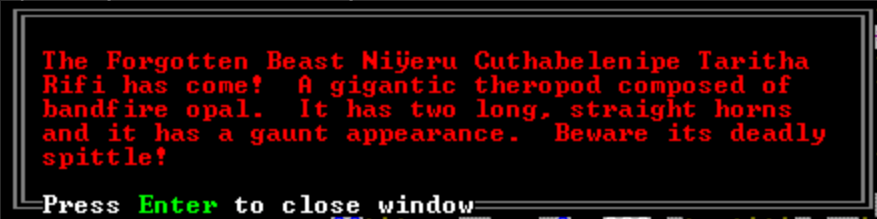
Examination of the caverns revealed them to be largely barren of vegetation or animal life. A large variety of valuable minerals were spotted.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



What animal life was visible was of a decidedly unfamiliar and unfriendly type.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



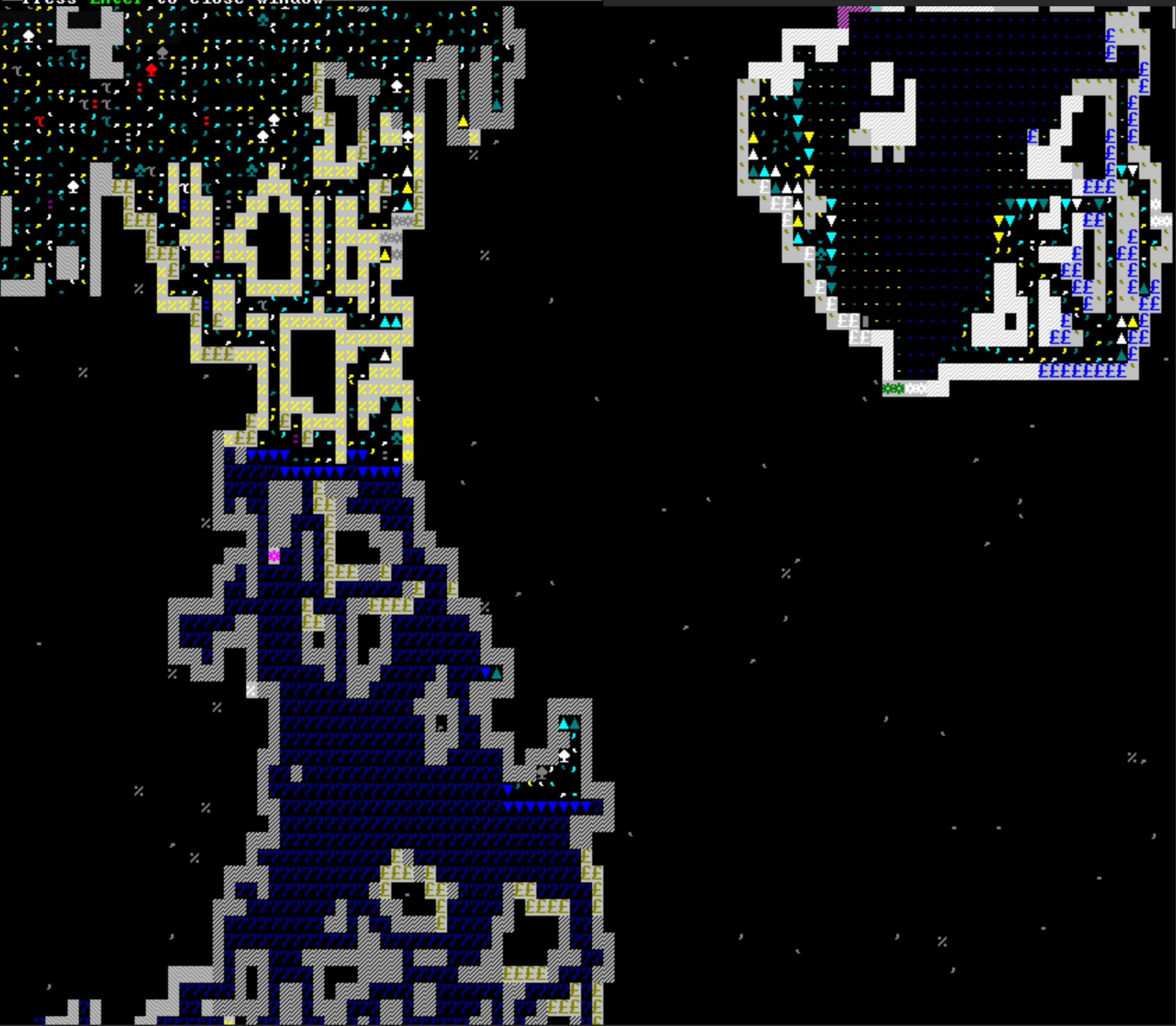
Sightings were taken to determine the optimal location for a shaft to be dug to pass the caverns, and the entrance to these caverns was then sealed to prevent passage of hostile life into the fortress.

After mining some distance further down, another void was reached. This one was surveyed and discovered to contain water and

significant plant life.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

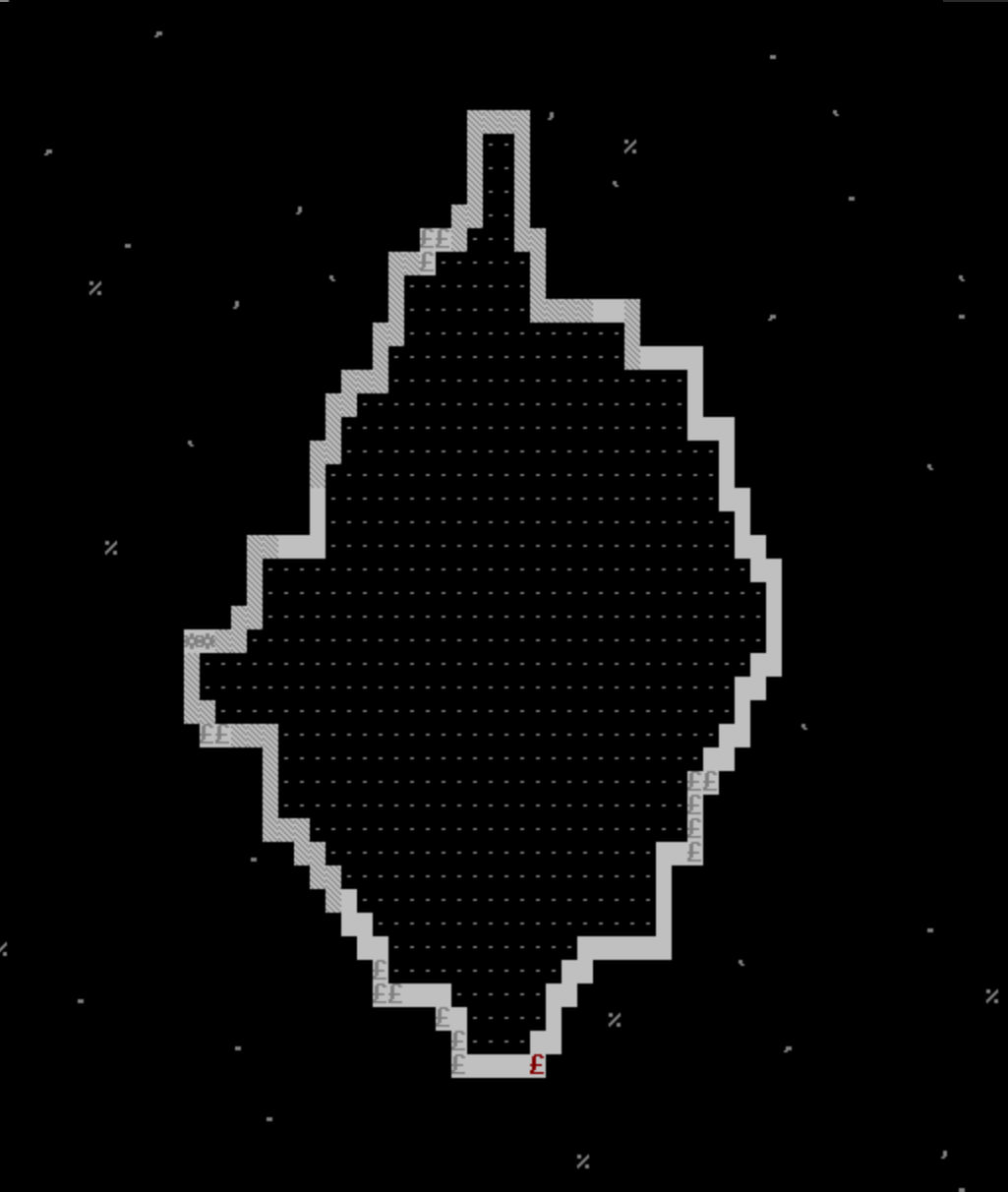
You have discovered an expansive cavern deep underground.
Press Enter to close window



Further exploration showed a strange vertical shaft, which appeared to open into further caverns at a much greater depth.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

You have discovered a deep pit.
You have discovered an expansive cavern deep underground.



The passage into the second cavern layer has been sealed for now, although future expeditions will be taken to evaluate how to best exploit the resources of this area. We will continue to dig deeper alongside the pit in hopes of finding magma.

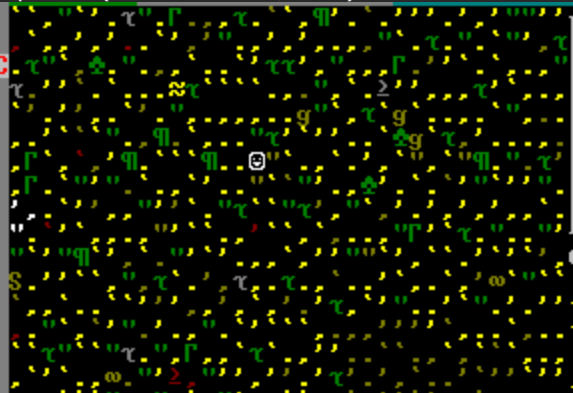
Cilob's Journal - Early Galena

I fear the goblins are becoming more clever. Though it appears they may be getting help from another source.

The cage traps which we have placed in the uncontrolled forest areas to the west of the curtain wall were meant to capture wildlife for taming. Recently, they have caught more goblins, useless creatures which we can't even tame. Unfortunately, it appears that the local goblins have figured out how to put this to their own uses.

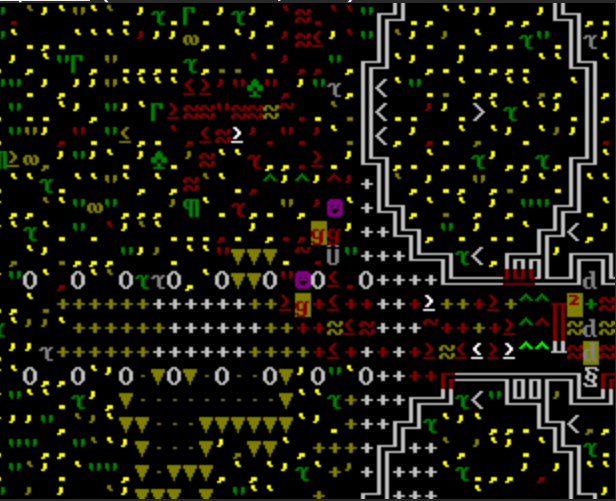
A goblin thief was caught in the traps, and when an idle mason went out to retrieve the cage, a goblin ambush appeared between her and the fortress entrance. She ran, of course, away from the goblins, and away from the safety of the main gate.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Our soldiers arrived at the main gate promptly, but were prevented from rescuing the mason by a second group of goblins. This one was being led by a human - quite likely the one who had come up with the ambush strategy in the first place.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Our militia commander dealt with the goblins in her usual style.

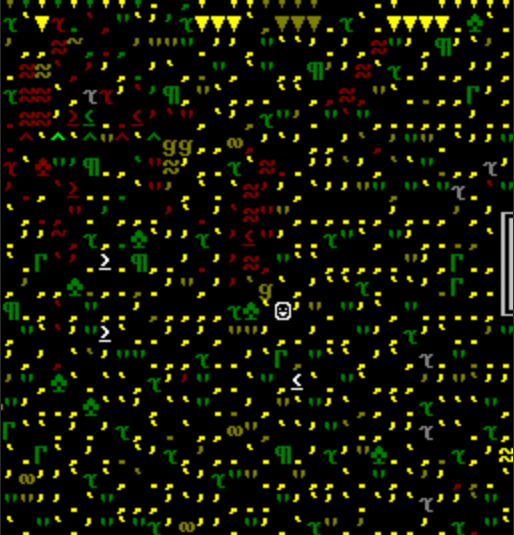
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Page 16/16FPS: 92 <48>16th Galena, 53 ess

The Goblin Pikeman has been stunned!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Pikeman in the right lower arm with her *steel war hammer*, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle through the <<cave spider silk robe>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Pikeman in the right foot with her *steel war hammer*, jamming the bone through the right ankle's muscle and shattering the right ankle's bone!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Pikeman in the right foot with her *steel war hammer*, shattering the bone through the <<giant cave spider silk shoe>>!
The militia commander punches The Goblin Pikeman in the right upper arm with her right hand, shattering the skin and bruising the bone through the <<cave spider silk robe>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Pikeman in the head with her *steel war hammer*, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!
The Goblin Pikeman has been knocked unconscious!
→The *steel war hammer* has lodged firmly in the wound!

The mason who had been caught away tried to circle back to the fortress entrance,

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



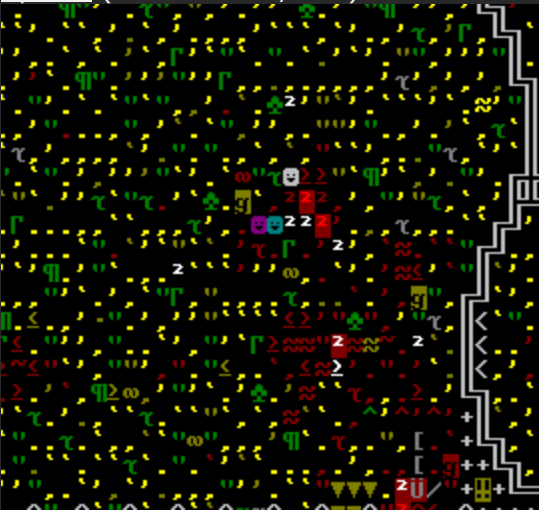
... but she just wasn't fast enough.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Our commander dealt with the goblins who killed her as usual.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



She is really quite amazing. Her injuries from the minotaur have healed well enough for her to transfer her shield back into her right hand, which is quite amazing considering how badly she was injured after that fight. In that fight alone she killed five goblins, as well as the human who was commanding them.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

```
Ngokang Slothvile the goblin, d. 53
Stozu Malignedbalanced the goblin, d. 53
Stoshûb Brasshell the goblin, d. 53
Zolak Horrorpriced the human, d. 53
Bâx Scourgedog the goblin, d. 53
Osnun Hellthrow the goblin, d. 53
```

I don't know what Doctor Cain is doing to her, but I hope he keeps it up.

Tragically, she wasn't fast enough to save the mason who was ambushed. It seemed to me an expensive ambush for the goblins, losing about a dozen of their own to kill one of our dwarves, until I checked the genealogy records. The mason who was killed was one of only two children of King Kivish and General Reg.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

```
FPS: 100 <45>      Udil Inethtilesh, "Udil Citytrusss", Mason

Udil Inethtilesh has been quite content lately. She admired a fine Trade Depot lately. She slept
in a good bedroom recently. She has been satisfied at work lately. She has been annoyed by flies. She
was caught in the rain recently. She sustained major injuries recently.
She is married to Asën Tongsstands and has two children: Thob Roofsears and Dastot Flaggate. She
is the daughter of Reg Paintedpost and Kivish Masteredceilings. She is a worshipper of Stettad.
```

This is concerning. The General is going to be furious when she learns that one of daughters was killed here.

Well, the human trade caravan showed up at the end of this, to a front gate drenched in blood and littered with the mangled corpses of three different species. No, make that four - a kobold tried to sneak in among all the mess. It didn't get far. Welcome to Brightwater!

Ral Mistemmeng, bookkeeper and trader, was not having a good day.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

```
FPS: 99 <49>      Ral Mistêmmeng, "Ral Portallash", manager

Ral Mistêmmeng has been quite content lately. She was unhappy at having to
give somebody water lately. She admired a fine Door lately. She had a nice bath
recently. She slept in a good bedroom recently. She was forced to talk to somebody
annoying lately. She was unhappy at having to haul somebody to bed lately. She
admired own fine Bed lately. She has been annoyed by flies. She has been satisfied
at work lately.
```

It had started with the children. Dear god, the children. Ral had left the mountainhomes in part to get away from them, but half the children in the mountainhomes seemed to have followed her to Brightwater. Including some really, really annoying ones.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Udil Uúshavuz, Dwarven ChildGrudge

Dumat Rutodshorast, Dwarven ChildGrudge

Ral had retreated to her quiet, private bedroom, with the lovely door that kept the noise and fuss out. And then the alarm of the goblin ambush had gone up, and she'd had go into the annoying fly-blighted outdoors to help out.

One of the soldiers had a bruised toe or something similarly harmless, and had insisted on being carried to the hospital! And then had insisted on being brought a drink of water from the wells, which were close enough that the soldier should easily have been able to walk over and get a drink herself. Of all the nerve. Ral hoped that doctor Cain would tell that lazy useless hammerdwarf to stop being lazy and get back to work.

She barely had time to wash the blood off before getting to the trading depot, where the humans were waiting.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Welcome to Brightwater! I'm Ral, and this is our trade depot. You're in luck. We're having a sale on pre-owned clothing today. Take a look at this dress. It's a foreign import, brought here all the way from the other side of the mountains. Only one previous owner, low wear, lots of life left to it."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <42>x<pig tail fiber dress>x

This is a pig tail fiber dress. It is made from pig tail fiber cloth. This object is showing some wear.

"Our shoes have acid-washed and pre-worn, breaking them in for your convenience. These are guaranteed not to cause blisters or callouses!"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <46>x<pig tail fiber shoe>x

This is a pig tail fiber shoe. It is made from pig tail fiber cloth. The thread is midnight blue with dimple dye. This object is showing some wear.

Contents:

coating of Atu Hellgraves's goblin blood

The human looks at the shoe, and speaks up curiously, "What's this gunk all over it?"

"That's a special infusion, made from dimple dye mixed with a secret ingredient. It's the latest style from import, everyone in Constructslaughter is wearing them. Oh, we also have a selection of children-sized clothing your families might be interested in. These were delivered by some kobold, er, merchants, just this spring."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49><small giant cave spider silk tunic>

This is a small giant cave spider silk tunic. It is made from giant cave spider silk cloth.

Contents:

spatter of Kloler's kobold blood

"This is a genuine kobold-made article, hand-woven from carefully harvested giant cave spider silk. Notice the intricate spatter patterning? That's a specialty of theirs. Now, we normally reserve this kind of work to be shipped back home, but we have a few surplus pieces I can trade to you. Hurry, someone else might snap them up first."

Mesmerized, the humans begin unloading bars of precious metals and barrels of alcohol. "We'll take the whole batch."

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **zomara0292** on **April 14, 2012, 02:20:31 pm**

Our trader is so convincing! Iwant to play with him!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 14, 2012, 04:48:49 pm**

Two caverns breached?

TWO CAVERNS BREACHED?

Quick, someone assassinate, Cilob he has gone insane! And niiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiice.....

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 14, 2012, 04:52:36 pm**

Quote from: Corai on April 14, 2012, 04:48:49 pm

Two caverns breached?

Technically all three, since that deep pit connects the second and third cavern layers. Haven't breached magma or found adamantine yet.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 14, 2012, 04:54:08 pm**

Quote from: Sphalerite on April 14, 2012, 04:52:36 pm

Quote from: Corai on April 14, 2012, 04:48:49 pm

Two caverns breached?

Technically all three, since that deep pit connects the second and third cavern layers. Haven't breached magma or found adamantine yet.

CoraiUnki calls the first adamanite earring if someone is stupid enough to make one.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Geb** on **April 14, 2012, 05:01:13 pm**

Geb Mozibducim - On Break

So I made a lot of notes. After that, I made a lot of crossbows. Then more notes, then more crossbows. I've tested all the ideas I had, and some of them worked.

Now... I've just got to stop for while. You can't think properly in the workshop, with all the tools around you. A dwarf sometimes has to go on break.

You never know where an idea might come from, whether it's admiring the way that a three metre tall giraffe fits into a one metre high cage, or battle stories about the goblins, or listening to Corai plot assassination...

Er... actually, wait, what was that?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Corai** on **April 14, 2012, 05:02:58 pm**

Oh my, did I say that? SORRY CILOB!

Cilob is on the other side of the fort, on the surface.

One second im gonna get something to make me louder.

EVERYONE RUN FOR YOUR LIIIIIIIIIIIIIVES!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 14, 2012, 07:17:15 pm**

Outside the fortress, atop the walls adjacent the ramp-entrance

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Hey Cilob! What the heck are you doing up there? How did you even get up there?"

"Just training one of my giant sparrows. She was getting a little nippy. I tried to grab her, she tried to run away and next thing I know, I'm up on this wall. No problem, except Phenix forgot to put in any way to get down! I'll have to yell at her about that later."

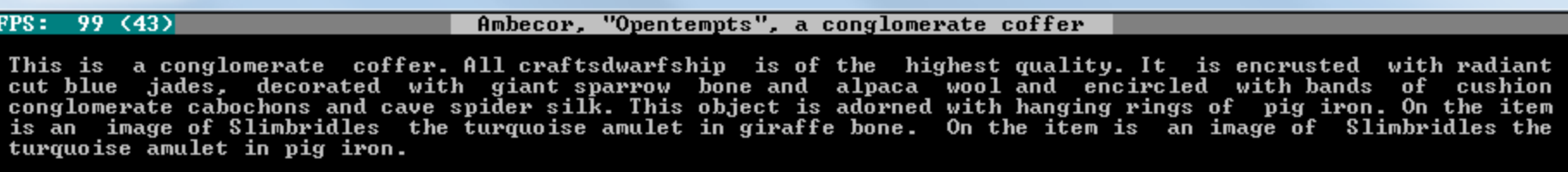
"How the heck are you going to get down from there? We going to have to build you a ramp?"

"Nah, once I've had a talk with the bird here, I'll just have her carry me down. But a ramp's a good idea. Terrible oversight not to have one in the first place."

Cilob's Journal

We had a bit of a criminal mystery at the fortress lately. A series of small thefts of materials. Very strange, nothing terribly valuable. Geb stepped away from her workshop to go on break. When she returned, a pile of giant sparrow bones she had been working with were gone. Then some blue jade vanished from Rachel's stockpile, and the steel production line ran two bars under quota when some pig iron went missing. I was just about to ask our sheriff to start an investigation, when Fishybang found a mason passed out in the workshop, along with a remarkable piece of furniture.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The mason had no memory of stealing the materials, or constructing the coffer. I'll have the sheriff conduct an investigation anyway, but I don't expect much to come of it.

Strange. This item has two images on it of that amulet on it, which means it has two images of Corai on it. Why do so many of these strange, inspired art objects feature Corai?

8th of Sandstone

Finally, the day I knew would come has arrived!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The deep mining expedition is a success! And not a moment too soon, our production lines are crippled for lack of fuel.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Nish Stukosgasol, Armorer cancels Forge steel gauntlet: Needs refined coal.

Mörul Cattendoren Itredgelut, militia commander cancels Make steel bars: Needs 1 refined coal.

Cog ágasob, Miner cancels Construct clear glass Box: Needs refined coal.

There are some who said I was being reckless by mining so deep, so quickly. Nonsense! No reward without a little risk. Besides which, it's not like the depths are much more dangerous than the surface. I think I may move my office and quarters down there once we have some space dug out.

The Caravan has arrived, the moment I most dread of the entire year. In the middle of a terrible rainstorm, too - some of the pools outside even partially refilled.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The rain also washed most of the goblin blood off the entrance, which should make Phenix happy. I sent the soldiers out to keep guard, not that any goblins dared to approach.

I won't be sending any more animals to the General this year. The only big success we had with tamed animals lately were the giant sparrows, and those were such a success that I've decided to keep them for myself. Fortunately, Geb has made up for that, creating an

entire weapon export business by herself, with all the bone crossbows she's made lately.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

giant sparrow bone	30	<1*	[T]
giant sparrow bone	40	<1*	[T]
-giant sparrow bone	20*	<1*	[T]
-giant sparrow bone	20*	<1*	[T]

Rachel has also produced some lovely export crafts.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <47>	*large crystal glass gem*
This is a masterful large crystal glass gem created by 'Rachel' itebozkak.	
FPS: 100 <46>	*clear glass bracelet*
Weight: <1*	Basic Value: 600*

And Will_Tuna, of course, is making sure he Mountainhomes are getting a taste of Brightwater.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <39>	*giant sparrow egg roast [11]*
This is a stack of 11 well-prepared giant sparrow egg roast. The ingredients are masterfully minced prepared giant gray langur brain, superiorly minced clownfish, ♀, finely minced giraffe tallow and exceptionally minced giant sparrow egg.	

Strange thing, though the traders were their usual selves, the Liaison went straight to meet our new Mayor, not even wanting to speak to the broker, or myself, or anyone else. I really don't trust the new mayor. She's part of the vast family, related to General Reg. I need to keep an eye on her.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 14, 2012, 07:45:18 pm**

A meeting in the mayor's office...

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <38>	The mayor Rakust Amithtulon meets with the outpost liaison iteb Râlukurdm
iteb Râlukurdim: I am your liaison from the Mountainhomes. Let's discuss your situation.	



It's a marginal room - barely meeting the requirements of the office.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Holdings:	Decent Office	Needs: Decent Office
	Decent Quarters	Needs: Decent Quarters
	Decent Dining Room	Needs: Decent Dining Room

Nearly all of the engravings on the floor are of local events - the fortress being founded, various dwarves arriving and taking up positions in the local government, and some of the local heroes striking down kobolds. The one exception, directly behind the mayor's desk, is of a distinctly more disturbing subject.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <43>	Kúdthasdoth, "The Slick Exaltation"
Engraved on the floor is an exceptionally designed image of Guthstak the Bloated Mucous Snot, the deity of deformity, disease and blight, depicted as a male dwarf and three dwarves by 'Fishybang' ònulibruk. Guthstak the Bloated Mucous Snot looks dejected. Guthstak the Bloated Mucous Snot is surrounded by the three dwarves.	

The mayor, a dwarf of only thirteen years old, barely old enough to qualify for the position, doesn't even sit on the oversize chair, instead pacing back and forth. The liaison stands stares stonily at her.

"Dead. You're telling me the youngest daughter of the King is dead, from a goblin ambush that the fortress military easily defeated?"

"Uh, yes, we're all really broken up about it. It was a terrible ambush, she was only out for a moment reloading a cage trap, you see, we don't really know what happened..."

"And this same military woman, who killed the entire ambush, also single-handedly killed one of the Great Terrors, the minotaur who has been terrorizing the mountainhomes since the dawn of time?"

"Not quite single-handedly, our sheriff helped, she has this amazing crossbow her daughter made"

"Yes, and now seems unable to make anything of similar quality again. I've seen the crossbows you're exporting. Decent quality, but nothing like the one you're keeping for yourself." Her eyes narrowed. "Assuming that it is one of a kind, that is. You're sure that your military isn't simply hoarding all the better examples?"

"We would never - Cilob's a loyal dwarf, he would never turn against the Mountainhomes".

"Yes, Cilob." The Liaison's eyes went to an engraving on the floor.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <48>	Dalem Umoz, "The Incident of Rampaging"
Engraved on the floor is an exceptionally designed image of Cilob Thunderconstructs the dwarf and dwarves by 'Fishybang' ònulibruk. The dwarves are refusing Cilob Thunderconstructs. Cilob Thunderconstructs looks dejected. The artwork relates to the departure of the dwarf Cilob Thunderconstructs from the position of expedition leader of The Humid Silver in the early summer of 52.	

"Tell me, why does he still command any authority here? You, as Mayor, should have taken over all his duties and responsibilities."

"Uh, I dunno. Just used to him telling everyone what to do. The Queen put him in position for the animal training and fishing, the research and stuff. The mayor and broker and stuff, we're just taking care of normal administration so he doesn't have to."

"Of course." The liaison sighed. "Do you know what I was sent to do this year? I have here orders to make Udil Inethtilesh the official Baroness of this place. She would have taken over all responsibilities, including those Cilob still holds. But now I arrive here and find her to be conveniently dead. I'll have to take that news back to the General - and you can imagine how she'll react. We'll have to find a new candidate - someone from the royal lineage, of course - but I won't be able to bring that news back till next year."

"Until then, keep a close eye on Cilob. He may be planning something - I know you think he's a good and loyal dwarf, but he's not one of the family, and there have been some suspicious actions about him lately. You know, the creatures he sent back last year were nearly completely wild. Rumor has it one of them attacked the General. She's fine, of course, she's been taming the wild monsters of the depths longer than you've been alive, but it could well have been an attempt by Cilob on her life. Be careful around him."

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 14, 2012, 08:01:18 pm**

Diary of CoraiUnki, entry four

Hi diary! Sorry I havent been writing lately, I been busy doing lots of stuff! And its not that fun either, a bunch of sad stuff happened. Well, lets start with the elves!

So, these elves ccome to trade, and guess what? Some goblins wanted to come too I guess, and the elves and goblins started to fight, the two guards held the line while the caravan got behind the walls but im not sure that there okay, they didnt let our doctors take care of them. They left already, but I dont think they could still be alive.

Then a minotaur attacked, aside from spiders these things are the worst thing ever. And even worse, it killed someone! Colib keeps yelling at me to get lost whenever I ask who it was, I think it was Udil something. I think she was royalty.

When the liason came, I asked if he knew any royalty by the name Udil, and said she was to be the baroness, I wanted to tell them she was dead, but he just slapped me and told me to "get lost you kobold-loving peasant", I dont think he likes me that much.....Plus something much worse happened, the caverns have been breached. Oh Armok.....I dont know what Cilob is thinking, beasts in the caverns are dangerous, and if the legend of Adamanite is true.....oh I just hope it is not real.....I need some strawberry wine.

On the back of the page is a picture of demons, Corai and Cilob, the demons are attacking, Corai is fleeing, Cilob is fighting.

I decided to give Corai a more eery feeling. You like?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 14, 2012, 08:12:16 pm**

It works just fine. I have plans for Corai that this fits with.

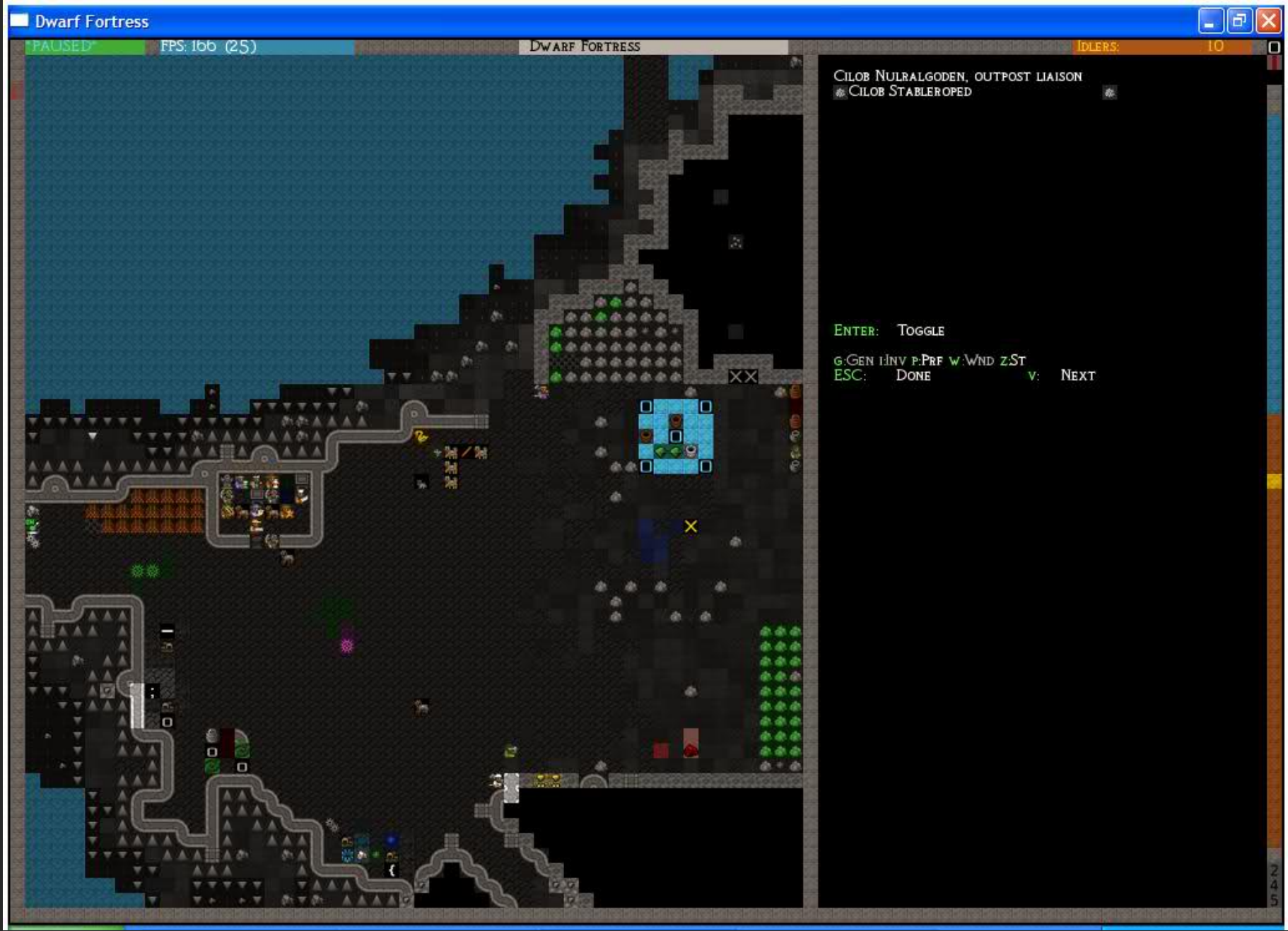
Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 14, 2012, 08:14:15 pm**

PS: Cilob also has "plans" for me, Im gonna turn his room into a bomb soon./joke, ignorethis.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 15, 2012, 01:51:37 am**

Hey, \Sphalerite, Cilob escaped and replaced himself with some newb. HERES PROOF!

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



See, Cilob escaped the thread and came into my game.

Just felt like letting you see that.

Cilob's Journal, start of the year 54

In all the fuss and bother of the visit of the traders and the liaison from the mountainhomes, I never did an end-of-year address. It completely passed my mind, until when I was burying the body of another dead giant thrips - they always seem to die around the start of the year - I realized another year had passed. Well, it's a good time for me to note down for myself how we're doing.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Village Shinarel, "Brightwater" FPS: 100 <42> 2nd Granite, 54, Early Spring											
Animals		Kitchen		Stone		Stocks		Health		Justice	
Created Wealth:		693085*		Population:		73					
Weapons:		41925*		Miners		⊖ 6		Axedwarves		⊖ None	
Armor and Garb:		41093*		Woodworkers		⊖ 4		Axe Lords		⊖ None	
Furniture:		60915*		Stoneworkers		⊖ 6		Swordsdwarves		⊖ None	
Other Objects:		188219*		Rangers		⊖ 4		Swordmasters		⊖ None	
Architecture:		187305*		Metalsmiths		⊖ 2		Macedwarves		⊖ None	
Displayed:		111852*		Jewelers		⊖ 1		Mace Lords		⊖ None	
Held/Worn:		61776*		Craftsdwarves		⊖ 3		Hammerdwarves		⊖ None	
Imported Wealth:		272417*		Nobles/Admins		1		Hammer Lords		⊖ None	
Exported Wealth:		47734*		Peasants		⊖ 1		Speardwarves		⊖ None	
Food Stores:		3187		Dwarven Childrn		⊖ 28		Spearmasters		⊖ None	
Meat		None		Fishery Workers		⊖ 3		Marksdwarves		⊖ None	
Fish		24		Farmers		⊖ 12		Elite Mrksdwrvs		⊖ None	
Plant		189		Engineers		⊖ 2		Wrestlers		⊖ None	
		Seeds 622		Trained Animals		A 7		Elite Wrestlers		⊖ None	
		Drink 1855		Other Animals		A 49		Recruit/Others		⊖ None	
		Other 497									

The fortress population is about the same as last year. The Mountainhomes made good on their threat to withhold further immigrants for now, not that we need them, but we did have a few babies born locally this year.

Our bookkeeper tells me that our locally created wealth this year alone is over three times that created in all the previous years of this fortress. There's a good variety of goods there - gems by Rachel, bone crossbows by Geb, clothing by Erush, foodstuffs by Will_Tuna, and of course Phenix is continuing to improve our architecture. I had to yell at her about the lack of ramps onto the walls flanking the main roadway, after I was briefly stuck up there.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <41> ‘Phenix’ Esdorbomrek, "‘Phenix’ Soldwhip", Miner									
‘Phenix’ Esdorbomrek has been quite content lately. She slept in a very good bedroom recently. She has complained of thirst lately. She admired own fine Cabinet lately. She admired a fine Door lately. She has been satisfied at work lately. She is romantically involved with ‘Cain’ Showeredrack. She is a casual worshipper of Náshas Maroonochre and a worshipper of Bisek Perplexknots. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 1st of Granite in the year 51. She has the appearance of somebody that is fifty-six years old and is one of the first of her kind. She is scrawny. Her very long hair is arranged in double braids. Her slightly wide-set rust eyes have large irises. Her very short head is extremely narrow. Her eyebrows are extremely sparse. Her ears are somewhat tall. Her hair is tan. Her skin is peach. She is quite durable, but she is weak and quite clumsy. ‘Phenix’ Esdorbomrek likes jet, sponge chrome, lapis lazuli, the color lavender and llamas for their wool. When possible, she prefers to consume gutter cruor, dwarven syrup and dwarven wheat flour. She absolutely detests snails. She has the ability to focus. She doesn’t often experience strong cravings or urges. She is somewhat reserved. She is relaxed. She doesn’t need thrills or risks in life. She loves to defy convention. She is guarded in relationships with others. She is immodest. She is not easily moved to pity. She lacks confidence. She strives for excellence. She possesses great willpower. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.									

I notice that she and our Doctor Cain have been quite close lately. I really wouldn't have expected those two to become a couple, but such things can happen. I do have to say that the Doctor has been doing a remarkable job of keeping our soldiers patched up and fighting well for the goblin and minotaur attacks this past year.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <45> ‘Cain’ Mesirled, "‘Cain’ Showeredrack", chief medical dwarf									
‘Cain’ Mesirled has been ecstatic lately. He admired a fine Door lately. He gave somebody water lately. He slept in a fantastic bedroom recently. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Statue lately. He admired own fine Table lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He talked with a friend lately. He is romantically involved with ‘Phenix’ Soldwhip. He is a worshipper of Stettad and a worshipper of ícum the Gladness of Trusting. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is the chief medical dwarf of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 1st of Granite in the year 51. He has the appearance of somebody that is sixty-two years old and is one of the first of his kind. He is fat. His rust eyes are slightly sunken. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His medium-length beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. He has a clear voice. His somewhat tall ears are somewhat narrow. His skin is peach. ‘Cain’ Mesirled likes wolframite, electrum, blue jade, gizzard stones and bolts. When possible, he prefers to consume guppy and mead. He absolutely detests blood gnats. He has great intuition and a great feel for social relationships, but he has little natural inclination toward music and poor spatial senses. He is somewhat reserved. He is assertive. He likes to try new things. He is compassionate. He dislikes contracts and regulations. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.									

Our military commander is quite the terror on the battlefield, though she has an impressive collection of scars now.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Mörul Cattendoren Itredgelut, "Mörul Channldmnds th Bff Thrt", mlt cmmndrFPS: 100 (40)

Mörul Cattendoren Itredgelut has been quite content lately. She was woken by noise while sleeping lately. She slept in a very good bedroom recently. She had a nice bath recently. She has been annoyed by flies. She has been satisfied at work lately. She is a dubious worshipper of ícum the Gladness of Trusting. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is a former member of The Lost Shields. She is a former member of The Praised Turquoise. She is a former member of The Relic of Burying. She is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. She is an enemy of Gulufrilgis. She is an enemy of The Moist Vice. She is an enemy of The Ruthlessness of Dreading. She is the militia commander of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 8th of Malachite in the year 51. She has the appearance of somebody that is one hundred thirty-eight years old and is one of the first of her kind. She is incredibly muscular. Her free-lobed tall ears are extremely narrow. Her rust eyes are slightly wide-set. Her hair is quite sparse. Her very long hair is neatly combed. Her head is somewhat short. Her hair is gray mixed with white. Her skin is peach. Her upper body bears the marks of old wounds, including a huge dent. Her lower body bears a dent. Her right upper arm bears the marks of old wounds, including a huge dent. Her lower lip bears a huge dent. Her ears are slightly flattened. She is incredibly quick to heal, mighty, very agile and tough. Mörul Cattendoren Itredgelut likes bituminous coal, sponge zirconium, thorianite, maple wood, giant anaconda leather, badger tooth, the color aqua, mittens, scepters, horses for their strength and albatrosses for their large wings. When possible, she prefers to consume hungry head, mead and goat's milk. She absolutely detests purring maggots. She has an unbreakable will, a very good sense of the position of her own body and a good feel for social relationships, but she has poor analytical abilities, bad intuition, little natural inclination toward music and a poor memory. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. She doesn't really care about anything anymore.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

And our Sheriff, Alath, has been backing her up - not exactly fighting along side her, but standing some distance back and picking off enemies with that amazing crossbow her daughter made.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 (40)Aláth Athellogem, "Aláth Ringpaint", militia captain

Aláth Athellogem has been ecstatic lately. She gained a sibling recently. She slept in a fantastic bedroom recently. She dined in a legendary dining room recently. She talked with a sibling lately. She was grumbling about long patrol duty lately. She admired a fine Door lately. She admired own fine Cabinet lately. She slept uneasily due to noise lately. She has been satisfied at work lately. She is married to Dastot Flaggate and has one child: 'Geb' Swallowworked. She is the daughter of Stukos Minedlobster and Tirist Anvilwealth. She is a faithful worshipper of ícum the Gladness of Trusting, an ardent worshipper of Stettad, an ardent worshipper of Adil the Flicker of Glowing and an ardent worshipper of As Copperrock. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. She is an enemy of The Moist Vice. She is the militia captain of The Humid Silver. She is the former sheriff of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 8th of Malachite in the year 51. She is thirty-one years old, born on the 8th of Obsidian in the year 23. Her hair is extremely long. Her somewhat narrow rust eyes are very wide-set. She is average in size. Her eyebrows are extremely low. Her ears are extremely narrow. Her hair is tan. Her skin is peach. She is tough, but she is susceptible to disease. Aláth Athellogem likes black marble, magnalium, pipe opal, giant skunk leather, rattlesnake tooth, spheres, reindeer for their large herds and aardvarks for their snout. When possible, she prefers to consume brown bullhead and gutter cruor. She absolutely detests lizards. She has an iffy sense for music, a questionable spatial sense, poor analytical abilities, poor creativity, little patience, quite poor focus, a large deficit of willpower and a poor memory. She is concerned about rejection and ridicule. She can handle stress. She is grounded in reality. She has a good awareness of her own emotions. She is open-minded to new ideas. She finds rules confining. She becomes very rigid when she's angry. Her hands are animated when she speaks. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Geb hasn't quite managed to equal that crossbow since, but she's been getting closer. She's become close with our clothier Erush. Not terribly surprising, since their workshops are so close together, and they seem to think and act alike in many ways. Both aspiring to be genius artists at their crafts, that sort of thing.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 (41)'Geb' Mozibducim, "'Geb' Swallowworked", Bone Carver

'Geb' Mozibducim has been quite content lately. She had a fine drink lately. She was woken by noise while sleeping lately. She slept in a good bedroom recently. She had a wonderful drink lately. She slept very uneasily due to noise lately. She has been satisfied at work lately. She is the daughter of Aláth Ringpaint and Dastot Flaggate. She is romantically involved with Erush Sackgullies. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. She is a former member of The Spears of Trusting. She arrived at Shinarel on the 8th of Malachite in the year 51. She is fifteen years old, born on the 8th of Sandstone in the year 39. Her hair is extremely long. She is average in size. She has a jutting chin. Her eyebrows are extremely short. Her hair is tan. Her skin is peach. Her eyes are rust. Her eyes have slightly large irises. She is flimsy and susceptible to disease. 'Geb' Mozibducim likes blue marble, electrum, topazolite, giant horseshoe crab chitin, wild boar hoof, alpaca wool, the color rust, crossbows, shields, floodgates, animal traps and geese for their formation flying. When possible, she prefers to consume salmon, sewer brew and prickly berry seeds. She absolutely detests flies. She has an ability to read emotions fairly well and the ability to focus, but she has little patience. She is very slow to anger. She rarely feels discouraged. She feels strong urges and seeks short-term rewards. She makes friends quickly. She is relaxed. She is slow to trust others. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She finds rules confining. She often does the first thing that comes to mind. She chews her cheek when she's bored. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Erush, well, I never really took to him. Bit of an arrogant sort. Best clothier in the fortress, he'll proudly tell anyone, not that that's an accomplishment since he's also the only clothier we have. But, the fortress needs clothes. Can't have people going naked these days.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <46>

Erush Fatheggut, "Erush Sackgullies", clothesdwarf

Erush Fatheggut has been quite content lately. He had a wonderful drink lately. He has been annoyed by flies. He had a pretty decent drink lately. He admired a fine Door lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He has been satisfied at work lately.

He is the son of Mosus Roomyears and Urvad Ragwhipped. He is romantically involved with 'Geb' Swallowworked.

He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Figure of Play. He is a former member of The Glacial Hatchet. He arrived at Shinarel on the 8th of Malachite in the year 51.

He is eighteen years old, born on the 23rd of Obsidian in the year 36.

His very long sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is neatly combed. He is average in size. His rust eyes are close-set. His nose bridge is somewhat concave. His hair is tan. His skin is peach.

He is very quick to tire and very flimsy.

Erush Fatheggut likes bituminous coal, red brass, dendritic agate, giant rat leather, alpaca wool, the color sea green, crossbows, high boots, ducks for their quacks and giant wolverines for their tenacity. When possible, he prefers to consume magpie, brook lamprey and dwarven beer. He absolutely detests worms.

He has a great affinity for language, great analytical abilities and a great feel for the surrounding space, but he has a meager ability with social relationships, meager creativity and an iffy memory.

He only rarely feels strong cravings or urges. He is assertive. He is often cheerful. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He would never shy away from an opportunity to say he is better than somebody else. He finds rules confining. He exhales sharply when he becomes exasperated. When he gets exasperated, he often points and shakes his finger. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Rachel works down in the crafting area with them. She's still producing shiny rocks for us to sell to the elves and human traders that come by.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <41>

'Rachel' itebozkak, "'Rachel' Postcarried", Gem Cutter

'Rachel' itebozkak has been quite content lately. She has been annoyed by flies. She had a fine drink lately. She slept in a good bedroom recently. She talked with a sibling lately. She has been satisfied at work lately.

She is the daughter of Mosus Roomyears and Urvad Ragwhipped.

She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is a former member of The Figure of Play. She is a former member of The Glacial Hatchet. She arrived at Shinarel on the 25th of Limestone in the year 51.

She is nineteen years old, born on the 6th of Galena in the year 35.

She is very muscular. She has a grating, raspy voice. She has a recessed chin. Her hair is clean-shaven. Her peach skin is wrinkled. Her lips are thin. Her eyes are rust.

She is almost never sick and very strong.

'Rachel' itebozkak likes olivenite, electrum, alexandrite, pig tail fiber fabric, the color mahogany, spears, mittens, amulets and goblets. When possible, she prefers to consume perch and sewer brew. She absolutely detests purring maggots.

She has very good creativity, a way with words, a good kinesthetic sense and a feel for music, but she has poor analytical abilities and very bad intuition.

She is often nervous. She is slow to anger. She is self-conscious. She doesn't often experience strong cravings or urges. She tends to avoid crowds. She is unassertive. She is a pessimist. She likes to try new things. She finds immodesty distasteful. She has a sense of duty. She strives for excellence. She keeps her voice very quiet when she is nervous. She rolls her eyes when she's annoyed. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

And I have been quite happy to spend my time taming these darling giant sparrows, along with the other animals we've caught locally.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <41>

Cilob Amudaban, "Cilob Thunderconstructs", Founder

Cilob Amudaban has been ecstatic lately. He admired own fine Cabinet lately. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Cage lately. He admired a fine Container lately. He formed a bond with an animal training partner recently. He slept in a fantastic bedroom recently. He had a wonderful drink lately. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He talked with a friend lately. He had a fine drink lately. He has been satisfied at work lately.

He is a casual worshipper of Stettad and a worshipper of Ustuth Blanketsafety.

He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is the former manager of The Humid Silver. He is the former broker of The Humid Silver. He is the former bookkeeper of The Humid Silver. He is the former expedition leader of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 1st of Granite in the year 51.

He has the appearance of somebody that is fifty-six years old and is one of the first of his kind.

He is corpulent. His rust eyes are somewhat narrow. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. His nose is upturned. He has a clear voice. His somewhat tall ears are slightly flattened. His lips are thin. His skin is peach.

He is tough, but he is quite susceptible to disease.

Cilob Amudaban likes rutile, fine pewter, tanzanite, giant sperm whale hide, harp seal tooth, the color auburn, millstones, figurines and animal traps. When possible, he prefers to consume adder and dwarven ale. He absolutely detests slugs.

He has a good feel for social relationships, but he has meager creativity, a meager kinesthetic sense and an iffy memory.

He is slow to anger. He often feels discouraged. He is a risk-taker and a thrill-seeker. He doesn't go out of his way to do more work than necessary. He always scratches his head when he's trying to remember something. When he becomes exasperated, he begins to speak very deliberately. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Our former liaison from the mountainhomes, Ral, has been a great help to me, taking over the record-keeping and job management tasks to permit me to focus on animal training full-time.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <40> Ral Mistëmmeng, "Ral Portallash", manager

Ral Mistëmmeng has been happy lately. She has been annoyed by flies. She slept in a very good bedroom recently. She had a pretty decent drink lately. She was unhappy at having to give somebody water lately. She has been satisfied at work lately. She was unhappy at having to give somebody food lately. She had a wonderful drink lately. She admired a fine Trade Depot lately. She admired a fine tastefully arranged Table lately. She talked with a friend lately. She admired own fine Bed lately. She is a worshipper of Ås Copperrock. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is the manager of The Humid Silver. She is the broker of The Humid Silver. She is the bookkeeper of The Humid Silver. She is the former outpost liaison of The Imperial Pick. She arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Slate in the year 52. She has the appearance of somebody that is eighty-one years old and is one of the first of her kind. She is fat. Her hair is clean-shaven. Her ears are somewhat narrow. Her peach skin is slightly wrinkled. Her eyes are rust. Her eyes are slightly protruding. She is incredibly tough and rarely sick. Ral Mistëmmeng likes brown marble, zircaloy, sardonyx, oak wood, drunian bone, honey badger nail, bracelets and cave swallows for their coloration. When possible, she prefers to consume emperor penguin, pig cheese and whip wine. She absolutely detests blood gnats. She has an iron will, a very good sense of the position of her own body and a great deal of patience, but she has an iffy memory. She doesn't often experience strong cravings or urges. She is very distant and reserved. She is unassertive. She is relaxed. She has a fertile imagination. She appreciates art and natural beauty. She prefers familiar routines. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She dislikes helping others. She is confident. She shakes her finger up and down when she's trying to remember something. She cackles when she's nervous. She keeps her voice very quiet when she is nervous. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

She seems to have made friends with a child who goes by the name of 'Athra'. At least, they've been spending some time together, and Ral seems less annoyed with Athra than with the other children.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <41> 'Athra' Udibenôr, "'Athra' Syrupblue", Dwarven Child

'Athra' Udibenôr has been ecstatic lately. He had a fine drink lately. He slept in a great bedroom recently. He had a wonderful drink lately. He admired a fine Seat lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Cage lately. He slept uneasily due to noise lately. He talked with a friend lately. He admired own fine Bed lately. He is the son of Cog Overboard and Rovod Walkdaggers. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Figure of Play. He is a former member of The Spears of Trusting. He arrived at Shinarel on the 8th of Malachite in the year 51. He is eleven years old, born on the 7th of Slate in the year 43. He is corpulent. His medium-length sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. His slightly close-set rust eyes have very large irises. His ears are free-lobed. His lips are thin. His skin is peach. He is agile, but he is quite susceptible to disease. 'Athra' Udibenôr likes thorianite, thorium, white chalcedony, bugbat bone, the color flax and picks. When possible, he prefers to consume giant koala and prickle berry wine. He absolutely detests moon snails. He has a great sense of empathy, a lot of willpower, a sum of patience and a good feel for social relationships, but he has poor focus, an iffy memory, a questionable spatial sense and very bad intuition. He feels strong urges and seeks short-term rewards. He can handle stress. He is somewhat reserved. He is very active. He is often cheerful. He loves new and fresh ideas. He is confident. He takes time when making decisions. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Can't forget Argel. She's been butchering the few giant creatures that we have to shoot instead of catching and taming, as well as the surplus kitten population.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <40> 'Argel' Dodókszalud, "'Argel' Claspfuture", Farmer

'Argel' Dodókszalud has been quite content lately. She has been annoyed by flies. She slept in a good bedroom recently. She made a friend recently. She has been satisfied at work lately. She is an ardent worshipper of Adil the Flicker of Glowing and a worshipper of Ustuth Blanketsafety. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 1st of Granite in the year 51. She has the appearance of somebody that is ninety-one years old and is one of the first of her kind. She is corpulent. Her very short hair is neatly combed. Her slightly sunken rust eyes are wide-set. Her peach skin is wrinkled. Her ears are somewhat tall. Her hair is tan with some gray. She is very agile and rarely sick, but she is very slow to heal and very quick to tire. 'Argel' Dodókszalud likes enargite, nordic gold, topaz, sperm whale hide, elk hoof, the color lavender blush, gauntlets, gloves and blue peafowls for their coloration. When possible, she prefers to consume clown loach, goat cheese, sunshine, dwarven milk and rat weed seeds. She absolutely detests lizards. She has a good intellect, but she has an iffy sense for music, an iffy memory, a questionable spatial sense, meager creativity, lousy intuition and really poor focus. She enjoys the company of others. She is a pessimist. She is occasionally given to procrastination. She often does the first thing that comes to mind. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

And Will_Tuna is becoming quite the chef, cooking all manner of meals. We export some of them, but the best are reserved for our own dining hall.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <42> 'Will_Tuna' Edëmkadôl, "'Will_Tuna' Keygem", Farmer

'Will_Tuna' Edëmkadôl has been ecstatic lately. She has been annoyed by flies. She admired a fine tastefully arranged Table lately. She had a truly decadent drink lately. She slept in a very good bedroom recently. She gave somebody water lately. She admired a fine Trade Depot lately. She had a wonderful drink lately. She admired own fine Bed lately. She was irritated by the sun lately. She has been satisfied at work lately. She is a worshipper of Ås Copperrock and a casual worshipper of Guthstak the Bloating Mucous Snot. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 1st of Granite in the year 51. She has the appearance of somebody that is eighty-five years old and is one of the first of her kind. She is corpulent. Her very long hair is braided. Her somewhat short head is extremely narrow. Her slightly wide-set rust eyes have large irises. Her ears are extremely narrow. Her peach skin is wrinkled. Her hair is tan with a touch of gray. She is very strong, but she is susceptible to disease. 'Will_Tuna' Edëmkadôl likes mudstone, nickel, faint yellow diamond, giant brown recluse spider silk, backpacks, scepters and pike for their distinct markings. When possible, she prefers to consume giant kestrel, shrimp and Longland beer. She absolutely detests oysters. She has great analytical abilities, great creativity and a good kinesthetic sense, but she has an iffy memory and poor empathy. She is rarely happy or enthusiastic. She dislikes intellectual discussions. She is slow to trust others. She takes time when making decisions. She always snaps her fingers when she's greeting somebody. She becomes very focused during conversations when she's angry. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Speaking of which, I noticed there were no syrup candies in storage this year. When I asked Will_Tuna, she said that the entire crop had failed. They're going to have to rebuild their seed stock from scratch to get the sweet pod farms working again. Very strange, I've never head of this happening before.

Finally, our friendly couple CoraiUnki and Fishybang are still together. Corai has been splitting his time between gathering plants and cutting down trees on the surface, and carving bins, barrels, and beds out of wood in his workshop.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 (40)

'CoraiUnki' Litastavuz, "'CoraiUnki' Torchmines", Carpenter

'CoraiUnki' Litastavuz has been ecstatic lately. He admired a fine Restraint lately. He had a wonderful drink lately. He ate a legendary meal lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently. He slept in a fantastic bedroom recently. He has been annoyed by flies. He made a friend recently. He slept very uneasily due to noise lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He has been satisfied at work lately. He is romantically involved with 'Fishybang' Mirroredashes. He is a worshipper of Stettad and a faithful worshipper of Ustuth Blanketsafety. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 1st of Granite in the year 51. He has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-six years old and is one of the first of his kind. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. His upturned nose is extremely long. His ears are extremely narrow. He is average in size. His skin is peach. His eyes are rust. He is incredibly tough, but he is clumsy. 'CoraiUnki' Litastavuz likes native mithril, black bronze, white chalcedony, the color carmine and traction benches. When possible, he prefers to consume chub, dwarven cheese, strawberry wine, whip vine flour, plump helmet spawn and quarry bush leaves. He absolutely detests cave spiders. He has a meager ability with social relationships, poor analytical abilities, poor creativity and a really bad memory. He rarely feels discouraged. He makes friends quickly. He is trusting. He dislikes confrontations. He doesn't go out of his way to do more work than necessary. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

And Fishybang has embarked on a fortress-wide beautification project, with smooth stones and decorative engravings everywhere.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (42)

'Fishybang' ònulibruk, "'Fishybang' Mirroredashes", Engraver

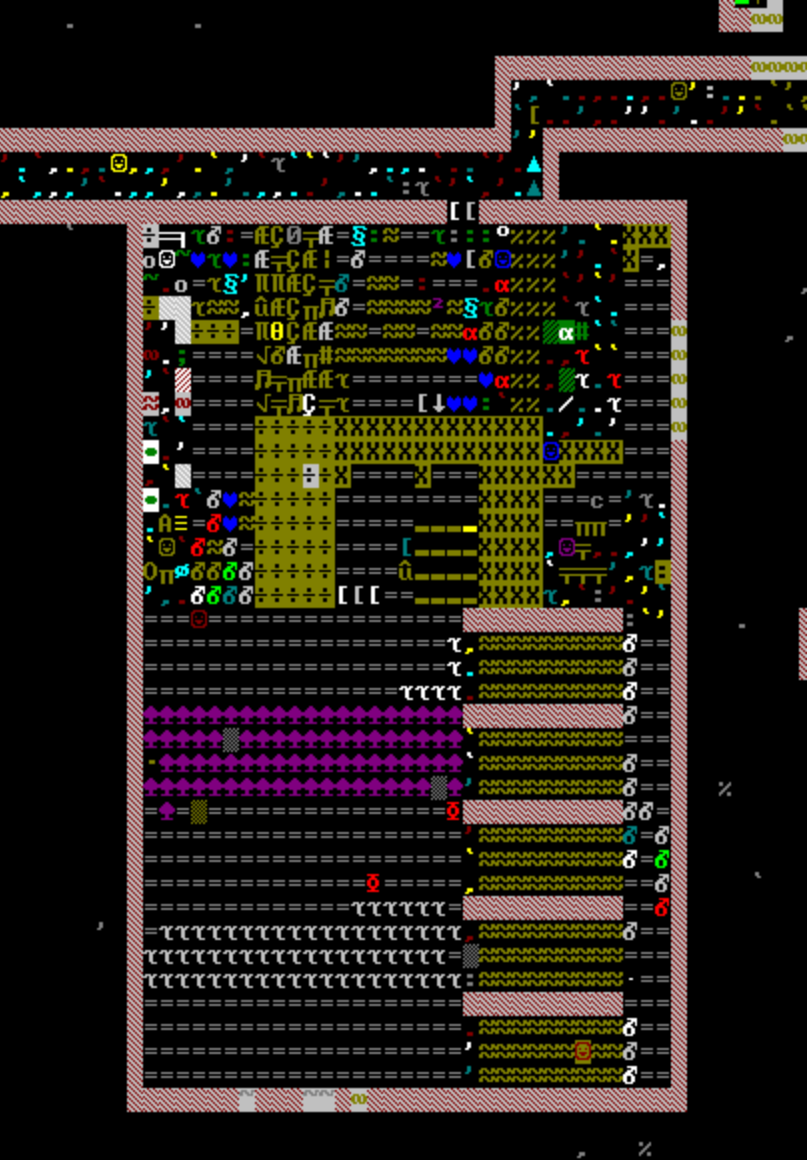
'Fishybang' ònulibruk has been happy lately. She had a fine drink lately. She slept in a good bedroom recently. She admired a fine Door lately. She admired a fine tastefully arranged Statue lately. She had a wonderful drink lately. She admired own fine Bed lately. She talked with a friend lately. She has been satisfied at work lately. She is romantically involved with 'CoraiUnki' Torchmines. She is a worshipper of Guthstak the Bloated Mucous Snot and a casual worshipper of Ber. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 1st of Granite in the year 51. She has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-six years old and is one of the first of her kind. She is weak. Her rust eyes have very large irises. Her hair is clean-shaven. Her somewhat tall ears are somewhat narrow. Her skin is peach. She is indefatigable, but she is very weak. 'Fishybang' ònulibruk likes selenite, black bronze, bone opal, green glass, beak dog leather, ibex horn, battle axes, armor stands, cows for their haunting moos, emu men for their inquisitive nature and blade weed for their stiff, triangular leaves. When possible, she prefers to consume scup and whip wine. She absolutely detests mosquitos. She has great creativity, great analytical abilities, very good intuition and a good memory, but she has an iffy sense for music, a questionable spatial sense, a little difficulty with words, a very bad sense of empathy and really poor focus. She is often nervous. She appreciates art and natural beauty. She tends not to openly express emotions. She is open-minded to new ideas. She is trusting. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She inhales sharply when she is angry. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

I have sketched a few architectural drawings here, showing some of the fortress's main features.

Our food production hall is one of the oldest areas of the fortress. This was once where everything was stored, and all of the workshops and dining area were there. Most of that has since been moved elsewhere, and only food-related industries are left here.

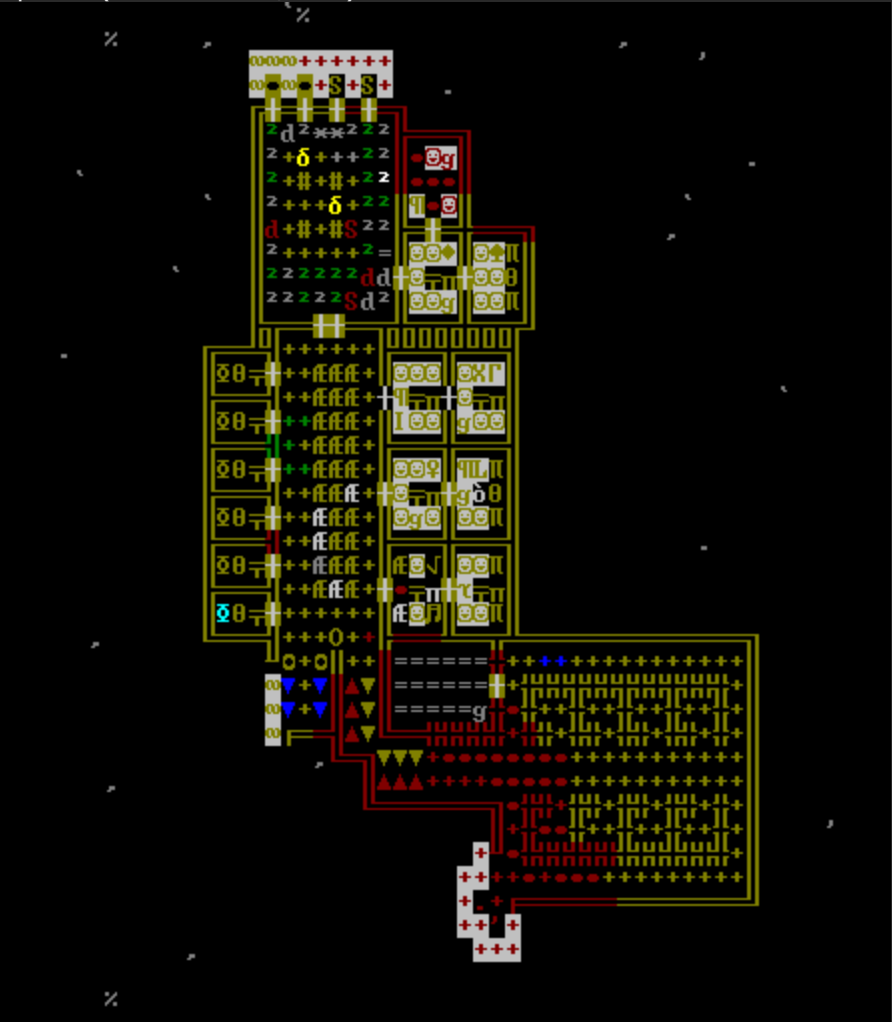
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Cain's offices, and the hospital, are right next to my animal training and breeding facilities. We have also started working on a jail and

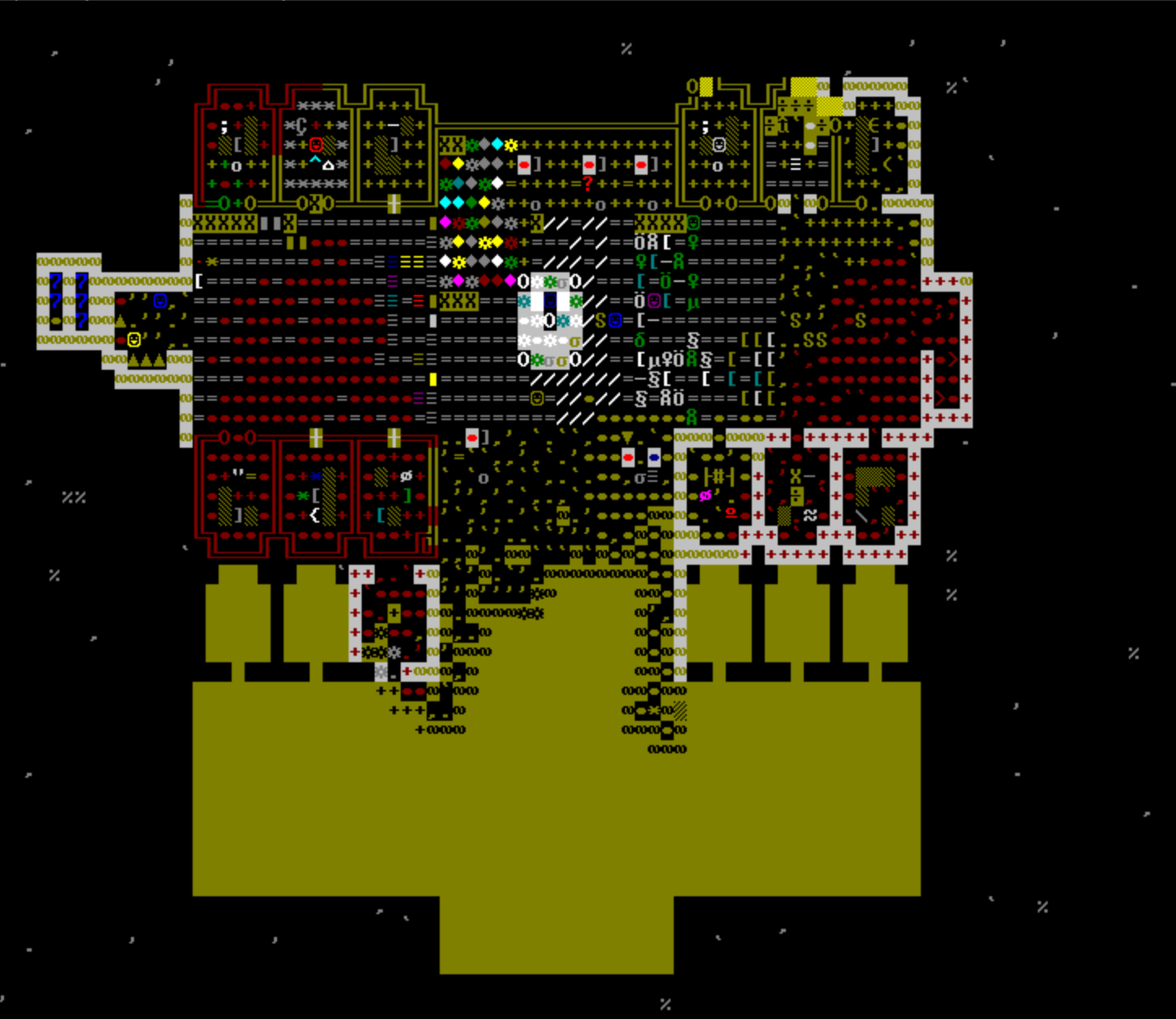
expanded goblin holding facility.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



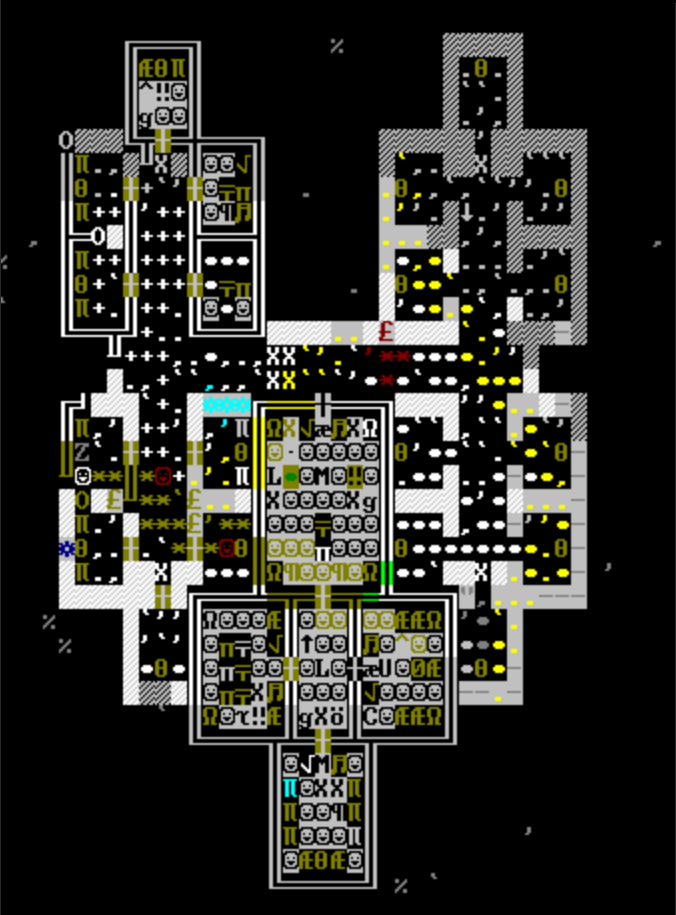
The crafting hall and trade depot. Currently undergoing renovation and expansion.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



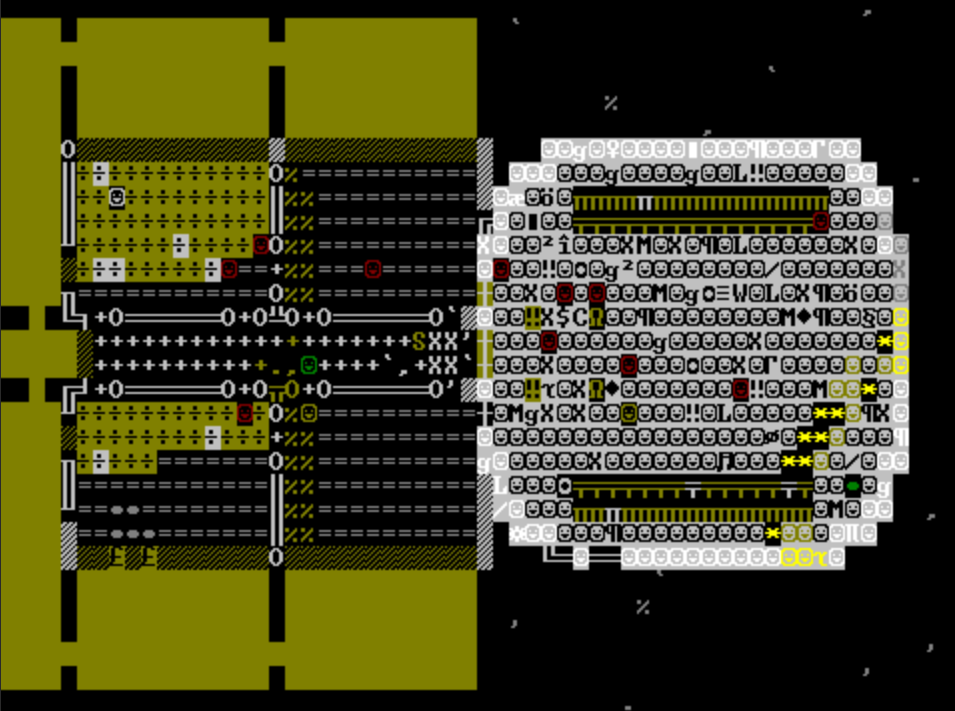
There's the living quarters Phenix designed. I still get lost trying to find my way around there sometimes.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The grand dining hall. We're working on expanding the storage rooms to the west.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



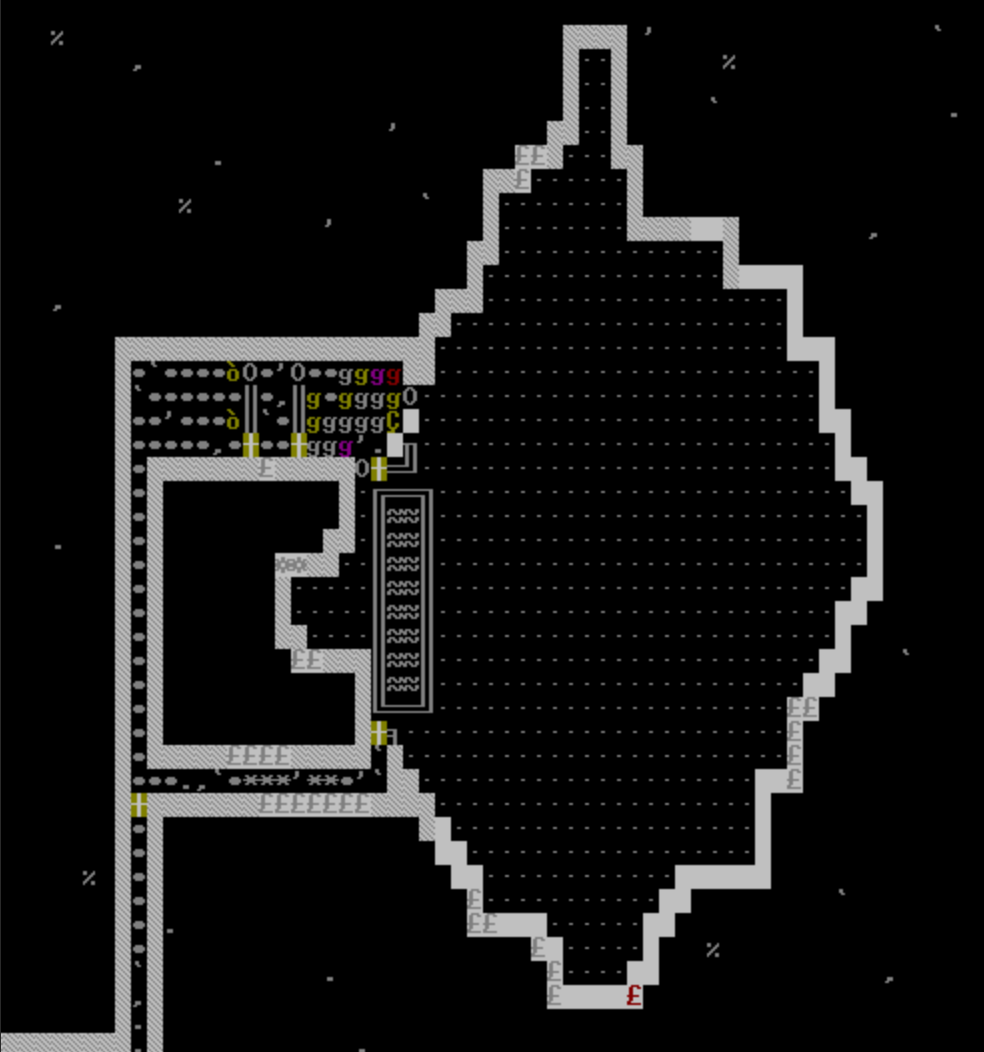
Far in the depths, we have begin digging out what will become the magma smithing facility.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



And finally, while taking the staircase back from the magma smithy, I noticed a strange construction in the pit. Phenix tells me that Cain had asked it to be built, part of some experiment or other.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



It's probably better not to ask.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 15, 2012, 03:47:51 pm**

Diary of CoraiUnki, Entry Five

Damnit Cilob, I question your sanity. I'm saying this now, if he strikes a single piece of adamanite from a pillar then I will personally smash his head in with one of my +Oak Bins+, I am not going to let this fortress fall to demons.

This is a picture of adamanite and demons, the demons are striking the adamanite.

*In better news, however diary, me and Fishybang are still **very** good friends, and Cain had some strange building carved out, it has alot of cute goblins in it! I tried to give them a egg to snack on but they just starting trying to hug me, with there hands. Silly goblins. A*

artifact was made too, and it had pictures of me on it. Weird, everyone seems to be carving pictures of **me** for some reason. Geb is still trying to re-create her crossbow, and I forgot to tell you something before, I made a cage! I couldnt find a kobold to put in it though. For some reason everyone calls me a "Legendary Carpenter" now, all I did was make a cage.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **April 15, 2012, 04:21:23 pm**

What? No! I'm not going to tell you about me and Erush. There's nothing that the fort needs to know about.

The coat? Well yes, he made the coat for me. Where else was I supposed to get a new coat from? Everybody wears clothing made by Erush now. There's nothing more to that.

Stop that! Change the subject please.

Oh, yes, Cilob's map. I did see that.

It was quite interesting really. You'd think that it would be pointless to put up a hand drawn map of a fort we all live in. I mean, we walk these corridors every day, so we ought to know what it all looks like. But then I honestly hadn't noticed how much of a jungle the kitchen is until I saw all those carefully drawn fungus patches on the map. Amazing how changes like that can creep up on you! And who would have guessed that all that stuff was going on in the deep mines? I bet there are some really cute creatures in those caverns!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 15, 2012, 04:24:43 pm**

Quote from: Geb on April 15, 2012, 04:21:23 pm

What? No! I'm not going to tell you about me and Erush. There's nothing that the fort needs to know about.

The coat? Well yes, he made the coat for me. Where else was I supposed to get a new coat from? Everybody wears clothing made by Erush now. There's nothing more to that.

Stop that! Change the subject please.

Oh, yes, Cilob's map. I did see that.

It was quite interesting really. You'd think that it would be pointless to put up a hand drawn map of a fort we all live in. I mean, we walk these corridors every day, so we ought to know what it all looks like. But then I honestly hadn't noticed how much of a jungle the kitchen is until I saw all those carefully drawn fungus patches on the map. Amazing how changes like that can creep up on you! And who would have guessed that all that stuff was going on in the deep mines? I bet there are some really cute creatures in those caverns!

I love those adorable things too, but have you ever heard of Adamanite? I overheard Cilob muttering on about how "Risk is profit" or something like that. I'm worrying for his sanity. The things that stone does to a dwarf's mind is awful.

.....Erush is nice, aint he?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **April 15, 2012, 04:50:23 pm**

Quote from: Corai on April 15, 2012, 04:24:43 pm

I love those adorable things too, but have you ever heard of Adamanite? I overheard Cilob muttering on about how "Risk is profit" or something like that. I'm worrying for his sanity. The things that stone does to a dwarf's mind is awful.

.....Erush is nice, aint he?

I bet that giant opal theropod monster is cuddly! Oh, and don't worry! I'm sure we can trust Phenix not to do anything dangerous down in the mines, such as digging up ancient forgotten terrors or making secret goblin processing facilities. She would never do that!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 15, 2012, 04:58:58 pm**

Quote from: Geb on April 15, 2012, 04:50:23 pm

Quote from: Corai on April 15, 2012, 04:24:43 pm

I love those adorable things too, but have you ever heard of Adamanite? I overheard Cilob muttering on about how "Risk is profit" or something like that. I'm worrying for his sanity. The things that stone does to a dwarf's mind is awful.

.....Erush is nice, aint he?

I bet that giant opal theropod monster is cuddly! Oh, and don't worry! I'm sure we can trust Phenix not to do anything dangerous down in the mines, such as digging up ancient forgotten terrors or making secret goblin processing facilities. She would never do that!

.....I need some strawberry wine.....Hell, im gonna get some ale this time, Strawberry wine isnt keeping me drunk enough.....

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 16, 2012, 07:15:38 pm**

Cilob's Journal, Spring of 54

Spring has come to Brightwater, and the giant sparrows are hatching.

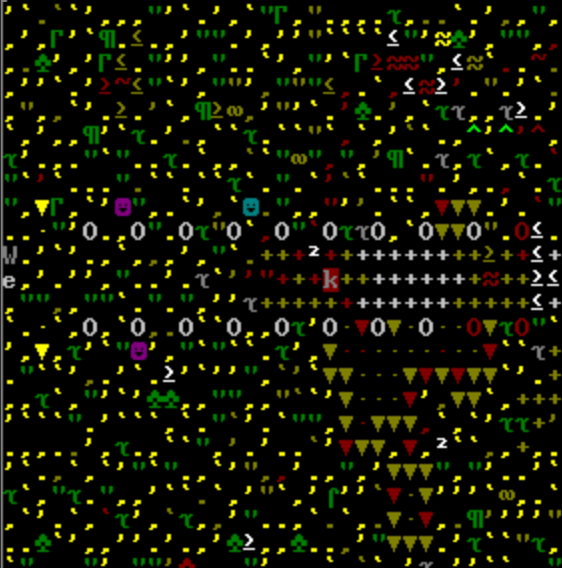
Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Giant sparrow hatchlings have hatched.

It's a beautiful thing. They're such useful creatures. Eggs, meat, bones, leather... I just wish I could figure out a way for our soldiers to ride them into battle.

Also coming in the spring, is the usual elven caravan. There was no repeat of last year's drama with the goblin ambush. One of the guard creatures - I've got a pair of giant monkeys and some sort of monster scorpion-thing guarding the gate now - spotted a kobold. It ran away, but I decided to send the soldiers out to look for more. No goblins or kobolds showed up, but they did spot vermin of a different type.

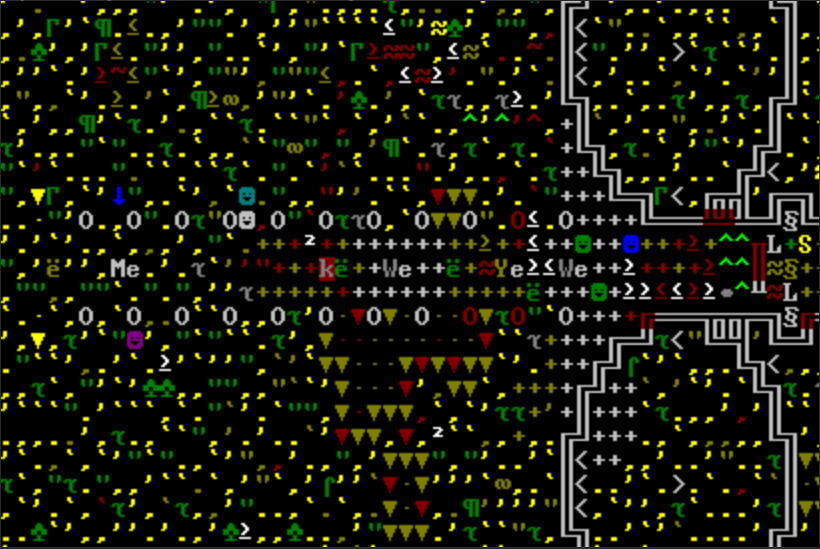
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

A elven caravan from Omo Nifi has arrived.



The damn elves probably thought the soldiers were out there to guard them from goblins. As if we would risk lives on their account!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



There were quite a few of them this time. I don't think any of the elves who were injured last year came back.

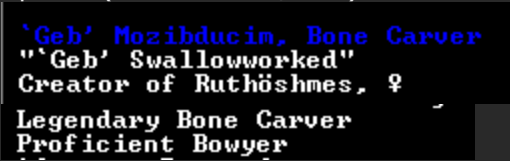
We'll trade them some of the less-valuable crap we still have. Some of Rachel's polished microcline. Geb's crossbows are out of the question, I'd never export weapons to the elves, but she has made some trinkets from hooves and shells, and some ... wait, what?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



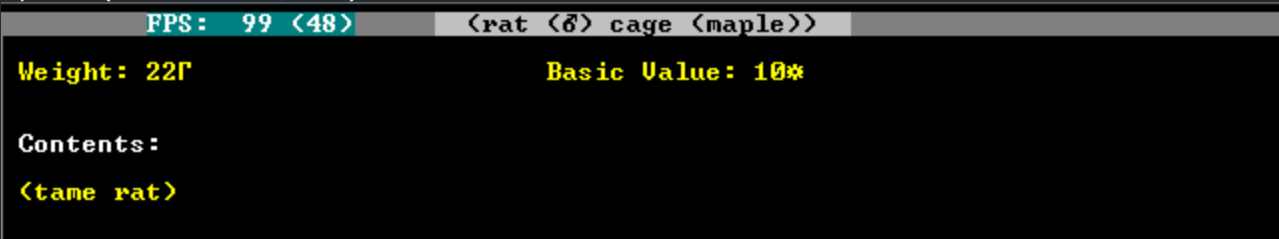
How ... what did she ... how is such a thing even possible?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Hey buddy, wanna buy a rat?"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Come on, everyone knows dwarves love rats. Caught him myself, tamed him on the way over just for you! Isn't he cute? Delicious too, if you're into that kind of thing."

Erush barely noticed the elf as he walked past the trade depot. Normally he'd reply with some sarcastic barb about how such a dwarf a him would never want such a common creature as a pet, and if he wanted one that badly he'd just go out and catch one himself. Other elves brought magnificent giant creatures for sale, but these local elves just brought rats and things. Maybe if they brought him a giant wolverine or something...

But today, his mind was elsewhere, and he didn't have the time to contemplate how much elves suck. Today, he was thinking of Geb. And clothing. He was inspired, having a flash of inspiration while talking to her for an amazing design for a really special robe. He was supposed to be making socks today, but this couldn't wait.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



She has such a golden smile.

She likes blue marble. We don't have any, but I do have this ream of blue-dyed cloth I was saving. And some alpaca wool, it's her favorite.

I'll stitch an image of that crossbow she made in the middle, and detail around it with black-caps and gems to celebrate the underground where we live.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <46>

Remilul Limulkal, "Douselord the Golden Smile", a alpaca wool robe

This is a alpaca wool robe. All crafts dwarfship is of the highest quality. It is made from alpaca wool cloth. The thread is midnight blue with dimple dye. This object is adorned with hanging rings of conglomerate and menaces with spikes of alpaca wool. On the item is an image of The Distant Creature the giant sparrow bone crossbow in alpaca wool. On the item is an image of a black-cap in opah leather. On the item is an image of a cushion cabochon in bauxite.

That came out really nice. Of course it did, I am a genius at this. Legendary, even.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Erush Fatheggut, clothesdwarf
"Erush Sackgullies"
Creator of Remilul Limulkal, ♂
Skilled Weaver (Rusty)
Legendary Clothier

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 16, 2012, 08:12:10 pm**

Gasp

Did someone **finally** not put me in a artifact? Thank god.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 16, 2012, 08:44:43 pm**

Fortress Beautification Program: Statues of Brightwater.

Around the fortress, many statues have been placed. These are statues carved by teams of laborers, all working under Phenix's command to further improve the aesthetics of the fortress.

The entrance gate is flanked by statues of common dwarves. Not attempting to represent any specific individuals, these are to state that this fortress is above all else built by and for dwarves.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <47>

+white marble statue of dwarves+

This is a finely-crafted white marble statue of dwarves. The item is a finely-designed image of dwarves in white marble by Deduk Kadôlstâkud. The dwarves are laboring. The artwork relates to the foundation of Brightwater by The Humid Silver of The Imperial Pick in the early spring of 51.

Once inside, most visitors will be taken to the trade depot. The trade depot is flanked by statues symbolic of spirit of generosity that we hope will encourage our visitors to trade.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <45>

white marble statue of îcum the Gladness of Trusting

This is a white marble statue of îcum the Gladness of Trusting. The item is a image of îcum the Gladness of Trusting, the deity of generosity, depicted as a female dwarf in white marble by Tirist Zuntîrlimâr. îcum the Gladness of Trusting is contemplating.

Here is also found a statue of our Broker, offering a sample of the wares visitors can purchase here.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <48>

-white marble statue of Ral Portallash-

This is a well-crafted white marble statue of Ral Portallash. The item is a well-designed image of Ral Portallash the dwarf and a bracelet in white marble by Mafol Serurdim. Ral Portallash is raising the bracelet.

Off to the side, the doors to the animal training room are flanked with some of the giant creatures possibly being trained within.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <48>

conglomerate statue of giant great horned owls

This is a conglomerate statue of giant great horned owls. The item is a image of giant great horned owls in conglomerate by Domas Egullolok.

Past that is Cilob's office, where he has succumbed to vanity with a statue of himself.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <48>

+white marble statue of Cilob Thunderconstructs+

This is a finely-crafted white marble statue of Cilob Thunderconstructs. The item is a finely-designed image of Cilob Thunderconstructs the dwarf and dwarves in white marble by Tirist Zuntîrlimâr. Cilob Thunderconstructs is surrounded by the dwarves. The artwork relates to the selection of the dwarf Cilob Thunderconstructs to the position of expedition leader of The Humid Silver in the early spring of 51.

In the nearby prison, the cells are watched over by statues of the fortress's military heroes.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <47>

≡white marble statue of Alâth Ringpaint≡

This is an exceptional white marble statue of Alâth Ringpaint. The item is an exceptionally designed image of Alâth Ringpaint the dwarf and dwarves in white marble by Domas Egullolok. Alâth Ringpaint is surrounded by the dwarves. The artwork relates to the appointment of the dwarf Alâth Ringpaint to the position of sheriff of The Humid Silver in the midsummer of 51.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

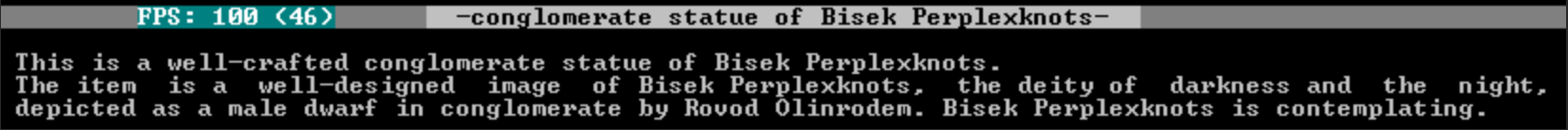
FPS: 100 <48>

-white marble statue of Kogan Steelrack-

This is a well-crafted white marble statue of Kogan Steelrack. The item is a well-designed image of Kogan Steelrack the dwarf and dwarves in white marble by Domas Egullolok. Kogan Steelrack is surrounded by the dwarves. The artwork relates to the appointment of the dwarf Kogan Steelrack to the position of captain of the guard of The Humid Silver in the midsummer of 52.

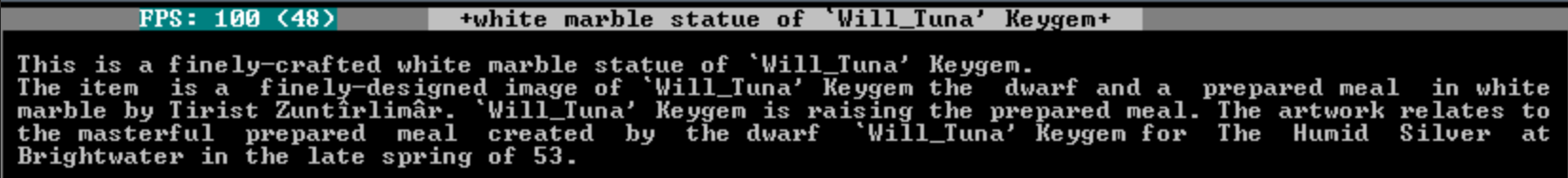
As well as ominous figures to put fear in the hearts of cowardly and superstitious evil-doers.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



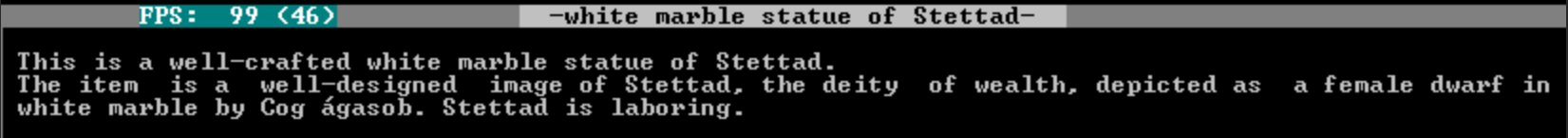
Further deeper in the fortress, we have the food storage halls adjacent to the main dining chamber. Here is placed a statue celebrating the legendary cook who has prepared the food stored there.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

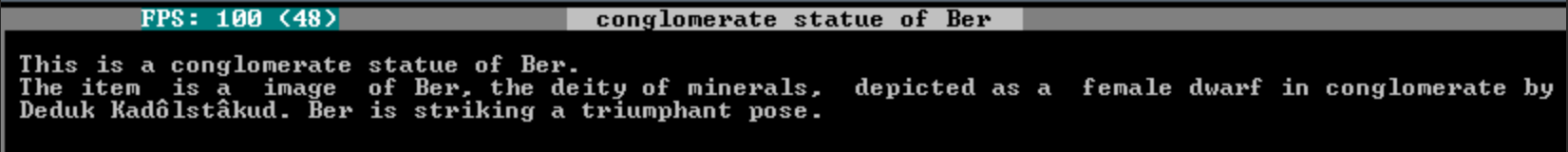


In the dining hall itself, statues intended to inspire the dwarves to greatness...

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

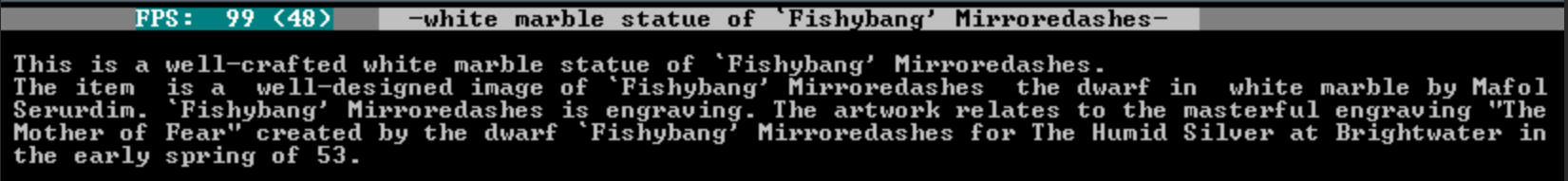


[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

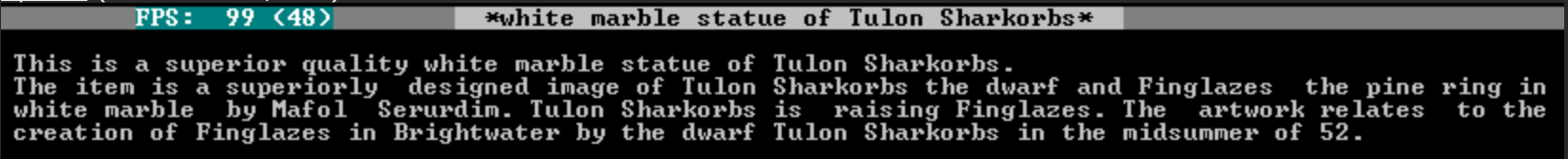


and depicting some of the fortress's creative masters at work.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

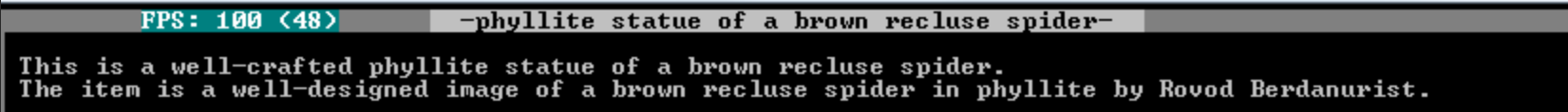


[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



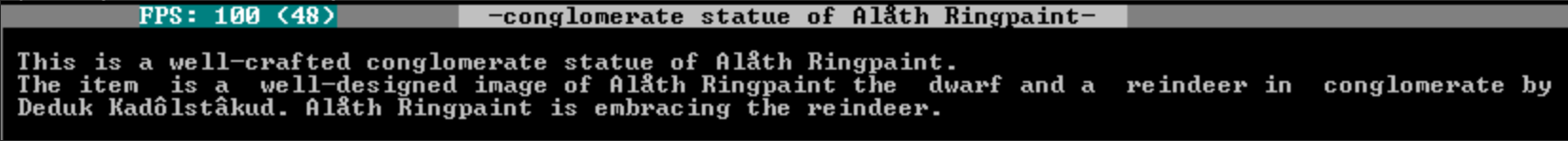
The communal burial chambers are decorated in a more sinister and creepy theme.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



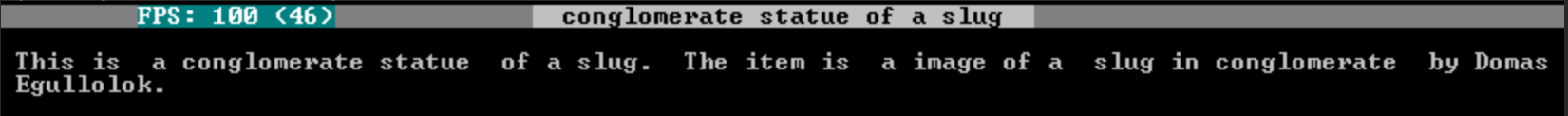
A few of the fortress's more influential dwarves have commissioned personal works. This one is not shown publicly.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

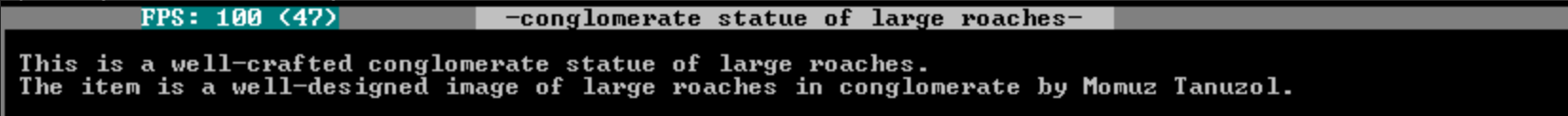


On the fishing-platforms outside, a few statues not suited for display elsewhere find their homes among the constant spray of the ocean waves.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

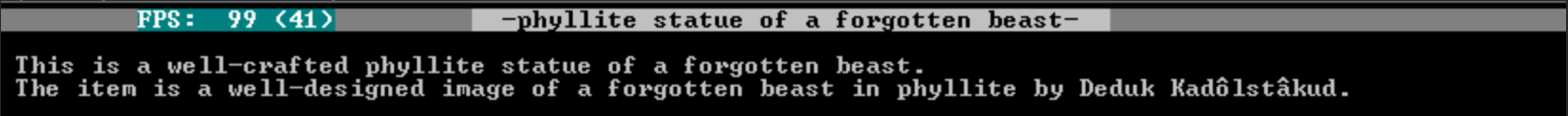


[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



And deep in the mines, where the miners are very close to breaking through into the caverns, some practical joker has placed a statue in a dark corner where it may frighten someone who half-glimpses it in the shadows.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Chief Medical Officer's Log, Brightwater, Cain

Work has continued on schedule. The experiments utilizing the goblin test subjects have been quite successful in allowing me to perform some necessary procedures on our Militia Commander that allowed her to continue in her job while still recovering from her injuries. In other news, it seems that the goblinoid species doesn't take well to Syrum 435 so limited testing on other animals or possibly dwarves may be in order. But if this succeeds, we should with the 'berserker syrum' we should be able to artificially induce Martial Trances into our military.

With the discoveries of the two caverns, the magma pool, and the pit expansions to the fortress have been continuing at a decent pace.

Because of this, I was asked if I required any new facilities or had ideas to utilize the new terrain. Of course I did, so I have been working closely with Phenix over the last few months to prepare what I will call the Alpha Laboratories, beginning with the Acron Exposure Room. I must admit that while we've been friends since the founding, I am still somewhat surprised at how close I have gotten with our enrapturous Architect. For now I am content with the way our relationship is currently, but I suppose that we will merely have to wait and see how things continue.

As always, sublimely joyful I am me.
Cain

OOC: This is attempt number two at this post. I had something *similar* written up last night but then my computer at work crashed so I lost the post. Afterwords I was too irritated over that to actually sit down and rewrite it. Also, I have no idea what the Alpha Labs should be, but it just seemed to be a good name for the section over the pit.
-J-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **April 17, 2012, 09:54:37 am**

So I step out of the workshop for a few minutes, thinking to grab a finely minced giant sparrow egg roast, and then I see Erush in the corridor, so we spend a while talking over lunch. I can't have been away for more than an hour. When I return, half the fortress is swarming over my workshop with Cilob and the traders ordering everybody to empty out my discards bin. For some reason, they've decided that all my spare crossbow parts are trade crafts!

I don't really know what to think about that, but it's no worry to me if the traders want to help clear out the workshop. Apparently a lot of the mechanical components look like rings and amulets. Cilob seemed particularly taken with my experimental feather optics. You know how difficult it is to make a lens out of feathers? Of course it didn't work properly, but I suppose it was quite pretty.

Like I said, I don't care about them cleaning out my discards bin, but the really hilarious part is that now the fort has started calling me a legendary bone carver!

I guess I can see what they mean. I hardly think about it now when somebody wants me to make bolts. A few quick strokes of the saw and the knife, and a bone becomes a quiverload of ammo. I do know that I make good bolts.

Oh, the robe?

Yeah... It would be a bit silly to pretend that was just an ordinary gift. Let's just say that he's earned quite a few favours with that.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **April 17, 2012, 03:32:28 pm**

is there a person with no relatives? here or elsewhere? and if so can i have it?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Pandemix** on **April 17, 2012, 04:34:15 pm**

Dorf me as some military swordsman, make him run up to you saying he wants to assist you in taming animals cause hes fascinated by it. Name him Elyrion and make him somehow..elfish? o.O

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 17, 2012, 05:11:08 pm**

Aseaheru: Our current unclaimed dwarves with no relatives are:

Dakost Oddomnazom, male, Woodworker, recruited into the masonry corps because we don't need a woodworker

Thikut Sazirrubal, male, Axedwarf and part-time Mason

Domas Egullolok, male, Marksdwarf, backup to our Sherriff

Solon Athammedtob, female, listed as an Animal Caretaker but actually a Mason

Nish Stukosgasol, male, Armorer, the Master Armorsmith who has made most of our military's armor

Monam Enastigoth, female, Leatherworker, and Mason

Cilob (not the same one) Iridkonos, male, Farmer, also does some odd jobs around the fortress.

Momuz Tanuzol, male, Planter and Mason

Rovod Olinrodem, male, Potash Maker, Mechanic, and Mason

Pandemix: Our two swordsdwarves are:

Kogan Delerled, male, our current Captain of the Guard

Monom Enasrigoth, female, and part of Kogan's squad.

Any preference?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **April 17, 2012, 07:08:30 pm**

ill take domas. and if he can make rockpots thats a good thing.
just change his job name to Wallpotdwarf

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 17, 2012, 07:20:02 pm**

Alrighty. You want the name changed, or just the job title?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <43> Domas Egullolok, "Domas Controlgranite", Wallpotdwarf

Domas Egullolok has been happy lately. He slept in a fantastic bedroom recently. He had a wonderful drink lately. He had a nice bath recently. He has been annoyed by flies. He slept very uneasily due to noise lately. He has complained of thirst lately. He admired a fine Door lately. He has been satisfied at work lately.

He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Lost Shields. He is a former member of The Standard of Auras. He is the former mayor of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Slate in the year 52.

He has the appearance of somebody that is ninety-five years old and is one of the first of his kind.

He is corpulent. His hair is extremely sparse. His very long sideburns are braided. His long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is braided. His very long hair is arranged in double braids. His rust eyes have large irises. His somewhat tall ears are slightly flattened. His hair is tan with some gray. His skin is peach.

He is very slow to heal, very quick to tire and quite susceptible to disease.

Domas Egullolok likes garnierite, solid mercury, jelly opal, mangrove wood, gigantic squid leather, the color lemon, earrings, yaks for their shaggy hair, giant bark scorpions for their stinging tail and pig tails for their twisting stalks. When possible, he prefers to consume giant penguin, herring, horse cheese and fisher berry wine. He absolutely detests slugs.

He has a great sense of empathy, very good intuition, a natural ability with music and a good spatial sense, but he has a meager kinesthetic sense and very little patience.

He is organized. He has a sense of duty. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **StLeibowitz** on **April 17, 2012, 11:03:34 pm**

Could I have Cilob Iridnokos?

If so, change the job title to monk errant and the name to Saint (just the first name, the second is too awesome)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Phones** on **April 17, 2012, 11:11:10 pm**

Could I be Dwarfed as Kogan Delerled? Name him Phones if possible. Thanks!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Pandemix** on **April 18, 2012, 03:05:39 pm**

Mhm...actually, let it be the female and call her Ceilan.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **April 18, 2012, 03:05:56 pm**

just my job.
thats a lot of civilizations there. has anyone popped-up with no blood?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 18, 2012, 03:27:43 pm**

Quote from: Aseaheru on April 18, 2012, 03:05:56 pm

just my job.
thats a lot of civilizations there. has anyone popped-up with no blood?

No, and I'm fairly certain at this point that there are no vampires in the population. Some of our dwarves have impressive lists of past civilization affiliations, but they seem to have been acquired legitimately.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **April 18, 2012, 03:48:07 pm**

ah. good. what do the legends say about that?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 18, 2012, 04:57:22 pm**

Dwarfing requests are in.

Saint Iridkonos, Monk Errant

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <48> ‘Saint’ Iridkonos, "‘Saint’ Rhythmbrass", Monk errant

‘Saint’ Iridkonos has been quite content lately. He slept in a good bedroom recently. He had a nice bath recently. He has been annoyed by flies. He admired a fine Trade Depot lately. He was caught in the rain recently.

He is a worshipper of Ber and a worshipper of Bisek Perplexknots.

He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Malachite in the year 52.

He has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-seven years old and is one of the first of his kind.

He is weak and skinny. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is braided. His hair is clean-shaven. His extremely narrow ears are splayed out. His rust eyes are slightly wide-set. His ears are somewhat tall. His skin is peach.

He is very slow to tire, quick to heal and rarely sick, but he is weak.

‘Saint’ Iridkonos likes black marble, black wolfram, demantoid, chub bone, crossbows, chains and sheep for their wool. When possible, he prefers to consume yak and gutter cruor. He absolutely detests toads.

He has a very good feel for social relationships, but he has poor empathy, a questionable spatial sense and next to no willpower.

He can handle stress. He admires tradition. He is not easily moved to pity. He very rarely does more work than necessary. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He clicks his tongue repeatedly when he’s annoyed. He laughs very loudly whenever he’s nervous. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Phones Delerled, Captain Of The Guard:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <48> ‘Phones’ Delerled, “‘Phones’ Steelrack”, captain of the guard

‘Phones’ Delerled has been quite content lately. He had a pretty decent drink lately. He slept in a good bedroom recently. He dined in a good dining room recently. He has been annoyed by flies. He had a fine drink lately. He was caught in the rain recently.

He is the son of Fath Meetstakes and Kulet Metalrained. He is a faithful worshipper of Adil the Flicker of Glowing, an ardent worshipper of As Copperrock and a worshipper of Stettad.

He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Bodices of Lightness. He is an enemy of Gulufrilgis. He is the captain of the guard of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Malachite in the year 52.

He is twenty-nine years old, born on the 19th of Malachite in the year 25.

His hair is extremely long. He is very fat. His ears are splayed out. He has very low cheekbones. His slightly wide-set rust eyes are narrow. His head is narrow. His peach skin is slightly wrinkled. His left upper leg bears a dent. His hair is tan.

He is strong and rarely sick.

‘Phones’ Delerled likes talc, mithril, dendritic agate, clear glass, the color dark chestnut, picks, greaves, bins and animal traps. When possible, he prefers to consume yellow bullhead and sewer brew. He absolutely detests mosquitos.

He has a great musical sense, a deep well of patience and a good feel for social relationships, but he has quite poor focus.

He has a calm demeanor. He is comfortable in social situations. He doesn’t handle stress well. He is incredibly creative. He is organized. He takes time when making decisions. His hands jump all over the place when he’s excited. He chews his lips when he gets excited. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Ceilan Enasrigoth, Swordsdwarf and apprentice Animal Trainer:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49> ‘Ceilan’ Enasrigòth, “‘Ceilan’ Doctrinecrafts”, Swordsdwarf

‘Ceilan’ Enasrigòth has been quite content lately. She had a fine drink lately. She has complained of thirst lately. She slept very uneasily due to noise lately. She slept in a very good bedroom recently. She had a wonderful drink lately. She had a truly decadent drink lately. She has been satisfied at work lately.

She is a worshipper of Ber and a worshipper of Stettad.

She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is an enemy of The Moist Uice. She arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Malachite in the year 52.

She has the appearance of somebody that is sixty-nine years old and is one of the first of her kind.

She is average in size. Her hair is clean-shaven. Her ears are somewhat tall. Her skin is peach. Her eyes are rust.

She is agile.

‘Ceilan’ Enasrigòth likes bituminous coal, magnesium, peridot, the color sea green, dark elf skulls, bolts, shields and bumblebees for their woolly appearance. When possible, she prefers to consume whip wine and dwarven sugar. She absolutely detests mosquitos.

She has a sharp intellect, a natural inclination toward language, a very good sense of the position of her own body, a very good feel for social relationships and an ability to read emotions fairly well, but she has a shortage of patience and an iffy sense for music.

She is self-conscious. She can handle stress. She appreciates art and natural beauty. She prefers familiar routines. She regards intellectual exercises as a waste of energy. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She winks when she is nervous. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Quote from: Aseaheru on April 18, 2012, 03:48:07 pm

ah. good. what do the legends say about that?

A couple of wars against neighboring elven civilizations early on left the Imperial Pick surrounded and bottled up in one valley in the vast central mountain range that divides the world. Unable to spread out as they were surrounded by elves, they founded half a dozen mountainhomes jammed up right against each other. Every decade or so, another group of dwarves would become a new organization, walk a few feet, settle down, and make another mountainhomes. There was a lot of travel back and forth between them, and a lot of intermarrying between families, which is why the family tree of most of the dwarves in this fortress is such a tangled mess and so many dwarves have a long list of former entity memberships.

The original King was killed early on by a minotaur. (This civilization has a long history of minotaur raids on mountainhomes) He was replaced by Queen Ral, who has no living relatives. The wife of the original king, Reg Logemiteb, became the General, and spent years traveling the underworld taming strange creatures. She and the King had two daughters before he died, and half this fortress's population is descended from one or both of them.

I should be able to do a proper update tomorrow night.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **April 19, 2012, 03:04:19 pm**

well, that explains the rust eyes and peach skin.
interbreeding much? ???

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **April 19, 2012, 05:58:07 pm**

Requesting a dwarf!

Simon McWhale

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 19, 2012, 05:59:26 pm**

Quote from: simonthedwarf on April 19, 2012, 05:58:07 pm

Requesting a dwarf!

Simon McWhale

Any preference on gender or prior work experience? Part of the great inbred family or an unrelated dwarf?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **April 19, 2012, 06:46:35 pm**

I think I would like a male dwarf if possible, but gender is not a big issue. I would prefer to be a broker, if thats already taken then I'll be a smith or a mechanic. If all these are unfeasible then pick the most injured dwarf.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 19, 2012, 06:53:18 pm**

The Broker is already involved in the story (not taken as such, but has been named in the story for a while) but I have a mechanic and an armorsmith. The mechanic Kulet Keludar is married and has 9 children (including Phones), while the armorsmith Nish Stukosgasol is unrelated to anyone. Both male. Any preference?

Nish it is

Cilob's Journal, Summer of 54

Strange things happening lately. I was walking through the main crafting hall when I saw a dwarf arguing with Geb about using her crafting workshop. It took me a moment to recognize him, it was the fellow who held the position of Mayor before one of those inbred children took over the position. When I asked what the matter was, he told me he needed a workshop. Said he was the 'Wallpotdwarf', and that we needed to make rock pots. Well, I admit I'm a bit old-fashioned. Neverreally took to rock pots. Dwarf ale just doesn't taste right to me unless it's been aged in a fine wooden barrel But, I can see it would be handy to have a few around, so I've asked for a space cleared in the crafting hall for the fellow to have his own crafting shop to work in.

I have been finding strange notes around lately, crudely-written warnings about the dangers of the caverns, and about adamantine. There's even a drawing of monsters rising up and attacking us. Absurd. We haven't even seen any adamantine yet, and even if we do, there will be no danger in safely harvesting small quantities of it.

It's been quiet outside recently. A kobold was sneaking around out front. I sent the soldiers out to patrol - including the new swordsdwarf squad led by the guard captain who calls himself 'Phones' - but they didn't see anything other than some wild animals. Since we killed that large group led by that one human, we haven't seen a single goblin. Perhaps he was the leader of the local goblin forces?

It's been quiet enough that one of the soldiers came to me asking for more work! A nice lass, name of Ceilan (odd name that, sounds almost Elvish) said she wanted me to teach her the ways of animal training. I can certainly use the help, the traps have been catching many animals lately.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



I'll start here on these easier, less-valuable animals. This will leave me more time to focus on my giant sparrows.

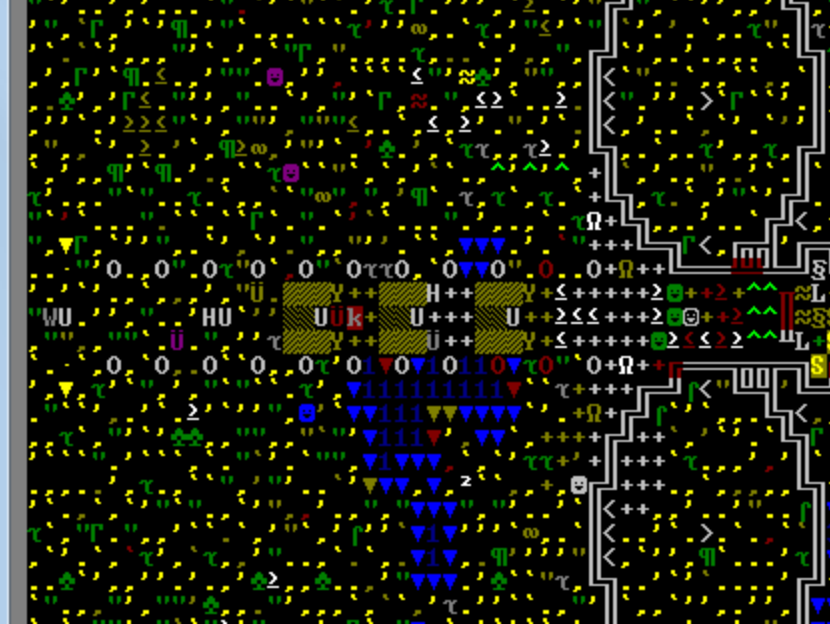
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



In any case, I've decided to take this opportunity to rearrange the cage traps outside the fortress. We'll be getting rid of the small group of traps to the north, and instead building more flanking the main entrance road. It always makes me nervous to see our mechanics venturing outside the safety of the curtain walls.

While the soldiers were out on watch, the caravan from the humans arrived.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Time for Ral to work his magic. That dwarf can convince the humans to buy anything...

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

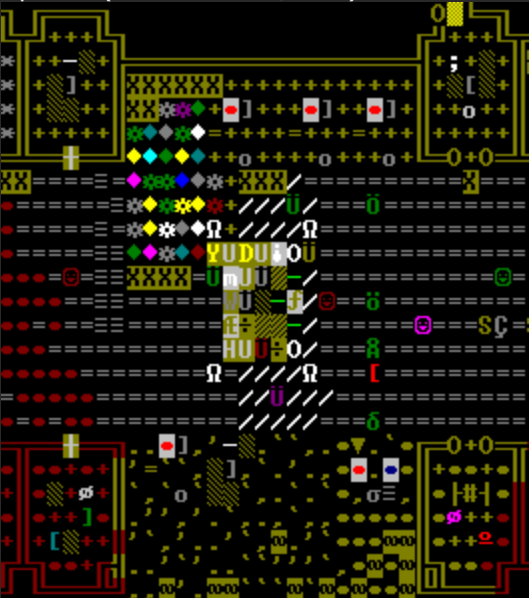
FPS: 100 <49><small giant cave spider silk tunic>

Weight: <1fBasic Ualue: 144*

Contents:
vomit covering

Ral walks through the central hall, heading for the white marble trade depot.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



As he passes Erush's shop, the clother calls out.

"Hey! Ask the humans if they have any silk, we're all out."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Erush Fatheggut, clothesdwarf cancels Make silk sock: Needs 1 unused silk cloth.
Erush Fatheggut, clothesdwarf cancels Make silk trousers: Needs 1 unused silk cloth.

"Humans don't bring silk, Erush. They don't know how to make it. You'll have to wait for the carvan from the mountainhomes to come."

"Humans suck. Why are we even bothering trading with them?"

Ral ignores the Clothesdwarf and heads on to the caravan. Time to work his magic.

"We have something special for you today. Made by our best bonecarver, we have this set of commemorative figurines, celebrating heroes of the Imperial Pick. Here is our beloved Queen, Ral Dwellinglashed, at her coronation."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>*pond turtle shell figurine of Ral Dwellinglashed*

This is a superior quality pond turtle shell figurine of Ral Dwellinglashed. The item is a superiorly designed image of Ral Dwellinglashed the dwarf and dwarves in pond turtle shell by 'Geb' Mozibducim. Ral Dwellinglashed is surrounded by the dwarves. The artwork relates to the ascension of the dwarf Ral Dwellinglashed to the position of queen of The Imperial Pick in 5.

"Look at the fine detailing, you can really see the likeness."

"Hey Dwarf, this one looks like you."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>+pond turtle shell figurine of Ral Portallash+

This is a finely-crafted pond turtle shell figurine of Ral Portallash. The item is a finely-designed image of Ral Portallash the dwarf and blood gnats in pond turtle shell by 'Geb' Mozibducim. Ral Portallash is surrounded by the blood gnats. Ral Portallash looks terrified.

"What? Well, I supposed it does. That's odd, I didn't ask her for any of me."

The human looks through the other figurines. "Well, here's another, and another..."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <48>≡pond turtle shell figurine of Ral Portallash≡

This is an exceptional pond turtle shell figurine of Ral Portallash. The item is an exceptionally designed image of Ral Portallash the dwarf and dwarves in pond turtle shell by 'Geb' Mozibducim. The dwarves are refusing Ral Portallash. Ral Portallash is making a submissive gesture. The artwork relates to the removal of the dwarf Ral Portallash from the position of outpost liaison of The Imperial Pick in the midwinter of 51.

FPS: 100 <49>+pond turtle shell figurine of Ral Portallash+

This is a finely-crafted pond turtle shell figurine of Ral Portallash. The item is a finely-designed image of Ral Portallash the dwarf and blood gnats in pond turtle shell by 'Geb' Mozibducim. Ral Portallash is surrounded by the blood gnats.

FPS: 100 <46>≡pond turtle shell figurine of Ral Portallash≡

This is an exceptional pond turtle shell figurine of Ral Portallash. The item is an exceptionally designed image of Ral Portallash the dwarf and blood gnats in pond turtle shell by 'Geb' Mozibducim. Ral Portallash is surrounded by the blood gnats. Ral Portallash looks terrified.

Ral, mutters to himself, "Last time I ask that girl to make something special", then tuns back to the humans. "Tell you what, just take the whole batch off our hands, I'll make you a special deal. What have you brought to trade?"

Booze, wood, assorted staples, and then, "Is that...?"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49><mule blood Barrel <palm>>

Weight: 20fBasic Ualue: 10*

Contents:
<mule blood [10]>

"Fresh mule blood! Brought it just for you."

Ral stares in shock. "We have no vampires here, human. What do you expect us to do with a barrel of blood?"

"Cook it! It's easy to do, we can teach you the recipe. Blood sausage is pretty tasty once you know how to make it right."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

mule blood10Cook----

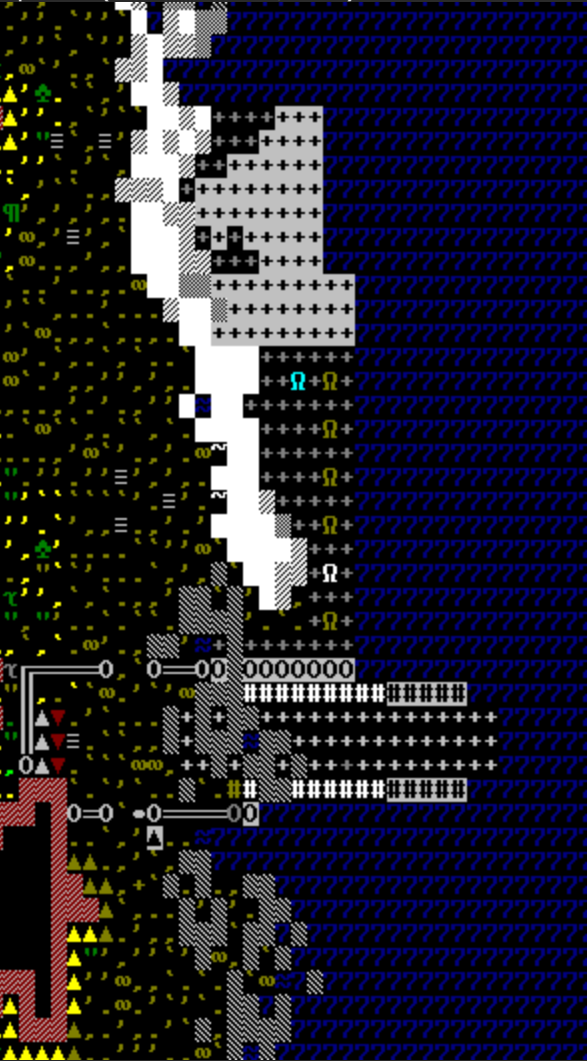
"Ugh. Ok, you take the figurines, and we'll take the barrels of animal blood."

Cilob's Journal, continued.

I am increasingly worried about what orders the Liaison from the mountainhomes will carry this year. I was finally able to convince our young Mayor to divulge her discussion with the Liaison last year. The General wants to replace me with a Baron, and I may not be able to prevent her from doing so. To be honest, I don't actually care as much what dwarf is responsible for the daily management of this place, so long as I am able to pursue my own research goals. Still, I must decide what to do before the Liaison arrives.

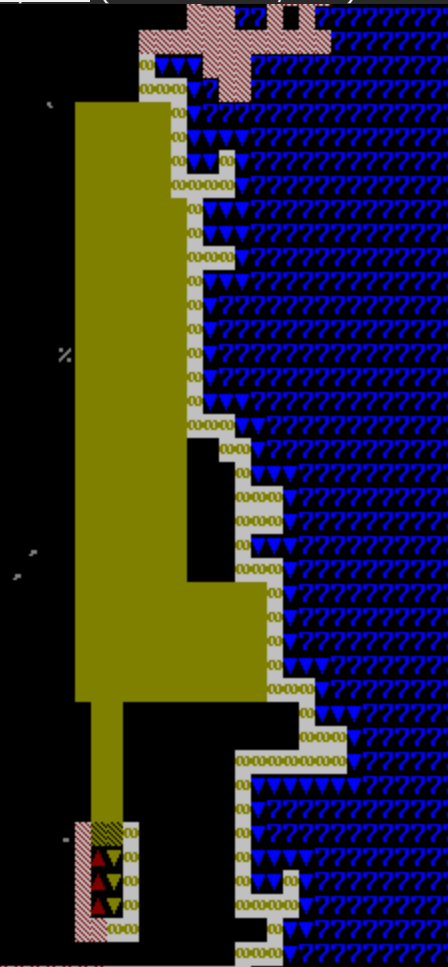
I have finished a design for a mechanism for harvesting sea creatures, and have submitted the plans to Phenix. Hopefully she won't screw them up. The fishing pier and platforms are already under construction.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



We will also need to carve out a passage just beneath the ocean surface for the trapping chamber.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Our Armorsmith seems quite enthusiastic about the project, even referring to himself with the name 'Simon McWhale.' Strange fellow, but the enthusiasm for the project is appreciated.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (47)Simon McWhale' Stukosgasol, "'Simon McWhale' Razorbreaths", Armorer

'Simon McWhale' Stukosgasol has been happy lately. He ate a pretty decent meal lately. He had a pretty decent drink lately. He received water recently. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Lost Shields. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Slate in the year 52. He has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-six years old and is one of the first of his kind. He is fat. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is braided. His hair is clean-shaven. His rust eyes have large irises. He has a clear voice. His ears are somewhat narrow. His skin is peach. 'Simon McWhale' Stukosgasol likes siltstone, zinc, blue garnet, oak wood, giant chinchilla nail, the color puce, human cities and millstones. When possible, he prefers to consume mackerel, plump helmets, sewer brew and tapir's milk. He absolutely detests large roaches. He has an amazing spatial sense, a great sense of empathy, a great kinesthetic sense and a lot of willpower, but he has very little patience and next to no natural musical ability. He rarely feels discouraged. He makes friends quickly. He is very assertive. He is relaxed. He loves a good thrill. He is disorganized. He winks during conversations. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming

Post by: Corai on April 19, 2012, 09:01:29 pm

This is a drawing of Caverns and monsters, the monsters are running, the caverns are shaking.

This is a drawing of a spire and demons, the spire is broken, demons are skulking.

This is a drawing of corpses and humans, the humans are vomiting, the corpses are rotting.

This is a drawing a blood ocean and dwarves, the dwarves are bleeding.

This is a distrubing drawing of Cilob and demons. Cilob is in a fetal position, the demons are laughing. It has a eery feel, looking at it sends a shiver up your spine.

Just felt like doing this. I find making Corai have such....split personalities when it comes to the depths fun, so I put the pictures Cilob has "found" in description.

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming

Post by: Sphalerite on April 20, 2012, 10:35:46 am

"Mister Cilob! The sparrows are hatching!"

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Giant sparrow hatchlings have hatched.
Thob As nushil, Planter cancels Store Item in Stockpile: Job item misplaced.
Giant sparrow hatchlings have hatched.
→Giant sparrow hatchlings have hatched.

Cilob Amudaban looked up from his engraving. The walls of his office were by now covered with carved notes. Dozens of small boxes engraved in the rock, each with the name of a dwarf neatly chiseled in it. Scratched notes in smaller lettering crowded around many of the boxes. An intricate web of lines and arrows connected the boxes, showing relationships of various types between the noted dwarves.

"Ah, Ceilan, good. Which ones?"

The eager young Swordsdwarf replied, "Bird-mothers two, three and four, sir."

"All three? Well, get the doors open quickly, before they start to fight."

Soon the training room was crowded with newly hatched giant sparrows.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"...twelve, thirteen, ... fourteen. Quite a population!" Cilob beamed with pride over the flock. "Well, need to get them trained properly while they're young. Let's get started."

Meanwhile, far below the surface, Rakust Gesisfikod crawled along a rough stone walkway, mere feet from the surface of the magma. The stonework was rough, intended only to be a temporary scaffold around the inlet to the magma works. Fumes that would have incapacitated an elf or human rose from the bubbling magma, and the heat was oppressive. Across the magma pipe, strange deep cavern plants were visible through breaks in the sheer rock walls, eerily illuminated by the red-glowing magma. Sometimes the shadows shifted, suggesting the movement of monstrous forms half-seen in the gloom.

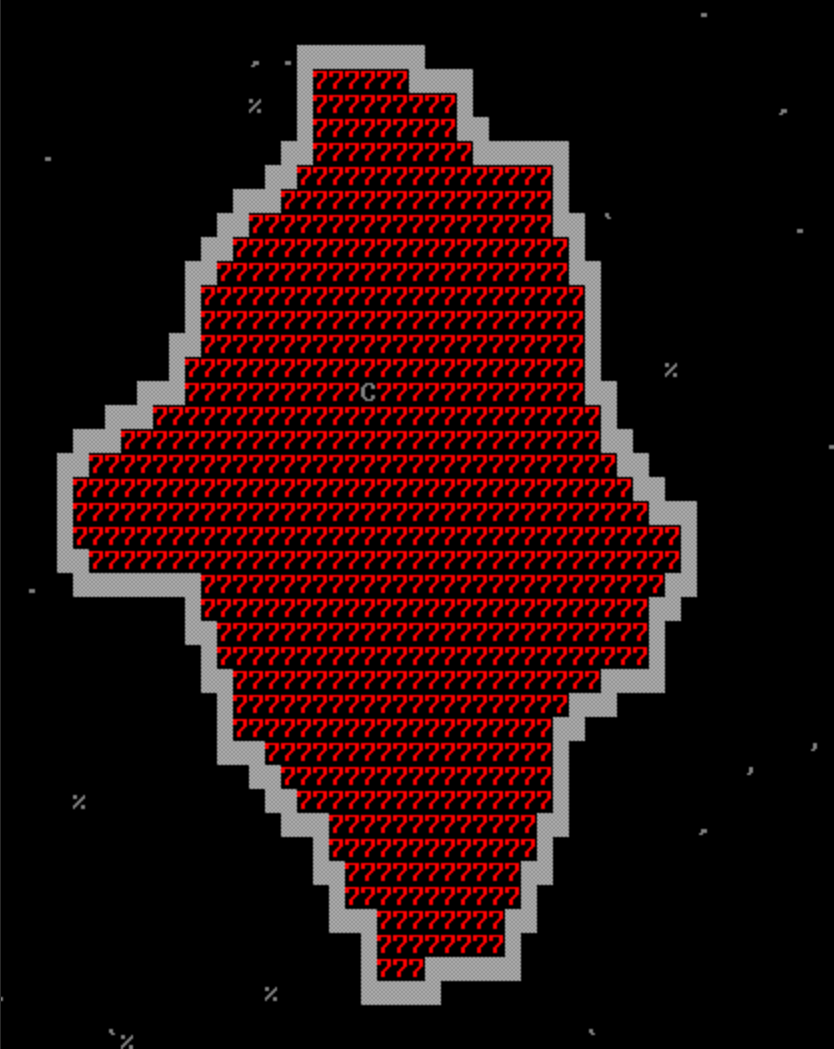
Rakust giggled, and pried another rock loose from the scaffold.

Scaffold-deconstruction work was traditionally assigned to children. It was easy work, the pulling apart of rocks, not requiring any skill or careful placement of rocks, yet familiarizing the children with the masonry work many of them would be doing later in life. Working so deep in the caverns, so close to the magma, spoke deeply to the soul of any true dwarf. Rakust was having the time of her life.

She tossed the fragment of stone into the magma, where it vanished with a *plop*, and then started pulling another piece loose.

Deep below, something noticed.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The rock was a tricky one. The fortress's masons had done an amazing job of fitting rough stone chunks together into a solid shelf strong enough for dwarves to walk on. Rakust leaned out over the edge of the ledge, trying to pull the stone from the side.

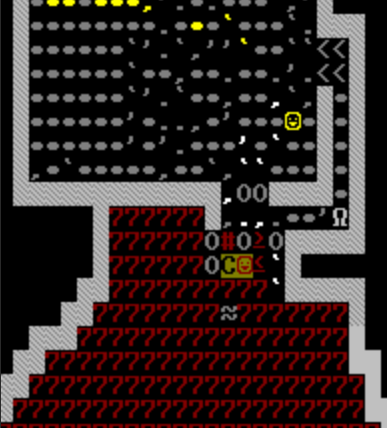
Then a blob of red-hot basalt shot out of the surface of the magma and struck her right leg. She staggered, nearly falling into the magma, barely managing to cling to the scaffold. Rapid-fire, more blobs of molten rock shot up at her.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→The spinning basalt strikes The Dwarven Child in the right lower leg, shattering the bone through the *rope reed fiber trousers*!
The Dwarven Child falls over.
The spinning basalt strikes The Dwarven Child in the left hand, shattering the bone through the <giant cave spider chitin left glove>!
The spinning basalt strikes The Dwarven Child in the upper body, shattering the skin and bruising the muscle and shattering the left floating ribs through the <<cave spider silk cloak>>!
The spinning basalt laced with Rakust Sinewglazes's dwarf blood strikes The Dwarven Child in the lower body, shattering the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the stomach through the *rope reed fiber trousers*!
The spinning basalt strikes The Dwarven Child in the left lower arm, shattering the bone through the <<cave spider silk cloak>>!
The spinning basalt laced with Rakust Sinewglazes's dwarf blood strikes The Dwarven Child in the upper body, shattering the skin and bruising the fat through the <<cave spider silk cloak>>!
The Dwarven Child gives in to pain.
→Rakust Gesisfikod, Dwarven Child cancels Remove Construction: Unconscious.

Other dwarves working nearby in what was planned to be an artificial magma reserve noticed the attack.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Hey, Rakust got hurt. What happened?"

Thwip! Another blob of magma struck the child in the side.

"Something's attacking here. I don't see anything."

Another dwarf spoke up, "Woah. Invisible monsters now? I'm getting out of here. Someone call the militia!"

The masons dropped their rocks and fled for the stairs. Behind them, Rakust was still being pummeled by blasts of molten basalt.

Soon, the militia had gathered near where the child was still being attacked. There wasn't much they could do. Whatever creature was continuing to attack Rakust was hiding far beneath the surface of the magma, not exposing itself to attack. None of the soldiers was quite so brave as to dive into the magma after it. Unable to fight, they fell back on an alternate method of protection: preventing anyone else from getting close enough to be attacked.

"Nothing to see here, folks. Move along."

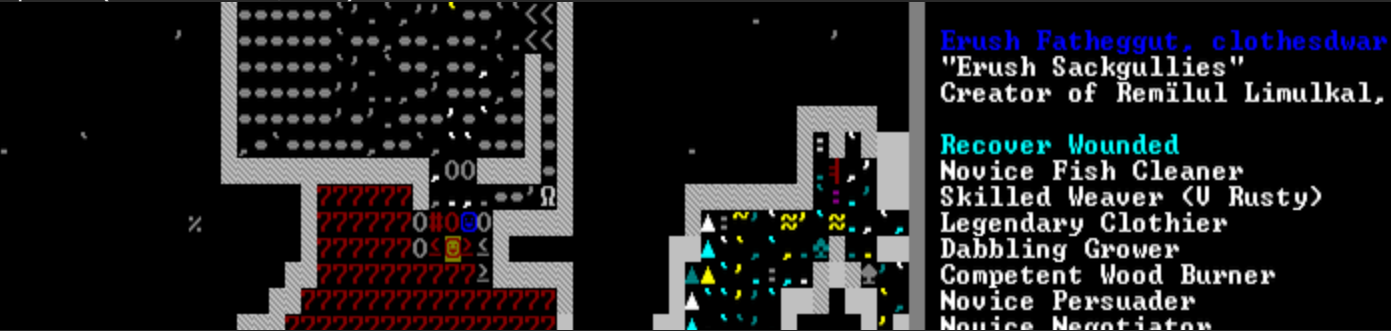
One dwarf refused to turn back. Erush Fatheggut, master clothier, faced the soldiers who were blocking his path.

"Dammit, that's my cousin down there! You can't just leave her to die."

"Erush, you've got thirty cousins. Half the fortress are cousins of yours. Besides which, Rakust is done for. Nothing you can do to save her, you'd just get killed trying, and then who would make our clothes?"

Erush shoved past the soldier and ran down the stairs, cursing. The walkway where his cousin lay was not far.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



She was horribly mangled, her body pierced in many places by burning stone. Broken bones jutted through skin in half a dozen places.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Her fourth finger, left hand is broken. Her fourth finger, left hand is smashed open. Her right hand is broken. Her right hand is smashed open. Her left lower arm is broken. Her left lower arm is smashed open. Her left upper leg is broken. Her left upper leg is smashed open. Her right upper arm is broken. Her right upper arm is smashed open. Her right upper leg is broken. Her right upper leg is smashed open. Her right lower arm is broken. Her right lower arm is smashed open. Her left lower leg is broken. Her left lower leg is smashed open. Her right foot is broken. Her right foot is smashed open. Her left hand is broken. Her left hand is smashed open. Her right lower leg is broken. Her right lower leg is smashed open. Her upper body is smashed open. Her lower body is smashed open. Her upper lip is smashed open. Her right cheek is smashed open. Her left knee is broken. Her liver is broken. Her right ankle is broken. Her left false ribs are broken. Her left floating ribs are broken. Her left elbow is broken. Her right shoulder is broken.

Despite her terrible injuries, she still somehow clung to life. Erush knelt on the walkway next to her. Another blast of molten rock shot out of the magma pipe, barely missing him. He scooped up Rakust in his arms and carried her back to the stairs.

Doctor Cain examined his latest patient. Her wounds are the worst I have ever seen a dwarf survive. It appears that the heat of the molten rock cauterized most of the injuries, else she would have certainly bled to death.

Despite her injuries, the patient is remarkably good spirits.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (45) Rakust Gesisfikod, "Rakust Sinewglazes", Dwarven Child

Rakust Gesisfikod has been ecstatic lately. She received food recently. She was rescued recently. She admired a fine Door lately. She talked with father lately. She had a truly decadent drink lately. She slept in a fantastic bedroom recently. She had a fine drink lately. She was caught in the rain recently. She has been satisfied at work lately. She sustained major injuries recently. She was able to rest and recuperate lately. She received water recently.

Her treatment will be the most complex medical operation yet undertaken at this fortress.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

upper body	right upper leg	right shoulder
Needs dressing	Needs sutures	Needs surgery
lower body	Needs setting	Needs sutures
Needs dressing	Needs dressing	Needs setting
right upper arm	Needs immobilization	Needs dressing
Needs surgery	left upper leg	left elbow
Needs sutures	Needs sutures	Needs surgery
Needs setting	Needs setting	Needs sutures
Needs dressing	Needs dressing	Needs dressing
Needs immobilization	Needs immobilization	Needs traction
right lower arm	right lower leg	left knee
Needs sutures	Needs sutures	Needs surgery
Needs setting	Needs setting	Needs sutures
Needs dressing	Needs dressing	Needs setting
Needs immobilization	Needs immobilization	Needs dressing
left lower arm	left lower leg	right ankle
Needs surgery	Needs surgery	Needs surgery
Needs sutures	Needs sutures	Needs sutures
Needs setting	Needs setting	Needs dressing
Needs dressing	Needs dressing	Needs traction
Needs immobilization	Needs immobilization	right cheek
right hand	right foot	Needs dressing
Needs sutures	Needs surgery	left false ribs
Needs setting	Needs sutures	Needs sutures
Needs dressing	Needs setting	Needs setting
Needs immobilization	Needs dressing	Needs dressing
left hand	Needs immobilization	left floating ribs
Needs sutures	liver	Needs surgery
Needs setting	Needs surgery	Needs sutures
Needs dressing	Needs sutures	Needs setting
Needs immobilization	Needs dressing	Needs dressing

Despite this, her prognosis is good. We have the technology. We can rebuild her.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **April 20, 2012, 10:42:07 am**

Scary how well that dwarf info fitted me.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **April 20, 2012, 12:48:50 pm**

A relationship with Erush has its ups and downs.

A few weeks ago, he finally managed to convince me that it would be fun to do some purely decorative work. He reminded me at every opportunity that I already had the reputation as an artist, and might as well live up to it. He can be quite annoying sometimes, even I have to admit, but this time he was right. Making figurines really is very relaxing, and it's good to be able to express yourself!

Poor Ral didn't seem very happy with my work though. I just carved what I saw! Every time some gnats get into the goods stockpile outside my workshop, he makes such a fuss...

And then there's today.

I'm going to have a very strict word with Erush about the line dividing heroism and stupidity.

I might have to talk to mother as well. It seems to me that her soldiers ought to be the ones standing on the hero side of that line.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Daenyth** on **April 20, 2012, 01:12:52 pm**

Can I get added? Someone who's a swordsdwarf + weaponsmith would suit me. Feel free to add either of those labors to someone existing if they don't match already.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 20, 2012, 01:15:38 pm**

I'll have to look and see if anyone's available. Both of our swordsdwarves are already taken, and most of our weaponsmithing has been done by our Hammerdwarf Military Commander. I'll look through the population and see if anyone else has the appropriate skills.

Any preference on gender and family status (wife/children/etc already)? Name 'Daenyth' or something else?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Daenyth** on **April 20, 2012, 02:26:34 pm**

No preference. Daenyth will be fine.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **StLeibowitz** on **April 20, 2012, 07:05:19 pm**

Journal of Saint, Date Unknown

The first thing I noticed when I awoke was my location. The bed was warm, comfortable; the cave was dark. Distantly, as if through many layers of rock, I could hear the cistern filling up, a low rushing noise that seemed to fade in and out. Something tripped at the back of my mind, telling me that all was not well. Something wasn't right...

The memory came back slowly, as if dripping through a half-clogged pipe. I had been stabbed, one of those insect bastards had kicked me

in the head and then I had been...dragged to the hospital? No, I'd helped build that place, it was nowhere near as comfortable as this.

I had died.

That's right.

But where was I then?

The nagging grew more persistent, and I slowly realized, laying in a stranger's bed, that the nagging was not originating from my own mind. Turning mentally, I discerned that it was *another's mind!*

Fortunately, the other - Cilob? - was pathetically easy to crush out of existence. I share my brain with neither man nor dwarf. I seized his memories and perused them as the rest of mine began overwriting blank sections of the brain. This Cilob fellow had had a strange fascination with the color black, and an aversion to keeping fit it seemed. Compared to my last body, moving the dwarf's arms was painfully slow. In addition to the rust eyes and pale skin, I concluded that these were the results of a hereditary disorder, like the one Eisengarm had been isolating back in Ananumid. The memories of family relations were suitably convoluted that this was plausible.

As I left the bedroom and began speaking with locals, I learned that the rushing noise was actually the ocean. Despite my puzzlement at my predicament, I am interested at the thought of seeing the ocean for the first time. As my jobs around here seem to be most easily fit in the category "Other Duties As Assigned", I should have plenty of time to do so...and plenty of opportunities to explore this "Brightwater".

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 20, 2012, 10:37:33 pm**

Quote from: Daenyth on April 20, 2012, 02:26:34 pm

No preference. Daenyth will be fine.

Here you go:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>

‘Daenyth’ Olinrodem. “‘Daenyth’ Tongspelt”, Potash Maker

‘Daenyth’ Olinrodem has been quite content lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He has been tired lately. He had a wonderful drink lately. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He has complained of thirst lately. He has been satisfied at work lately.
He is a casual worshipper of Ber and a casual worshipper of Bisek Perplexknots.
He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 22nd of Limestone in the year 52.
He is fifty-three years old, born on the 22nd of Moonstone in the year 1.
He is weak. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. His ears have large hanging lobes. His slightly wide-set round rust eyes have large irises. His skin is peach. His nose is somewhat narrow.
He is rarely sick, but he is very weak.
‘Daenyth’ Olinrodem likes hornblende, lay pewter, sardonyx, giant orca hide, pig tail fiber fabric, the color midnight blue and albatrosses for their large wings. When possible, he prefers to consume dwarven rum. He absolutely detests forest spiders.
He has a great feel for the surrounding space and a good feel for social relationships, but he has an iffy memory, a meager kinesthetic sense, meager creativity and poor focus.
He has a calm demeanor. He makes friends quickly. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He strives for excellence. He talks to inanimate objects when he’s thinking. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Daenyth is the fortress's most skilled weaponsmith. Unfortunately, he is also by far the most highly skilled Potash Maker in the fortress, so his job title is going to reflect that for a while. He's also a Swordsdwarf in the military (already has one kill, a Giraffe who didn't make it into the cage traps. I'll start working on training up his weaponsmithing abilities, we could use a decent weaponsmith anyway.

Loving the responses, Geb. The last few updates were pretty much verboten what happened in the fortress. I set Geb to produce shell crafts, and she proceeded to make a series of figurines embarrassing the trader. A child deconstructing some scaffolding was attacked by a magma crab. I sen the military down, they stood around doing nothing since they couldn't see it, and then Erush all on his own ran past them to rescue her. Hoping Cain can actually save her life now.

Next update might not be till middle of next week, my wife and I will be away till then.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **zomara0292** on **April 20, 2012, 11:29:25 pm**

Quote from: Athra's Diary

Mom said my writting was really bad. She had me work on it all month. I wish she wouldn't read it in the first place. Its my diary jurnal anyway.

I heard that Rakust had gotten hurt yesterday. I will take her some plum helmet and rum to make her feel better. I hope she does.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **JacenHanLovesLegos** on **April 21, 2012, 04:05:04 pm**

Dwarf me as Jacen the soap crusader, AKA an axedwarf. Have him make soap in his spare time.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Lupusater** on **April 22, 2012, 07:00:01 am**

If you have an unassigned male swordsdwarf, I would like to claim him and name him Va'al.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **April 22, 2012, 10:04:31 am**

Jesus everyone wants warriors or smiths - go figure! :D

McWhale Personal Note

I am planning to take it up with the overseer that we need to smith some harpoons and have the glassmaker make some aquarium.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Jarod Cain** on **April 23, 2012, 12:53:14 am**

Chief Medical Officer's Log, Brightwater, Cain
Days have passed, maybe weeks. I've modified the berserker syrum to induce not a trance-like rage, but a calm. I believe that and some dwarven wine I have stashed for anesthetic are all I've consumed. I have been eating less and less and seen less of Phenix since the girl arrived.

The initial treatments are complete but they have taxed me like nothing else has before. I doubt very much that even the Legendary

Physicians from the Mountainhome could do as well a job as I have done. It is a continual process, checking, setting, cleaning, checking, resetting, cleaning. Slow and methodical.

This girl will not die due to my ministrations, if she does pass it will be due to her giving up. I hope she does not, I hope she regains consciousness soon.
Cain

OOC: I'm surprised that no one has asked for the wounded girl. Sure it may not be exciting, but damn if it isn't a good story. Besides, if she later becomes a member of the militia it would be even better.
-J-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 23, 2012, 09:05:49 pm**

I love these "doctor" dwarves. There always so fun to read!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 24, 2012, 05:06:40 pm**

Quote from: JacenHanLovesLegos on April 21, 2012, 04:05:04 pm
Dwarf me as Jacen the soap crusader, AKA an axedwarf. Have him make soap in his spare time.

Done. Profile is coming soon.

Quote from: Lupusater on April 22, 2012, 07:00:01 am
If you have an unassigned male swordsdwarf, I would like to claim him and name him Va'al.

I have no other swordsdwarves at the moment. Would you like a civilian dwarf to pick up training with swords from scratch? If so, preferred gender and civilian job, if any?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **April 24, 2012, 05:56:04 pm**

Hey can you give my smith a foreign weapon of some sort? :D

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 24, 2012, 08:17:04 pm**

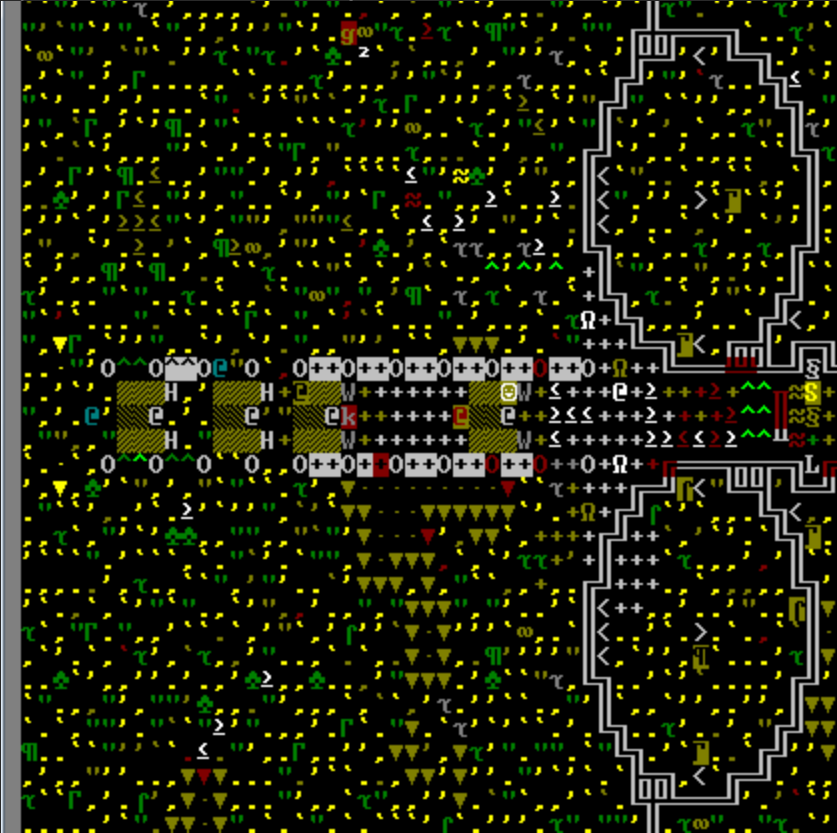
Quote from: simonthedwarf on April 24, 2012, 05:56:04 pm
Hey can you give my smith a foreign weapon of some sort? :D

Flail, maul, or morningstar?

The events of early August, year 54

As soon as the caravan was spotted, the militia of Brightwater were called out to stand in front of the fortress walls. On the northern side of the entrance road stood Morul Cattendoren, militia commander and experienced hammerdwarf, along with a second hammerdwarf who was training under her. Atop the fortress walls, behind the granite fortifications, stood Alath Athellogem and her backup marksdwarves. Having recently received a stern talking-to by her own daughter, she wasn't going to let any civilians be hurt by invaders. To the south were stationed the guard captain Phones Delerled, along with two more swordsdwarves - Ceilan the apprentice animal trainer, and Daenyth the weaponsmith - and one more dwarf, an axedwarf who had yet to make much of a name for himself.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The dwarves were stationed out front more to give the impression of a strong military to the caravan, than for any actual protection. They hadn't seen any goblins in over a year, since the human leader of the local raiding groups was killed. They weren't expecting any to show up, especially with the caravan guards also present.

Underestimating the goblins was never a good idea.

These goblins had been cautious. They had carefully followed the trade caravan, and had watched as the dwarven soldiers emerged from the fortress. The militia commander they knew well. Her insane ferocity had made her known, from the tales told by the few goblins who had survived previous ambush attempts. Her they would steer well away from.

The swordsdwarves to the south were much less known, less experienced than the hammerdwarf. A group of goblins crept through the forest towards them.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Captain Phones heard the goblins first. A snapping twig, and a scattering of ordinary, normal-sized sparrows out of a tree. Not waiting for orders, he ran south towards the noise. There, between the highwood and the palm, six goblins - a hammer-wielder and five with crossbows. The goblins realized they were spotted, and began firing on him. Bolts sped past him.

Then something happened, something that nobody except perhaps Doctor Cain had expected.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

```
An ambush! Curse them!
->'Phones' Delerled, captain of the guard has entered a martial trance!
```

Time slowed down. Bolts crawled through the air past Phones in slow-motion. He easily blocked one, then was face-to-face with the goblin commander.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

```
The captain of the guard blocks The flying <<arsenical bronze bolt>>!
The captain of the guard stands up.
The captain of the guard slashes The Goblin Hammerman in the right lower
leg with his *steel short sword* and the severed part sails off in an
arc!
The captain of the guard strikes The Goblin Hammerman in the left ear
with the pommel of his *steel short sword* and the severed part sails off
in an arc!
The captain of the guard stabs The Goblin Hammerman in the head with his
*steel short sword*, tearing apart the muscle, shattering the skull and
tearing apart the brain through the <<copper cap>>!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
The Goblin Hammerman has been knocked unconscious!
The *steel short sword* has lodged firmly in the wound!
```

A slash to the leg, then a bash to the head that tore the goblin's ear off. Stunned, the goblin reeled, but only for a moment as Phone's next strike smashed in its skull.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



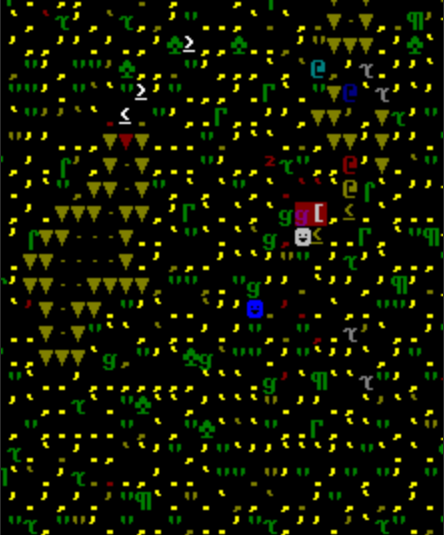
Behind him, the caravan guards were struggling to keep up. One of his soldiers, an axedwarf who had more enthusiasm than skill, was right behind him, hacking at the hammer-goblin leader as it fell, then landing a blow on another goblin, before taking a bolt right through the hand.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

```
->The Wrestler hacks The Goblin Hammerman in the right hand with his <rose
gold battle axe> and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The Wrestler stands up.
The Wrestler hacks The Goblin Crossbowman in the right hand with his
<rose gold battle axe>, tearing apart the muscle through the <<giant
green tree frog leather right glove>>!
An artery has been opened by the attack and many nerves have been
severed!
The <rose gold battle axe> has lodged firmly in the wound!
The flying <<copper bolt>> strikes The Wrestler in the left hand,
chipping the bone through the ≡steel left gauntlet≡!
A motor nerve has been severed, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has
been torn!
The Wrestler loses hold of the <white copper shield>.
```

The remaining goblins, taken completely by surprise by this dwarven whirlwind of steel, tried to fall back through the forest. They fired wildly at the dwarves, those of the fortress and the caravan guards both.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



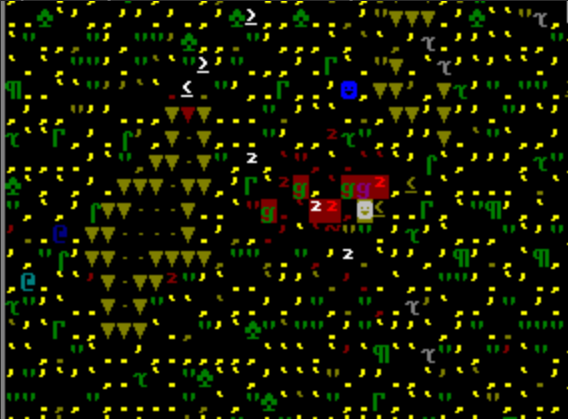
Still in her battle trance, Phones fell among them, slashing left and right with his sword. Stabs to the feet to stop a goblin from fleeing, blows and slashes to the arms to disable their weapons, and then a final strike to decapitate the helpless enemy.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The captain of the guard slashes The Goblin Crossbowman in the left foot with his <[*steel short sword]>, tearing apart the muscle through the <<pond grabber suede shoe>>!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
→The <[*steel short sword]> has lodged firmly in the wound!
The captain of the guard twists the embedded <[*steel short sword]> around in The Goblin Crossbowman's left foot!
The captain of the guard stabs The Goblin Crossbowman in the right foot with his <[*steel short sword]>, tearing apart the muscle through the <<troll fur shoe>>!
An artery has been opened by the attack and a sensory nerve has been severed!
The flying <<arsenical bronze bolt>> strikes The captain of the guard in the upper body, chipping the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the right lung through the ≡steel mail shirt≡!
The captain of the guard is having trouble breathing!
The captain of the guard stabs The Goblin Crossbowman in the right hand with his <[*steel short sword]> and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The captain of the guard strikes The Goblin Crossbowman in the left lower arm with the pommel of his <[*steel short sword]>, fracturing the bone through the <<cave spider silk robe>>!
The captain of the guard punches The Goblin Crossbowman in the right upper arm with his left hand, fracturing the skin and bruising the bone through the <<cave spider silk robe>>!
→The captain of the guard slashes The Goblin Crossbowman in the head with his <[*steel short sword]> and the severed part sails off in an arc!

The last two goblins fled through the forest, pursued by the caravan guards. Phones found himself standing among a remarkable spray of goblin fragments, as time returned to normal, the world speeding back up. It was only then that he noticed the crossbow bolt sticking out of his chest.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The soldiers walked back through the forest, leaning on each other for support. The goblin ambush had been driven off, through at the cost of injuries to two of them.

Back at the entrance gate, Phones was surprised to see the wagons were headed back out of the fortress. For a moment, he wondered how long he'd been fighting the goblins. "What, leaving already?"

One of the traders pointed at the cage traps at the entrance. "Your trap caught one of our animals. Passed out after a stray bolt clipped it. We're leaving."

"What? You can't be serious. You traveled all the way from the Mountainhomes, who knows how far, traveling for months, and now you're leaving because you lost a single yak?"

"Union rules. You lose a single animal, you turn around and head home."

"But - your wagons are already at the depot! You're already here! Just trade with us and then go home, we'll pay for the lost animal."

"I don't make the rules, buddy."

You just can't argue with traders.

Medical notes:

Phone's injuries were relatively minor, needing only cleaning and dressing of the wound, once the bolt was removed.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <45>		The Health of 'Phones' Delerled, captain of the guard		
46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment	History
	upper body			
	Needs cleaning			
	Needs dressing			

The other injured dwarf was also not badly injured, although he may lose some mobility in the affected hand. His mind may have been somewhat affected by the experience, as he is now insisting on calling himself 'Jacen the Soap Crusader" and is insisting on taking up soap-making when not on military duty.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>

'Jacen' Sazirrúbal, "'Jacen' Bridgegills", Soap Crusader

'Jacen' Sazirrúbal has been happy lately. He sustained minor injuries recently. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He has been tired lately. He received food recently. He was able to rest and recuperate lately. He was rescued recently. He is an ardent worshipper of Bokbon Calmstills and a dubious worshipper of Æs Copperrock. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is an enemy of The Moist Vice. He is an enemy of Gulufrilgis. He is an enemy of The Distinct Sins. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Malachite in the year 52. He has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-one years old and is one of the first of his kind. His left hand is fractured. His left hand is cut open. He is corpulent. His very long sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. He has a very clear voice. His somewhat tall ears are somewhat narrow. His skin is peach. His right upper arm bears a very small dent. His eyes are rust. He is quite durable, but he is slow to heal. 'Jacen' Sazirrúbal likes anglesite, arsenical bronze, crystal opal, pine wood, impala hoof, hatch covers and mules for their stubbornness. When possible, he prefers to consume gutter cruor and Longland flour. He absolutely detests moon snails. He has a sharp intellect, a lot of willpower, a great memory and a good feel for social relationships, but he has a shortage of patience and a very bad sense of empathy. He has an incredibly calm demeanor. He occasionally overindulges. He can handle stress. He is very friendly. He is assertive. He is relaxed. He tends not to openly express emotions. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He does not feel effective in life. He doesn't go out of his way to do more work than necessary. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He is getting used to tragedy.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 24, 2012, 08:21:09 pm**

When I saw Phones got hurt, I expected to see her heart. Hows the fortress over-all doing?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 24, 2012, 08:26:12 pm**

Quote from: Corai on April 24, 2012, 08:21:09 pm
When I saw Phones got hurt, I expected to see her heart. Hows the fortress over-all doing?

Doing well overall, although the progress setting up the systems for trapping and taming sea creatures is going slower than I'd like. Losing this year's caravan hurt too, a single stray crossbow bolt and the whole caravan turns around. ~~And I still am not sure who to pick for Baron.~~ Never mind, I know exactly who the Baron has to be.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 24, 2012, 08:29:20 pm**

Unless you want a half-eery disturbing freak half WAY, WAY TO HAPPY elf dwarf a baron, dont choose me.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **empfan** on **April 24, 2012, 09:54:42 pm**

I'll take the expedition leader/trainer. I loves me some training, now, where are those gremlins?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 24, 2012, 09:56:39 pm**

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Rakust Amithtulon, mayor
"Rakust Delightroad"
Mayor, ♀

Conduct Meeting
Novice Grower
Talented Persuader
Talented Negotiator
Talented Judge of Intent
Talented Intimidator
Talented Comedian
Talented Flatterer
Talented Consoler
Talented Pacifier

c: Combat b: Labor m: Misc
g:Gen i:Inv p:Prf w:Wnd z:St
ESC: Done

Rakust Amithtulon (not to be confused with Rakust Gesisfikod, who was still undergoing repeated surgeries in the hospital), the barely-adult mayor of Brightwater, sat on the edge of the conglomerate table in the center of her offical Mayor's office. She never felt at ease sitting behind the desk. Sitting on the edge of the table, she could look the liaison in the eye, and didn't have to reach as far to hand over her notes.

"Okay, so I've got this list of supplies for the caravan, if they actually come back next year." She looked down at the neatly written form. "Bunch of really weird requests for something called Alpha Laboratories. Cilob said - yes, I know he's not in charge, but I asked him anyway - he said to pass these on to you, they were important. I've never even heard of half these stones, and the ones I have heard of I know aren't any use."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Brimstone	----	:0
Brucite	----	:0
Cassiterite	----	:0
Chromite	----	:0
Chrysotile	----	:0
Cinnabar	----	:0
Cryolite	----	:0
Epsom Salt	----	:0
Garnierite	----	:0
Scheelite	----	:0
Wolframite	----	:0

"Before we speak about the trade agreements, we have something more important to work out." The oupost Liaison, Iden Ushulmomuz, had never been to this fortress before. She handled herself confidently, not impressed with the nervous young dwarf before her. "It is time for your fortress to have a Baron."

"Yeah. So, did the mountainhomes pick a replacement yet?"

"It is not a mere matter of picking. We cannot simply choose on a whim. There are strict rules dictating how the title is passed down. We need to examine the genealogy, trace the lines of descent. You are aware, of course, that King Kivish MasteredCeilings and our

General Reg Paintedpost had two daughters. Fath Meetstakes, and Udil Citytrusses. Udil had been picked to become your Baroness - her older sister being slated to become the Queen after our current queen, who has no children, passes."

Rakust nodded. This was the first she had ever heard of any plans to replace the Queen.

"Now after the suspicious death of Udil at the hands of that human and his goblin slaves, the post would pass to her descendants. Udil had one daughter - Thob Roofsears - and one son - Dastot Flaggate. Thob, and her family, are living in Hardyrocks, where they have political responsibilities that preclude their moving here. That leaves Dastot Flaggate. Dastot was killed in the war of 39 against the elves, but before he died, he married one Alath Ringpaint, who unless I am mistaken is the Sheriff of your settlement here."

"So, that makes Alath the new Baroness? Good choice, everyone likes her."

"No! That is not how the line of descent goes. The spouse of a Baron does not inherit the position. It passes to the child. Our records show that Dastot and Alath had one child, who was not yet of age when she moved here. Does that child still live, and has she come of age?"

"Um, yeah. Got a boyfriend too."

"Good. Hopefully the two of them can create heirs to the position should she ever pass. For now, she shall be the Baroness. Prepare quarters fit for nobility. I will take her name back to the Mountainhomes to make it official."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The mayor Rakust Amithtulon meets with the outpost liaison Iden Ushulmomz

A Barony

the Carpenter 'CoraiUnki' Litastavuz

the Miner 'Phenix' Esdorbomrek

the Farmer 'Will Tuna' Edëmkadól

the Farmer 'Argel' Dodókzalud

the chief medical dwarf 'Cain' Mesirled

the Engraver 'Fishybang' ònulibruk

the Founder Cilob Amudaban

the clothesdwarf Erush Fatheggut

the militia commander Mörul Cattendoren Itredgelut

the militia captain Aláth Athellogem

the Bone Carver 'Geb' Mozibducim

the Miner Cog ágasob

the mayor Rakust Amithtulon

the Farmer Thob Asënushil

the Mason Rovod Berdanurist

the Gem Cutter 'Rachel' ìtebozkak

the Miner Mafol Serurdim

Enter: Recommend

ESC: Abort

8293: Scroll recommendations

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 24, 2012, 09:57:12 pm**

Quote from: empfan on April 24, 2012, 09:54:42 pm
I'll take the expedition leader/trainer. I loves me some training, now, where are those gremlins?

Cilob is already claimed as my narrator character.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Lupusater** on **April 25, 2012, 04:47:56 am**

Quote from: Sphalerite on April 24, 2012, 05:06:40 pm
Quote from: Lupusater on April 22, 2012, 07:00:01 am
If you have an unassigned male swordsdwarf, I would like to claim him and name him Va'al.
I have no other swordsdwarves at the moment. Would you like a civilian dwarf to pick up training with swords from scratch? If so, preferred gender and civilian job, if any?

That would be great. Any non-essential job is fine, and I'd prefer a male dwarf.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **April 25, 2012, 07:04:53 am**

Everybody's giving me funny looks as I pass them by. There's some kind of rumour going around about me, and nobody will tell me what's going on.

Nobody will tell me, but I can guess.

I stepped on a lot of toes when I complained about the soldiers. That got them sent out into a goblin shooting gallery, and now I think I'm not miss popular down in the barracks anymore. Maybe one of them has been spreading unpleasant stories...

Well, there's nothing I can do. It's better not to think about it. If it was anything important, I'm sure Erush would tell me about it.

The best thing I can do is to just ignore it all, and work. I'm useful to the militia, and they know it. They know where their ammo comes from. A few good stacks of bolts will make me feel better.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 25, 2012, 10:53:57 am**

OH MY CRUNDLE.

What a twist! Delicious I say! This is delicious!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **empfan** on **April 25, 2012, 03:03:44 pm**

hmm, in that case, I'll take the next trainer to come along. I will stick to my roots. Name him Weiss Ironcage

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 25, 2012, 03:28:49 pm**

Diary of CoraiUnki, entry five.

I havent been able to sleep recently, I lay down and rest but I just cant get drowsy. These damn caverns are what are making all this I tell you. Ever since we breached them things have been happening, these "strange moods" have to be connected somehow. Maybe im

just paranoid.... None of that, I gotta stop bugging you about these things diary! Its gonna make it hard for YOU to sleep sometime soon!

Well, anyway. The traders decided to visit us again this year, but goblins tried to play *again!* They killed a donkey or mule or something and the traders left right away. Something about a code. Whats with that? And in other news, everyone has been looking at Geb weird, maybe I should make her a table! That would cheer her up, its not easy being royalty! So half the fort must not know the easy-life peasants have! Hahahah! Well, bye diary!

On the back of the page is a drawing of tables and Geb. This relates to the rising of Geb to Baroness in Brightwater.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 25, 2012, 06:40:58 pm**

Quote from: Lupusater on April 25, 2012, 04:47:56 am

Quote from: Sphalerite on April 24, 2012, 05:06:40 pm

Quote from: Lupusater on April 22, 2012, 07:00:01 am

If you have an unassigned male swordsdwarf, I would like to claim him and name him Va'al.

I have no other swordsdwarves at the moment. Would you like a civilian dwarf to pick up training with swords from scratch? If so, preferred gender and civilian job, if any?

That would be great. Any non-essential job is fine, and I'd prefer a male dwarf.

Here you go. You have been issued a sword and made part of the militia, in Phones's swordsdwarf squad.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <48> 'Ua'al' Oddomnazom, "'Ua'al' Cloisterdreamed", Woodworker

'Ua'al' Oddomnazom has been happy lately. He had a fine drink lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He has been annoyed by flies. He had a wonderful drink lately. He dined in a legendary dining room recently.

He is a casual worshipper of Stettad and a casual worshipper of Bisek Perplexknots.

He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 22nd of Limestone in the year 52.

He has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-one years old and is one of the first of his kind.

He is muscular and fat. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His very short hair is neatly combed. His somewhat narrow ears have great swinging lobes. His rust eyes are slightly wide-set. His skin is peach.

He is almost never sick, very agile and strong.

'Ua'al' Oddomnazom likes olivine, wolfram, green diamond, mangrove wood, crystal glass, clownfish bone, pig tail fiber fabric, crossbows, boxes and bags, ducks for their quacks and spotted wobbegongs for their coloration. When possible, he prefers to consume giant crow, fisher berry wine and whip vine flour. He absolutely detests brown recluse spiders.

He has great creativity, but he has an iffy memory.

He occasionally overindulges. He is incredibly creative. He dislikes intellectual discussions. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Quote from: empfan on April 25, 2012, 03:03:44 pm

hmm, in that case, I'll take the next trainer to come along. I will stick to my roots. Name him Weiss Ironcage

We have no current unclaimed trainers, and aren't likely to have any soon since immigration is closed, but I can offer you a planter who's just taken up the job of animal trainer and will be training alongside Ceilan.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <50> 'Weiss Ironcage' Tanuzol, "'Weiss Ironcage' Ticksoils", Planter

'Weiss Ironcage' Tanuzol has been quite content lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He has been tired lately. He slept uneasily due to noise lately. He slept in a good bedroom recently. He has been satisfied at work lately. He has been accosted by terrible vermin. He has been annoyed by flies.

He is a casual worshipper of icum the Gladness of Trusting and a casual worshipper of Æs Copperrock.

He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Malachite in the year 52.

He has the appearance of somebody that is eighty-two years old and is one of the first of his kind.

He is corpulent. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. His slightly wide-set rust eyes have large irises. His ears are somewhat narrow. His peach skin is slightly wrinkled.

He is susceptible to disease and slow to heal.

'Weiss Ironcage' Tanuzol likes tennantite, bronze, levin opal, polar bear leather, giant opossum tooth, leopard gecko bone, giant phantom spider silk and splints. When possible, he prefers to consume duck, river spirits and quarry bush leaves. He absolutely detests large roaches.

He has a great ability to focus and a way with words, but he has little willpower, poor analytical abilities and a lack of understanding of social relationships.

He is somewhat reserved. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He likes to try new things. He doesn't like to compromise with others. He takes time when making decisions. His hands become animated when he gets angry. He holds his breath when he's nervous. He rolls his eyes when he's exasperated. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

I was not initially planning to make Geb the Baroness. I had some other ideas, but really didn't have a firm plan for what to do. When in doubt I try to base the narrative on how Dwarf Fortress works. In DF, at least in theory, noble positions are passed by inheritance. It doesn't seem to work that way reliably, but that's clearly the intent. So I traced the family tree of the dwarf who was supposed to be the Baroness originally, and was quite astonished to find that Geb was the only eligible candidate to inherit the position.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **StLeibowitz** on **April 25, 2012, 06:46:00 pm**

Journal of Saint, entry 2

In my travels through this growing fortress, I have met a number of interesting characters, none of whom seem to notice anything amiss about me. Apparently, the poor fellow I crushed out of existence in his own mind so speedily was never one to go above and beyond even before I began exploring this place, and had no romantic entanglements I would need to sever.

The medical technology of this place is startling - I have stumbled upon tablets of orders while hauling that seem to indicate that the doctor is in the process of completely reconstructing a dwarf who would have been pitted back in Ananumid due to injuries. I may have to swing by the surgical ward where this is taking place to see this for myself; perhaps the good doctor is in need of a delivery of thread?

As a side note before resuming my duties, I have seen the ocean and am thoroughly unimpressed. What would the result of dropping a skinless dwarf into saltwater be, I wonder?

On the bottom of the page is a masterfully drawn image of a dwarf and fish. The dwarf is surrounded by the fish. The dwarf is screaming.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **April 25, 2012, 06:53:00 pm**

Quote from: Sphalerite on April 25, 2012, 06:40:58 pm

I was not initially planning to make Geb the Baroness. I had some other ideas, but really didn't have a firm plan for what to do. When in doubt I try to base the narrative on how Dwarf Fortress works. In DF, at least in theory, noble positions are passed by inheritance. It doesn't seem to work that way reliably, but that's clearly the intent. So I traced the family tree of the dwarf who was supposed to be the Baroness originally, and was quite astonished to find that Geb was the only eligible candidate to inherit the position.

And this method has got you a baroness who will, according to the preferences string, demand fresh electrum animal traps every season. Oh, and crossbows of course. Lots and lots of crossbows. Ones made of alpaca wool.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 25, 2012, 06:55:53 pm**

Quote from: Geb on April 25, 2012, 06:53:00 pm

Quote from: Sphalerite on April 25, 2012, 06:40:58 pm

I was not initially planning to make Geb the Baroness. I had some other ideas, but really didn't have a firm plan for what to do. When in doubt I try to base the narrative on how Dwarf Fortress works. In DF, at least in theory, noble positions are passed by inheritance. It doesn't seem to work that way reliably, but that's clearly the intent. So I traced the family tree of the dwarf who was supposed to be the Baroness originally, and was quite astonished to find that Geb was the only eligible candidate to inherit the position.

And this method has got you a baroness who will, according to the preferences string, demand fresh electrum animal traps every season. Oh, and crossbows of course. Lots and lots of crossbows. Ones made of alpaca wool.

I DEMAND ALPACA WOOL CROSSBOWS!

HOW DARE ME! DENY MY DEMANDS! HAMMERER! HAMMER ME!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 25, 2012, 09:06:33 pm**

Fortress Beautification II: Engraving the hospital.

As the fortress's hospital has become a focus of attention, both because of the ongoing effort to save a critically injured child, and because of passage just beyond it to the animal training area, fortress engraver Fishybang has undertaken the task of decorating the hospital. The masterful engravings should help raise the mood of the patients and those who work here.

Of course, the first engraving to be laid down is one of the dedicated doctor Cain.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (49)

Lêganzeg, "The Mirthful Tattoos"

Engraved on the floor is an exceptionally designed image of ‘Cain’ Showeredrack the dwarf and dwarves by ‘Fishybang’ ònulibruk. ‘Cain’ Showeredrack is surrounded by the dwarves. The artwork relates to the appointment of the dwarf ‘Cain’ Showeredrack to the position of chief medical dwarf of The Humid Silver in the midspring of 51.

The fortress's military are well-represented, shown defeating a variety of enemies.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (48)

Nabreth Arkoth, "The Skirts of Prophecy"

Engraved on the floor is a masterfully designed image of Tlosrimus the kobold and ‘Phones’ Steelrack the dwarf by ‘Fishybang’ ònulibruk. ‘Phones’ Steelrack is striking down Tlosrimus. The artwork relates to the killing of the kobold Tlosrimus by the dwarf ‘Phones’ Steelrack with a steel short sword in Brightwater in the early summer of 53 during The Fourth Attempted Theft at Brightwater.

FPS: 100 (49)

Lolor Datlad, "The Letter of Treats"

Engraved on the wall is an exceptionally designed image of Smunstu Releasedmonstrous the goblin and ‘Jacen’ Bridgegills the dwarf by ‘Fishybang’ ònulibruk. ‘Jacen’ Bridgegills is striking down Smunstu Releasedmonstrous. The artwork relates to the killing of the goblin Smunstu Releasedmonstrous by the dwarf ‘Jacen’ Bridgegills with a rose gold battle axe in Brightwater in the late summer of 53 during The Attempted Abduction at Brightwater.

FPS: 100 (48)

Kirigril, "The Merged Meat"

Engraved on the wall is an exceptionally designed image of Jlububleersnus the kobold and ‘Jacen’ Bridgegills the dwarf by ‘Fishybang’ ònulibruk. ‘Jacen’ Bridgegills is striking down Jlububleersnus. The artwork relates to the killing of the kobold Jlububleersnus by the dwarf ‘Jacen’ Bridgegills with a rose gold battle axe in Brightwater in the early winter of 53 during The Fifth Attempted Theft at Brightwater.

FPS: 100 (48)

Gubeltoral, "The Bulbous Laws"

Engraved on the floor is an exceptionally designed image of Zolak Horrorpriced the human and Mörul Channeldiamonds the Buff Threat the dwarf by ‘Fishybang’ ònulibruk. Mörul Channeldiamonds the Buff Threat is striking down Zolak Horrorpriced. The artwork relates to the killing of the human Zolak Horrorpriced by the dwarf Mörul Channeldiamonds the Buff Threat with a steel war hammer in Brightwater in the late summer of 53 during The Attempted Abduction at Brightwater.

She has also engraved images of the leaders of the fortress, both the current Mayor and the fortress's founder Cilob.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (49)

Aranmigrur, "The Sculpted Oceans"

Engraved on the floor is a masterfully designed image of Rakust Delightroad the dwarf and dwarves by ‘Fishybang’ ònulibruk. Rakust Delightroad is surrounded by the dwarves. The artwork relates to the election of the dwarf Rakust Delightroad to the position of mayor of The Humid Silver in the early summer of 53.

FPS: 100 (47)

Rikkirinod, "The Whiskered Gate"

Engraved on the floor is a masterfully designed image of Cilob Thunderconstructs the dwarf and dwarves by ‘Fishybang’ ònulibruk. Cilob Thunderconstructs is surrounded by the dwarves. The artwork relates to the selection of the dwarf Cilob Thunderconstructs to the position of expedition leader of The Humid Silver in the early spring of 51.

FPS: 100 (46)

Nil Zas, "The Hammer of Crystal"

Engraved on the floor is an exceptionally designed image of Cilob Thunderconstructs the dwarf and dwarves by ‘Fishybang’ ònulibruk. Cilob Thunderconstructs is surrounded by the dwarves. The artwork relates to the appointment of the dwarf Cilob Thunderconstructs to the position of bookkeeper of The Humid Silver in the midspring of 51.

Several of the fortress's more notable craftsddwarves are shown at work, producing fine goods.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (46)

Tosiddeb, "The Armored Eater"

Engraved on the floor is an exceptionally designed image of ‘Simon McWhale’ Razorbreaths the dwarf and a steel mail shirt by ‘Fishybang’ ònulibruk. ‘Simon McWhale’ Razorbreaths is raising the steel mail shirt. The artwork relates to the masterful steel mail shirt created by the dwarf ‘Simon McWhale’ Razorbreaths for The Humid Silver at Brightwater in the midwinter of 53.

FPS: 100 (48)

Zag Ked, "The Dress of Feeding"

Engraved on the floor is an exceptionally designed image of ‘CoraiUnki’ Torchmines the dwarf and a ashen bin by ‘Fishybang’ ònulibruk. ‘CoraiUnki’ Torchmines is raising the ashen bin. The artwork relates to the masterful ashen bin created by the dwarf ‘CoraiUnki’ Torchmines for The Humid Silver at Brightwater in the early autumn of 53.

As well as an image of a particularly favorite artifact made for Corai and Fishybang.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>	Tonguskol, "The Maligned Wheels"
Engraved on the floor is a masterfully designed image of Slimbridles the turquoise amulet by 'Fishybang' ònulibruk.	

Finally, as is traditional, Fishybang has signed her work with an image of herself in the act of engraving.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <46>	Ishash itdùn, "The Cusp of Charming"
Engraved on the floor is a masterfully designed image of 'Fishybang' Mirroredashes the dwarf by 'Fishybang' ònulibruk. 'Fishybang' Mirroredashes is engraving. The artwork relates to the masterful engraving "The Cusp of Constructing" created by the dwarf 'Fishybang' Mirroredashes for The Humid Silver at Brightwater in the late summer of 53.	

Doctor Cain's only comment on the beautification project was to complain about everyone getting in the way of his continued treatment of Rakust.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **empfan** on **April 25, 2012, 09:14:10 pm**

Weiss's Journal:

Right, I finally got the courage to become a trainer, hopefully this will work out. I'll get to work soon, maybe help out with the new animals that come in, hopefully there'll be plenty of cage traps placed around, that'll get things started.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 25, 2012, 09:38:26 pm**

Winter of 54: End of year report.

Cilob stands on a table in the vast, fully-engraved dining room. Lines of masterwork statues face each other down the middle of the room. The walls are white marble, polished to a shine, with glints of gold veins here and there on the eastern side. Children mill around, playing with bits of bone and shell rings and rods pilfered from Geb's reject bin.

To the gathered dwarves, Cilob speaks.

"My fellow dwarves! It has been four years now since we settled here by the ocean, and I am proud of what you all have accomplished."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Uillage Shinarel, "Brightwater"		FPS: 116 <49>
Animals		Kitchen
Stone		Stocks
Health		Justice
Created Wealth:		1155411*
Population:		74
Weapons:		66325*
Armor and Garb:		90045*
Furniture:		77270*
Other Objects:		384016*
Architecture:		309855*
Displayed:		133955*
Held/Worn:		93945*
Imported Wealth:		279230*
Exported Wealth:		56433*
Food Stores:		4132
Meat		134
Fish		27
Plant		95
Seeds		798
Drink		1926
Other		1152
Miners		6
Woodworkers		4
Stoneworkers		7
Rangers		4
Metalsmiths		2
Jewelers		1
Craftsdwarves		2
Nobles/Admins		2
Peasants		1
Dwarven Childrn		29
Fishery Workers		3
Farmers		12
Engineers		1
Trained Animals		21
Other Animals		97
Axedwarves		None
Axe Lords		None
Swordsdwarves		None
Swordmasters		None
Macedwarves		None
Mace Lords		None
Hammerdwarves		None
Hammer Lords		None
Speardwarves		None
Spearmasters		None
Marksdwarves		None
Elite Mrksdwrvs		None
Wrestlers		None
Elite Wrestlers		None
Recruit/Others		None

"Our ongoing research projects are working well. We are continuing to learn more every day about exotic animal training. The Liaison has taken my latest notes back to the Mountainhomes, and when the caravan comes next year, we will be able to send them breeding pairs of several animals previously unknown to dwarves."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The dwarves of The Humid Silver have attained a general familiarity with wild boar training methods.
→The dwarves of The Humid Silver now know a few facts about giant grasshopper training.

"I am pleased that several of you have come forward to assist me with this task, as the number of animals we have here has increased significantly. Weiss Ironcage and Ceilan have both been of assistance to me in recent months. I will have some further challenges for them coming up soon, with some of the more exotic results of our trapping program."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Rhinoceros, ♂	Not Tame
Rhinoceros, ♂	Not Tame
Rhinoceros, ♂	Not Tame
Rhinoceros, ♀	Not Tame

"Though I am not sure that all of the creatures we have caught will be useful, it will at least be a learning experience for our new trainers."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>	*horseshoe crab <♀> cage <pine>*
Weight: 19f	Basic Value: 40*
Contents:	
Horseshoe Crab	

"I mean seriously, do any of you even have an idea what this thing is?"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>	Horseshoe Crab
A tiny sea animal that lives in the sand just offshore. It has a flat body with legs underneath.	
Her chitin is maroon.	

"Now, I know the loss of the caravan hit us hard. Geb has a storeroom full of crossbows waiting for export. As skilled as our militia, they can only wield one at a time. And our clothing industry has taken the worst of it for lack of raw material."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→Erush Fatheggut, clothesdwarf cancels Construct cloth Bag: Needs 1 unused plant cloth.
Erush Fatheggut, clothesdwarf cancels Weave Thread into Silk: Needs 1 unused collected silk thread.
→Erush Fatheggut, clothesdwarf cancels Weave Yarn into Cloth: Needs 1 unused collected yarn thread.

"But then, Geb and Erush may have more important things on their minds now."

"I had been waiting for the word to be official before making this announcement. I know that some of you knew anyway, seems we just can't keep a secret properly here, but word has come back and I can now announce this to everyone. Brightwater has been officially declared a Barony by the mountainhomes!"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→Shinarel and the surrounding lands have been made a barony.

"And they have picked our own bonecarver and bowyer Geb Mozimducem for Baroness! Everyone give her a hand. Seems that they dug up records indicating that she's a direct descendant of old king Kivish, through her farther who died back in the elven wars. I would never have suspected, but the liaison had all the paperwork to prove it. Phenix and her crew have been working round the clock to get the royal quarters ready for her in time for the announcement."

"Let's hope she'll be a wise ruler and not let power go to her head."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 104 <41>

'Geb' Mozibducim. "'Geb' Mozibducim", baroness

Owned Objects: 14

Holdings:

Royal Throne Room

Great Bedroom

Grand Dining Room

Royal Mausoleum

9 Chests

6 Cabinets

4 Weapon Racks

4 Armor Stands

Needs: Decent Office

Needs: Decent Quarters

Needs: Decent Dining Room

Needs: Tomb

Needs: 2 Chests

Needs: 1 Cabinet

Needs: 1 Weapon Rack

Needs: 1 Armor Stand

Mandates:

Make animal traps <1/1>

"Now, don't worry if our clothing and crossbow production slows down for a bit. I just took a tour of the workshop level, and we have plenty of other industries ramping up to provide goods for export and domestic use."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Domas Egullolok, Wallpotdwar

"Domas Controlgranite"

♂

Make rock Pot

Great Marksdwarf <Rusty>

Novice Shield User <Rusty>

Novice Armor User <Rusty>

Great Dodger <Rusty>

Talented Mason

Great Animal Caretaker <Rsty

Great Animal Dissector <Rsty

Dabbling Grower

Novice Stone Crafter

Novice Dyer <Rusty>

"Including some new faces I haven't seen there before."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



'Saint' Iridkonos, Monk erra

"'Saint' Rhythmbrass"

♂

Prepare Lavish Meal

Novice Siege Operator <Rusty

Dabbling Fighter

Dabbling Dodger

Accomplished Cook

Dabbling Grower

Dabbling Building Designer

Talented Potash Maker <Rusty

Novice Pump Operator <Rusty>

Novice Swimmer <Rusty>

Adequate Persuader

c: Combat b: Labor m: Misc

g:Gen i:Inv p:Prf w:Wnd z:St

ESC: Done

"I think we have a new cook at work. It's a bit of a repetitive recipe, but surprisingly tasty."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→'Saint' Iridkonos has created a masterpiece!

FPS: 100 <44>

wild boar tallow roast [4]

This is a stack of 4 superiorly prepared wild boar tallow roast. The ingredients are exceptionally minced wild boar tallow, superiorly minced wild boar tallow, masterfully minced wild boar tallow and exceptionally minced wild boar tallow.

"Finally, I'd like to say a word on behalf of our Doctor Cain. He's unable to be here at the moment, being still busy with working on poor Rakust."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"As you know, he's been working nonstop on that girl ever since Erush here heroically rescued her."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

4th Opal, 54: Received pig tail fiber sutures on right upper leg
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
8th Opal, 54: Received pig tail fiber sutures on right lower arm
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
11th Opal, 54: Received pig tail fiber sutures on left knee
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
18th Opal, 54: Received pig tail fiber sutures on left elbow
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
21st Opal, 54: Received pig tail fiber sutures on left floating ribs
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
23rd Opal, 54: Received pig tail fiber sutures on right ankle
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
4th Obsidian, 54: Received pig tail fiber sutures on left lower arm
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
9th Obsidian, 54: Received pig tail fiber sutures on left floating ribs
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
11th Obsidian, 54: Received pig tail fiber sutures on left hand
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
14th Obsidian, 54: Received pig tail fiber sutures on right lower leg
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf

"I fear the girl's going to be more suture and splint than dwarf by the time this is over."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Rakust Gesisfikod, Dwarven Child
"Rakust Sinewglazes"

pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left lower arm
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left upper leg
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left upper leg
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Right shoulder
(pig tail fiber thread), Sewn into Right upper leg
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Right lower arm
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left knee
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left elbow
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left floating ribs
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Right ankle
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left lower arm
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left floating ribs
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left hand
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Right lower leg

"But she will recover! Doctor Cain tells me that her treatment has turned a corner for the better. Her injuries have all been cleaned and stitched, and he has moved on to realigning her broken bones."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

16th Obsidian, 54: Had left floating ribs set
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
17th Obsidian, 54: Had left false ribs set
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
18th Obsidian, 54: Had left knee set
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
18th Obsidian, 54: Had right shoulder set
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
19th Obsidian, 54: Had right foot set
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
20th Obsidian, 54: Had left lower leg set
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
21st Obsidian, 54: Had right lower leg set
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
21st Obsidian, 54: Had left upper leg set
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
22nd Obsidian, 54: Had right upper leg set
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
23rd Obsidian, 54: Had left hand set
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
23rd Obsidian, 54: Had right hand set
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
24th Obsidian, 54: Had left lower arm set
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
25th Obsidian, 54: Had right lower arm set
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
26th Obsidian, 54: Had right upper arm set
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf

"So everyone, raise a toast to Cain and Rakust! Next year, they'll both be down here for the end-of-year party with us."

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 25, 2012, 09:43:17 pm**

"Huzzah for Cain! Lets all hope we dont jinx ourselves with this meeting and end up dieing horrible deaths at the hands of a blood-spitting winged beast from the caverns!"

Everyone stares at Corai, oblivious to the disturbing thing he just said.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Daenyth** on **April 26, 2012, 12:14:07 am**

Congratulations, Geb! The next blade I make shall be dedicated to our new Baroness!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **April 26, 2012, 07:55:41 am**

"Let's go over this again. I want to make sure I haven't missed any part of it. I have a responsibility to maintain a display of wealth, right? That's for the dignity and pride of the fortress, and they've done a superb job with it. Why the armour stands though?"

"You have to give a display of military strength as well. When outsiders see these rooms, they must know that Brightwater is a power to be feared!"

"But there isn't any armour in the racks. All I have are a few old leather dresses."

"Well yes... but it's still traditional."

"Alright, nevermind that then. What about legal rights? I get total immunity from prosecution under dwarven law? I can't see how that's a good idea. What happens if I go on a rampage through the fortress and start killing people?"

"Lots of death and destruction, I suppose. Would you like me to fetch you an axe?"

"What? No! It was just an example. Do you mean I'm actually allowed to do that?"

"Of course!"

"Um... okay... What about the mandates? I'm allowed to demand anything I want?"

"Yes, but if it is an unreasonable demand, we are allowed to laugh at you and ignore it. Then you are allowed to have us imprisoned or killed. That's a very important tradition."

"What? Why!? Oh nevermind, I don't want to know. Just go and trap some of the vermin in the food stockpiles or something."

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **April 26, 2012, 12:23:56 pm**

A morningstar seems most smith-like!

How is my dwarf doing?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 26, 2012, 01:39:22 pm**

Quote from: simonthedwarf on April 26, 2012, 12:23:56 pm

A morningstar seems most smith-like!

Morningstar it is. Welcome to the military.

Quote

How is my dwarf doing?

Simon McWhale has been quite content lately. When the supply of steel permits, he has been making steel armor for the military. You can see a depiction of him at work in one of the engravings in the hospital. Other than that, he has mostly been working as a hauler, and has not yet made any strong friendships among the population.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **April 26, 2012, 03:27:25 pm**

Im here! :D
Go Geb!

TEST CRAB BLOOD FOR BLUENESS PLEASE! PREFERABLY WITH !!SCIENCE!!
Anyways, a journal entry!
Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Well Journal. today many exciting things happened to both me and the fortress! For one Geb was made baroness! i hope that it wont cause more Minotaur to come... i also got to make a pot! i like pots. do you like pots? i know i do. oh, i also saw a horseshoe crab today! i wonder if its true that the bleed blue... ah well. possibly i will get to see that. i saw Geb's rooms today. i thought they were deserved but she frowned and said that she wood have been happy with a decent office but i thought that she needed a sute of rooms fit for a king or queen. oh well. i hope i can shoot a target or something soon... its kinda anoying that there was no caravan this year but that might mean that i get a better crossbow soon! i hope i get one half as nice as *hers*...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **StLeibowitz** on **April 26, 2012, 04:36:29 pm**

Journal of Saint, entry 3

I've finally had it with the Armok-damned food in this place! While lacking the muscle memory of my old body, I retain my recipes and skill. Back home, we were forced to subsist entirely on lard for almost half a year while the cave wheat regrew, and I was forced to get creative. Good to know my creativity has remained, and the large number of tame (ha!) animals around here promises an ample supply of raw material. Now if I can get my hands on some herbs, I can hasten the process of ingredients...acquisition...but so far the elves haven't brought even prickleberry leaves!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **zomara0292** on **April 26, 2012, 05:35:40 pm**

I was thinking. Maybe I think I want to be the multitalented crafts dwarf. I would like to dig out my own room big enough to fit a bed, a chest, a cabinet, a craft dwarf shop and engrave it all myself. If you don't mind.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Phenixmirage** on **April 26, 2012, 06:12:16 pm**

Prepping for finals has kept me from being active lately. Only a couple weeks to go though! (For better or worse :D)

Glad to see things are going well in the fort. Keep up the good work everybody! :)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 26, 2012, 06:40:10 pm**

An old enemy is stalking the fortress.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Impossibly stealthy, the elf sneaks into the fortress gate, blending unnoticed amongst the vegetation. It steps sure-footedly over the cage traps, easily avoiding the crude tripwires. The giant gray langurs and giant bark scorpions tied on ropes along the entrance roadway pay it no mind, its elven empathy with animals calming their alarm.

The elf creeps along the side of the crafting hall. Craft bins along the walls of the room, made from the corpses of brutally murdered trees, still held enough plant-life-spirit to conceal it.

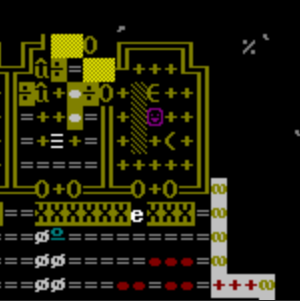
The elf is stalking one dwarf in particular.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The elf waited patiently, with the patience that only an immortal can know, while the dwarf carved bits of shell and bone into strange mechanisms, rings and hooks of purpose unknown to the elf. The dwarf then crossed the crowded crafting hall into another workshop, where she combined the mechanisms with yet more bone to make an intricate crossbow.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

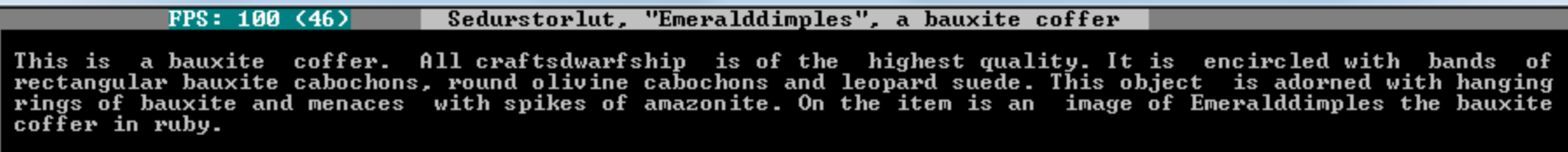


Finally finished, the dwarf examined the crossbow for a moment, then stacked it against the wall with a dozen similar ones. She then headed off deeper into the fortress. The elf followed her, waiting to catch her alone.

Geb stepped into her new Baronal quarters. They were almost embarrassingly large and luxurious, well beyond the minimum requirements for her position. With furniture by Phenix and CoraiUnki, masterful engravings by Fishybang, glass display cases holding artifacts and items of historical importance, it was far, far too much for even her and Erush together.

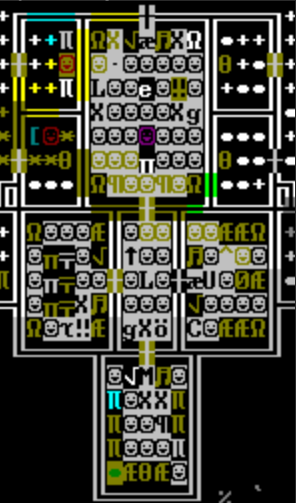
In the dining room, the fortress's latest artifact - a gaudy red stone chest, adorned with more stone in reg, green, and blue - had just been installed. Geb was fairly certain she'd never use it.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



She walked back through the suite's completely superfluous central hallway, back into the oversize throne room, where she was shocked to see something that should never be seen this deep inside a Dwarven fortress: An elf!

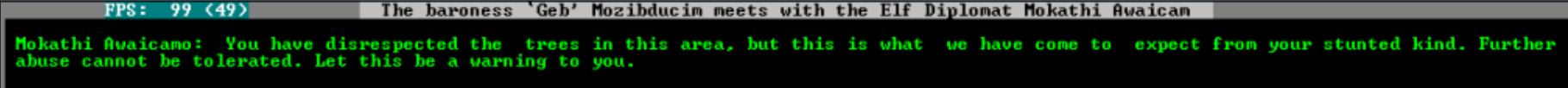
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



No longer hiding, the elf drew itself upright, standing tall in elegant hand-woven plant cloth clothing. It fixed Geb with a piercing stare,

and spoke haughtily.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



And with that, the elf turned and strode out of the room. None but Geb saw it leave. By the time the militia was gathered, it was long gone.

Shaken as she was by the meeting, Geb at least took consolation in the fact that it was a very nice office in which to be ambushed.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

She conducted a meeting in a fantastic setting recently.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 26, 2012, 07:21:04 pm**

Cilob's Journal - Spring of 55

Our new Baroness, Geb, has been in a state lately. She's been claiming to have seen an elf in her quarters, even though none of the soldiers, nobody in the fortress at all, has seen it. Still, I've heard they can be treacherous and sneaky, so we'll keep the soldiers on guard just in case.

She's taken the incentive to flex some of her Baronal powers.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→'Geb' Mozibducim, baroness has imposed a ban on certain exports.
Mandates: Export of animal traps Prohibited

Smart girl. I knew she was the right choice for the job.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Cilob Amudaban likes animal traps.

'Athra', one of the children who immigrated to this fortress with his parents, has finally come of age. He's shown interest in multiple fields - mining, masonry, woodcrafting, and engraving, among others. Ambitious kid. He'll do well.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→'Athra' Udibenôr has grown to become a Peasant.

Our animal stockpiles are becoming overly crowded. We have a great surplus of warthogs and wild boars. I will be stockpiling them for shipment to the Mountainhomes this year. For now, just stuffing them all in cages will get them out of the way and stop them from fighting each other.

In other news, we have learned that stockpiling giant sparrow hatchlings outside is a mistake. Claims that animals stop flying once they are tame turned out to be completely unfounded, as the creatures happily took to the sky once brought outside. It's wonderful to see such creatures take flight, but inconvenient if you want them to stay in once place.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Alâth Athellogen, militia captain cancels Pen/Pasture Large Animal: Animal inaccessible.
Avuz Amkinetur, Mason cancels Pen/Pasture Large Animal: Animal inaccessible.
→Udil Delerorshar, Farmer cancels Pen/Pasture Large Animal: Animal inaccessible.

We have also learned some important bits of dwarven science. For one thing, it appears that crabs have white blood.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Finally, I have received the latest news on Rakust's health. Cain spent over a month bandaging the poor girl, after having set all her broken bones.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

27th Obsidian, 54: Received rope reed fiber dressing on right hand
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
3rd Granite, 55: Received alpaca wool dressing on left false ribs
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
5th Granite, 55: Received cave spider silk dressing on left lower arm
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
8th Granite, 55: Received pig tail fiber dressing on left upper leg
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
10th Granite, 55: Received pig tail fiber dressing on right shoulder
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
13th Granite, 55: Received pig tail fiber dressing on right upper arm
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
18th Granite, 55: Received cave spider silk dressing on right upper leg
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
23rd Granite, 55: Received giant cave spider silk dressing on right lower arm
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
25th Granite, 55: Received cave spider silk dressing on left knee
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
27th Granite, 55: Received pig tail fiber dressing on left lower leg
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
2nd Slate, 55: Received pig tail fiber dressing on left elbow
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
4th Slate, 55: Received cave spider silk dressing on left floating ribs
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
7th Slate, 55: Received cave spider silk dressing on right ankle
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
9th Slate, 55: Received llama wool dressing on right foot
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
14th Slate, 55: Received pig tail fiber dressing on left hand
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf

Cain tells me the last step was to immobilize her limbs so that the bones would heal straight.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



At this point, he's done all he can. It's up to Rakust to have the strength to heal now.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (45)		The Health of Rakust Gesisfikod, Dwarven Child	
46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment
No treatment scheduled			

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **April 26, 2012, 08:05:52 pm**

NICE, i made a masterwork steel mail shirt. Things are moving along. I hope I still get some time off to do smithing If I havent had a mood yet, since dwarves in the military dont have moods afaik?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 26, 2012, 08:11:02 pm**

All the military dwarves are doing civilian work part-time, and are still able to get moods. I'm hoping to get an armorsmithing mood out of you that makes you legendary, but I can't control what moods happen to who. Also, you've got your morningstar now, and have used it in combat (that'll be in the next update).

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Alkhemia** on **April 26, 2012, 08:16:01 pm**

I'll like a dwarf Alkhemia anything you want no preferences

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 26, 2012, 08:25:38 pm**

[Quote from: Alkhemia on April 26, 2012, 08:16:01 pm](#)

I'll like a dwarf Alkhemia anything you want no preferences

Here you go:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (47)	'Alkhemia' Athammedtob, "'Alkhemia' Focusedblockades", Animal Caretaker
'Alkhemia' Athammedtob has been happy lately. She had a fine drink lately. She ate a legendary meal lately. She slept in a very good bedroom recently. She has been annoyed by flies. She had a pretty decent drink lately. She has complained of thirst lately. She was caught in the rain recently. She is a faithful worshipper of Náshas Maroonochre and an ardent worshipper of Stettad. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 22nd of Limestone in the year 52. She has the appearance of somebody that is fifty-eight years old and is one of the first of her kind. She is very muscular. Her hair is clean-shaven. Her skin is peach. Her eyes are rust. She is very slow to tire and very strong, but she is quite clumsy. 'Alkhemia' Athammedtob likes chronite, sponge titanium, gold opal, opossum suede, the color green, mail shirts, umber hulks for their huge mandibles and fisher berries for their round shape. When possible, she prefers to consume shortfin mako shark, swamp whiskey and quarry bush leaves. She absolutely detests purring maggots. She has a great ability to focus and a very good feel for social relationships, but she has very bad intuition. She is very friendly. She is rarely happy or enthusiastic. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She is disorganized. She finds rules confining. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.	

You are related to nobody in the fortress, being one of the few not from the inbred royal family. Your main employ is as a Mason working under Phenix, and also do a lot of hauling. You've been helping finish the magma chamber for the forges lately. You have skill in Animal Caretaking, a nearly useless skill. You also have some skill as a clothier, but have been completely overshadowed by Erush the legendary clothier and boyfriend of the Baroness. You have no close friends yet.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **April 26, 2012, 08:42:33 pm**

I hope I used it to beat some sense into Corai. A man can dream, and a dwarf can mood.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 26, 2012, 09:11:44 pm**

Late spring, year 55

The Elven caravan had once again arrived at Brightwater.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The full force of Brightwater's military had been called out for the occasion. After the fiasco in the autumn which had resulted in the dwarven caravan being driven off they wanted to be sure that no ambush would get through to the caravan this time. It wasn't that they cared much about the elves, but more of a point of pride and a desire to hit back against the goblins. They were also keeping a close eye on the elves this time - being extra suspicious after the rumor of an elf infiltrator earlier in the year.

No goblins showed this time. A single unfortunate kobold appeared, and was quickly dispatched by Daenyth.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
Page 1/1      FPS: 100 <48>      21st Felsite, 55

The Hammerdwarf stabs The Kobold Thief in the upper body with his -steel
short sword-, tearing the muscle and tearing apart the right lung through
the <<small giant cave spider silk tunic>>!!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
The Kobold Thief is having trouble breathing!
The Hammerdwarf kicks The Kobold Thief in the lower right back teeth with
his left foot and the severed part sails off in an arc!
→The Hammerdwarf stabs The Kobold Thief in the left lower arm with his
-steel short sword- and the severed part sails off in an arc!
```

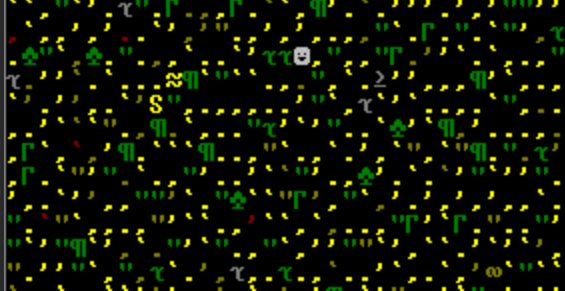
A flock of wild giant sparrows made a minor nuisance of themselves. Most of them were caught in cage traps, but the last was finished off by Va'al, a newly-joined member of the militia.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
The Recruit slashes The Giant Sparrow in the head with his steel short
→sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!
```

The somewhat eccentric axedwarf referring to himself as Jacen the Soap Crusader chased a giant scorpion away from the fortress entrance, but failed to catch it.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Now the elves had been escorted safely inside the fortress, and the military were taking turns guarding the entrance.

The militia commander, Morul Cattendoren, was on guard. Paired with her was the armorer Simon McWhale, who had recently insisted on joining the military. Rather than the traditional sword, hammer, or crossbow, he had taken to a cobalt morningstar taken off a dead goblin. Morul wasn't much in favor of the morningstar. She preferred her steel hammer.

Still, she was willing to see what the newbie would do. So when another giant scorpion appeared through the brush, rather than charging at it alone, she pointed it out to Simon and let him take the lead in attacking.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Simon attacked enthusiastically, smashing the creature again and again with his chosen weapon. Morul took occasional shots at the giant scorpion, keeping it distracted, parrying blows aimed at Simon.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Recruit bashes The Giant Bark Scorpion in the left pincer with his <cobalt morningstar>, tearing the muscle!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Recruit kicks The Giant Bark Scorpion in the right fourth foot with his left foot, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The militia commander bashes The Giant Bark Scorpion in the left second leg with her *steel war hammer*, bruising the muscle!
The Giant Bark Scorpion vomits.
The militia commander kicks The Giant Bark Scorpion in the left second foot with her right foot, bruising the muscle!
The Giant Bark Scorpion retches.
The militia commander bashes The Giant Bark Scorpion in the left first foot with her *steel war hammer*, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The militia commander bashes The Giant Bark Scorpion in the right second leg with her *steel war hammer*, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The militia commander strikes The Giant Bark Scorpion in the right second leg with her <cobalt shield>, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The militia commander bashes The Giant Bark Scorpion in the right first leg with her *steel war hammer*, bruising the muscle!

The Recruit bashes The Giant Bark Scorpion in the right first foot from the side with his <cobalt morningstar>, tearing the muscle!
An artery has been opened by the attack, a ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The <cobalt morningstar> has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Recruit twists the embedded <cobalt morningstar> around in The Giant Bark Scorpion's right first foot!

His attacks, weak at first, became more effective as he gained experience with the weapon. Eventually, he managed to score a decisive blow, killing the creature.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Recruit bashes The Giant Bark Scorpion in the cephalothorax with his <cobalt morningstar>, tearing the muscle and bruising the brain!

FPS: 100 <44> The Kills of 'Simon McWhale' Stukosgasol

One Kill

One giant bark scorpion <8> in Brightwater

He staggered back, armor and weapon splattered with giant scorpion ichor. Morul clapped him on the shoulder.

"Good job, newbie. Our backup is here. Time for a drink."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

'Simon McWhale' Stukosgasol, Armorer
""Simon McWhale' Razorbreaths"
&

Drink

Dabbling Macedwarf
Dabbling Shield User
Dabbling Armor User
Novice Fighter
Dabbling Wrestler
Dabbling Biter
Dabbling Striker
Dabbling Kicker
Dabbling Dodger

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **April 26, 2012, 09:24:21 pm**

8)

Cobalt?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 26, 2012, 09:36:14 pm**

Quote from: simonthedwarf on April 26, 2012, 09:24:21 pm

8)

Cobalt?

I have among other things many hard-to-produce experimental metals modded in. Cobalt is one of the few that the goblins know how to make, using a dangerous procedure that leaves many of them poisoned by toxic fumes. It makes a decent metal for blunt weapons anyway, although not as good as some that only the dwarves know how to make.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 26, 2012, 09:50:32 pm**

You know what would be !!FUN!!?

If the moment you tame a whale, you get a

A vile force of darkness has arrived!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Daenyth** on **April 27, 2012, 12:16:10 am**

It feels good to see the weapons I make get use. Even more so when it's by my own hand. Let this be a lesson to the stinking kobolds.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Jarod Cain** on **April 27, 2012, 01:00:10 am**

Chief Medical Officer's Log, Brightwater, Cain
It is done, I have done all I can. Now we must wait to see if Rakust ever regains consciousness. I hope this is so, but for now I must wash and get to my bed, it has been far too long since I last slept properly.

Cain
-J-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **BeserkNINJA** on **April 27, 2012, 11:19:11 am**

hi i wouldn't mind getting the super injured dwarflet, name her Hilde and as soon as she is of age can you set her up as a flail user.

Thanks

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **April 27, 2012, 01:42:00 pm**

Quote from: Sphalerite on April 26, 2012, 07:21:04 pm

We have also learned some important bits of dwarven science. For one thing, it appears that crabs have white blood.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



WHAT! WHY NO BLUE BLOOD???

and now i shall sulk. expect garbage pots thrown.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 27, 2012, 01:52:32 pm**

That was from a common crab, not the horseshoe crab. I haven't tested to see what color its blood is yet.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **April 27, 2012, 02:04:19 pm**

Apparently a baroness doesn't get official advisors. We're expected to manage things a bit more informally, so instead of an advisor, I've got... Corai.

It could be worse.

I've been trying to figure out how to react to the elves. They're so... unpredictable! How can you ever trust somebody who is honest and helpful, but then does stuff that you can't understand, seemingly without reason?

Talking to Corai is remarkably useful for working on this problem.

Also OOC: Is that a nest box in the baronial bedroom?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 27, 2012, 02:05:33 pm**

Quote from: Geb on April 27, 2012, 02:04:19 pm

Also OOC: Is that a nest box in the baronial bedroom?

Trophy case. They use the same tile as nest boxes, although the colors are different.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **April 27, 2012, 03:08:24 pm**

Thought I'd post to let you know that I've been reading this since around page six and I've loved the storytelling so far! Very well written and the characters are made to feel eerily real.

If dorfing requests are still a thing, I'd like to be dwarfed as "Graknorke" or, if you think it's sound better, seperating it into two seperate names? I tried but can't come up with much in the way of suggestion.

As a dwarf, probably one from outside the big family and with a sort of tropical complexion (Dark hair, dark eyes etc), and as a profession, a brewer who has a BIT of an obsession with surface plants. Otherwise some other profession who generally wants to be going on ADVENTURE but is also somewhat competitive about his job.

If you need contributions from the community to be added, I feel that this is the best I could write because empathy.

For reference on how much I like this adventure, on many days I check it before I check MSPA. That's pretty high priority right there.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 27, 2012, 04:20:44 pm**

Quote from: Geb on April 27, 2012, 02:04:19 pm

Apparently a baroness doesn't get official advisors. We're expected to manage things a bit more informally, so instead of an advisor, I've got... Corai.

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I've been trying to figure out how to react to the elves. They're so... unpredictable! How can you ever trust somebody who is honest and helpful, but then does stuff that you can't understand, seemingly without reason?

Talking to Corai is remarkably useful for working on this problem.

Also OOC: Is that a nest box in the baronial bedroom?

Yes...Now is my chance, I shall trick Geb into clearing off the caverns!

Jk jk jk.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Quietust** on **April 27, 2012, 08:41:09 pm**

This magnificent fortress wouldn't happen to have an unclaimed (and preferably male) Mechanic present, would it?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **ObeseHelmet** on **April 27, 2012, 09:34:43 pm**

Could you perhaps dorf me as a random dorf, not part of the huge family? (The ambitions will come later!)

Specifically, is that leatherworker/mason claimed yet? (Too lazy to check.)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 27, 2012, 10:33:49 pm**

Quote from: BeserkNINJA on April 27, 2012, 11:19:11 am
hi i wouldn't mind getting the super injured dwarflet, name her Hilde and as soon as she is of age can you set her up as a flail user.

If she lives to walk, she's yours. She is however only 3 years old, so it'll be another 9 until you can wield that flail. Still want her?

Quote from: Quietust on April 27, 2012, 08:41:09 pm
This magnificent fortress wouldn't happen to have an unclaimed (and preferably male) Mechanic present, would it?

We have one fairly skilled mechanic, Kulet Keludar, male. He is however a deeply seated member of the royal family, being married to Fath Laratis, daughter of the late King, and having a large number of children, brothers, and sisters around the fortress. He's yours if you want him.

Quote from: Graknorke on April 27, 2012, 03:08:24 pm
If dorfing requests are still a thing, I'd like to be dwarfed as "Graknorke" or, if you think it's sound better, seperating it into two seperate names? I tried but can't come up with much in the way of suggestion.
As a dwarf, probably one from outside the big family and with a sort of tropical complexion (Dark hair, dark eyes etc), and as a profession, a brewer who has a BIT of an obsession with surface plants. Otherwise some other profession who generally wants to be going on ADVENTURE but is also somewhat competitive about his job.

So far, every single dwarf in the fortress without exception seems to have peach skin, rust eyes, and hair that is tan when it's not clean-shaven or gray or white from age. This seems to be universal among the entire civilization. I don't know of any way to edit a dwarf's appearance once the game is already going. If a dwarf with the same complexion as everyone else is acceptable, take a look at the list of names below and let me know if anyone suits you.

Quote from: ObeseHelmet on April 27, 2012, 09:34:43 pm
Could you perhaps dorf me as a random dorf, not part of the huge family? (The ambitions will come later!)

The following dwarves not related to the grand family are still unclaimed:

Our 139 year old, Female, Adept Hammerdwarf, Militia Commander, Morul Cattendoren Itredgelut

The fortress Manager/Trader/Bookkeeper Ral Mistemmeng. Female, 82 years old, and the former Outpost Liaison before leaving the Mountainhomes under mysterious circumstances. She is friends with nearly every dwarf in the fortress, but has formed grudges with two children.

A married couple: Wife Zaneg Cerolkonos, Miner, Mason, and Glassmaker, and husband Deduk Kadolstakud, Mason. They have one daughter, Rigoth Tishaktobul.

The following dwarves are all members of the royal family (some of these are claimed already):

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Code: [\[Select\]](#)

Children of General Reg (not present) and King Kivish (not present, deceased): <div>Fath Laratis, Miner Wife of Kulet Keludar Udil Inethtileshe, deceased</div>
Children of Nish Lolordallith (not present) and Onul Rimtarvush (not present): <div>Cog Agasob, Miner Wife of Rovod Berdanurist Risen Ellesttekkud, Miner Husband of Mafol Serurdim Tirist Zuntirlimar, Herbalist Husband of Stukos Avuzzedot Urdim Uzolmonang, Farmer Husband of Avuz Amkinetur Etur Lorbuket, deceased</div>
Children of Il Rulnil (not present, deceased) and (Melbil Ilraltolun, deceased) <div>Kulet Keludar, Mechanic Husband of Fath Laratis Stukos Avuzzedot, Planter Wife of Tirist Zuntirlimar</div>
Children of Fikod Othiledem (not present) and Melbil Ozorushrir (not present) <div>Avuz Amkinetur, Mason Wife of Urdim Uzolmonang Dodok Amdomas, Fisherdwarf Urist Kadolfeb, Mason</div>
Children of Stukost Avuzzedot and Tirist Zuntirlimar: <div>Mafol Serurdim, Miner Wife of Risen Ellesttekkud Rovod Berdanurist, Mason Husband of Cog Agasob Mosus Mosusid, Fisherdwarf Wife of Urvad Unibbomrek Bomrek Dolekendok, Farmer Udil Delerorshar, Farmer Wife of Domas Tobulkulin Alath Athellogem, Militia Captain Obok Shigosineth, Male Child Zefon Kikrostsokan, Female Child Kivish Tosedalath, Female Child Erith Thikutadag, Male Child</div>
Children of Cog Agasob and Rovod Berdanurist: <div>Thob Asenushil, Farmer Rakust Amithtulon, Mayor Mestthos Oddombecor, Child Athra Udibenor, Peasant Rakust Gesisifikod, Child/eternal medical patient</div>
Children of Mafol Serurdim and Risen Ellesttekkud: <div>Logem Bubnusatis, Male Child Likot Alathneth, Female Child Datan Gusilnokgol, Male Child Lor Rakusttumam, Female Child Sibrek Desisathel, Male Baby</div>
Children of Fath Laratis and Kulet Keludar: <div>Urvad Unibbomrek, Mason Husband of Mosus Mosusid Hammerdwarf Membr of Morul Cattendoren's squad Zulban Mafoldesis, Female Child Phones Delerled, Captain Of The Guard Rimtar Ralrodim, Female Child</div>

Aban Berthortith, Male Child
plus four others not present at Brightwater

Children of Urvad Unibbomrek and Mosus Mosusid:
Erush Fatheggut, Clothesdwarf
 Lover of Geb Mozibducem
Rachel Itebozka, Gem Cutter
Domas Tobulkulin, Marksdwarf
 Husband of Udil Delerorshar
 Member of Alath Athellogem's squad
Sigun Uzolamas, Mason
Dumat Rutodshorast, Male Child
Ilral Kinemas, Female Child
Udil Vushavuz, Female Child
Logem Rulushsibrek, Male Child

Children of Avuz Amkinetur and Urdim Uzolmonang:
Goden Geberith, Male Child
Sarvesh Deleram, Female Child
Kel Kadolgebar, Female Child
Bomrek Likotkegeth, Female Baby
Udib Unaldumat, Male Child

Children of Etur Lorbuket (deceased) and Bomrek Dolkendok:
Adil Uzololin, Male Child
Tulon Taranvabok, Female Child
Rith Letmoskib, Female Child
Sigun Komanmedtob, Female Child

Child of Udil Delerorshar and Domas Tobulkulin:
Tun Absammafol, Male Child

Child of Alath Athellogem and Dastot Solonidod (not present, deceased)
Geb Mozibducem, Baroness
 Lover of Erush Fatheggut

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 27, 2012, 10:59:43 pm**

This is a small pamphlet found on Cilob's bed while he slept, the door had been picked and opened. The pamphlet concerns the fortress's future.

I suggest we create a small squad of five or so "elite" dwarves restricted to a "mini" fort, with booze and drink dumped in through the roof. They will spend years in isolation to become friends with eachogher and train. This friendship will boost there morale as they are released in the event of our army's imitate defeat. Cruel? Not at all! What is nicer then giving a dwarf his own personal safe-hole?

This is a picture of dwarves and goblins, the goblins are fleeing, the dwarves are charging. Dwarves lye dead in the background.

I suggest, if we have not already, flood a small area of the fort with seawater and have our fishermen fish only there, this will protect our innocent people. If someone is stupid enough to fall in, let the fish have them!

This is a picture of a underground lake.

Lastly, I suggest we produce more strawberry wine.

This is a picture of smiles, it spikes with pure-childness.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **April 28, 2012, 03:03:13 am**

So the entire civilization is inbred, just some not as much as others? Better be careful with that genetic diversity or you'll end up with dwarves with too many digits and limbs ~~so they can fight more effectively.~~

"Athra Udibenor, Peasant" sounds okay, if not male then, "Sigun Uzolamas, Mason" hopefully is. There's a 75% chance ONE is so I'll go with that.
To put the personality thing in more detail, he has a great desire for adventure and often fails, being a dwarf and all, but takes those failures very seriously, having put a lot of thought into it beforehand.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 28, 2012, 03:05:28 am**

Im sure you and my dwarf will get along, very, very well. Heheheheheeheheh...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Pandemix** on **April 28, 2012, 04:16:57 am**

Quote from: Corai on April 27, 2012, 10:59:43 pm

This is a small pamphlet found on Cilob's bed while he slept, the door had been picked and opened. The pamphlet concerns the fortress's future.

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I suggest, if we have not already, flood a small area of the fort with seawater and have our fishermen fish only there, this will protect our innocent people. If someone is stupid enough to fall in, let the fish have them!

This is a picture of a underground lake.

Lastly, I suggest we produce more strawberry wine.

This is a picture of smiles, it spikes with pure-childness.

Do it. Put Ceilan inside the squad and make her responsible about caring for the war animals of this elite squad, most preferably war hawks!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **BeserkNINJA** on **April 28, 2012, 06:48:13 am**

k Then ill take a male dorf with a magnificent beard who has a huge hatred for the surface dwellers.

id still like him to use that Flail thanks. can yo call him Higginbottom III please.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Quietust** on **April 28, 2012, 07:51:03 am**

FPS: 100 <49> 'Quietust' Keludar, "'Quietust' Metalrained", Mechanic

'Quietust' Keludar has been quite content lately. He had afine drink lately. He has complained of thirst lately. He has complained of hunger lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He had a pretty decent drink lately. He admired a fine Trade Depot lately. He talked with a child lately. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Statue lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He is married to Fath Meetstakes and has 9 children: Kûbuk Cosmosdike, Tulon Rungrope, Olon Arrowpriest, Urvad Ragwhipped, Lorbam Relicbolt, 'Phones' Steelrack, Aban Earthspells, Zulban Chambersnarled and Rintar Silverywades. He is the son of Id Mutedhammer and Melbil Treatysaints. He is a faithful worshipper of Adil the Flicker of Glowing and an ardent worshipper of Ås Copperrock. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Praised Turquoise. He is a former member of The Relic of Burying. He is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Slate in the year 52. He is fifty-one years old, born on the 14th of Moonstone in the year 4. He has what was once a thin frame, now bearing enormous, thick layers of fat. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is braided. His teeth are gapped. His skin is peach. His eyes are rust. He is quick to tire, very weak, quite clumsy and very slow to heal. 'Quietust' Keludar likes petrified wood, lay pewter, urania, spore tree wood, pig tail fiber fabric and trumpets. When possible, he prefers to consume dwarven wine and whip vine flour. He absolutely detests rats. He has a great affinity for language and a great feel for social relationships, but he has poor focus and little patience. He occasionally overindulges. He is somewhat reserved. He is unassertive. He is highly adventurous and loves fresh experiences. He very rarely does more work than necessary. He scratches his ear when he's thinking. He has trouble speaking when he's excited. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

FPS: 100 <49>	Relationships of the Mechanic 'Quietust' Keludar
Fath Laratís, Miner	Wife
Olon Febkamuk	Eldest Son
Kûbuk Kordamimush	Eldest Daughter
'Higginbottom III' Unibbomrek, Mason	Second Eldest Son
Tulon Senggoden	Second Eldest Daughter
Lorbam ZaneGalâth	Third Eldest Son
Zulban Mafoldesis, Dwarven Child	Third Eldest Daughter
'Phones' Delerled, captain of the guard	Fourth Eldest Son
Rintar Balrodin, Dwarven Child	Youngest Daughter
Aban Berthortith, Dwarven Child	Youngest Son
Id Rulnil	Mother
Melbil Ilraltölún	Father
Monom Sohîrzuntîr	Older Sister
Stukos Avuzzedot, Planter	Older Sister
Asên Olinsavot	Younger Brother
Uabôk Idvîr	Younger Sister
Zuglar Zonnoram	Younger Sister
Thob Cilobûthir	Niece
Mosus Mosusîd, Fisherdwarf	Niece
Alâth Athellogem, militia captain	Niece
Olon Rigôthbakust	Niece
Mafol Serurdim, Miner	Niece
Udil Delerorshar, Farmer	Niece
Zefon Kikrostsokan, Dwarven Child	Niece
Kivish Tôsedalâth, Dwarven Child	Niece
Dastot Soloninod	Nephew
Rovod Berdanurist, Mason	Nephew
Bomrek Dolekendok, Farmer	Nephew
Endok Mengkab	Nephew
Obok Shigôsineth, Dwarven Child	Nephew
èrith Thîkutadag, Dwarven Child	Nephew
Adil Nêlas Rab	Deity
Ås Gusilid	Deity
Goden Gebèrith, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Kel Kadolgébar, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Datan Gusilnokgol, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Tun Absammafol, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Ilral Kinemås, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
'Geb' Mozibducin, baroness	Passing Acquaintance
Mestthos Oddombecor, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Udil Uúshavuz, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Lòr Rakusttumam, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance

'Quietust' Keludar, Mechanic

"'Quietust' Metalrained"

ð

Store Item in Bin

Competent Axedwarf <Rusty>

Novice Shield User <Rusty>

Novice Armor User <Rusty>

Dabbling Fighter

Dabbling Wrestler

Dabbling Striker

Dabbling Kicker

Novice Dodger <Rusty>

Dabbling Grower

Skilled Mechanic

Novice Negotiator

Novice Judge of Intent

Novice Intimidator

Novice Comedian

Novice Flatterer

Novice Consoler

Novice Pacifier

Great Tracker <Rusty>

Dabbling Observer

Quote from: ObeseHelmet on April 28, 2012, 08:11:39 am

I'll claim this dwarf. Name him "ObeseHelmet." Just checking that he's not too thin, right? Because that would be kind of embarrassing.

Sadly, Tirist is 'scrawny'.

Here's an updates list of all the dwarves, including notes on who's been claimed, and short personality and physical descriptions of the unclaimed adults:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Code: [\[Select\]](#)

Founing seven:
Phenix Esdorbomrek, Miner (claimed by Phenixmirage)
Female
Lover of Cain Mesirled
Grudge with Cilob Amudaban
Cain Mesirled, Chief Medical Dwarf (claimed by Jaron Cain)
Male
Lover of Phenix Esdorbomrek
CoraiUnki Litastavux, Carpenter (claimed by Corai)
Male
Lover of Fishybang Onulibruk
Fishybang Onulibruk, Engraver (claimed by Fishybang)
Female
Lover of CoraiUnki Litastavux
Cilob Amudaban, Founder (claimed by Sphalerite)
Male
Grudge with Phenix Esdorbomrek
Will Tuna Edemkadol, Farmer (claimed by Will Tuna)
Argel Dodokzalud, Farmer (claimed by Argenflîrth)

The Family:

Children of General Reg (not present) and King Kivish (not present, deceased):

- Fath Laratis, Female Miner
 - Wife of Quietust Keludar
 - Corpulent, clean-shaven
 - Prefers to avoid leadership roles, active, guarded, modest
- Udil Inethtilesh, deceased

Children of Nish Lolordallith (not present) and Onul Rimtarvush (not present):

- Cog Agasob, Female Miner
 - Wife of Rovod Berdanurist
 - Corpulent, long hair
 - Calm, quick to anger, friendly, unassertive, traditional
- Risen Ellesttekkud, Male Miner
 - Husband of Mafol Serurdim
 - Average size, long hair, recessed chin
 - Calm, reserved, not a risk taker, rarely happy
- Tirist Zuntirlimar, Male Herbalist (being considered by ObeseHelmet)
 - Husband of Stukos Avuzzedot
 - Scrawny, sparse hair
 - Doesn't handle stress well,r eserved, rarely happy, imaginative
- Urdim Uzolmonang, Male Farmer
 - Husband of Avuz Amkinetur
 - Weak, long-haired
 - Quick to anger, avoids crowds, relaxed, cheerful, immodest
- Etur Lorbuket, deceased

Children of Il Rulnil (not present, deceased) and (Melbil Ilraltolun, deceased)

- Quietust Keludar, Male Mechanic (claimed by Quietust)
 - Husband of Fath Laratis
- Stukos Avuzzedot, Female Planter
 - Wife of Tirist Zuntirlimar
 - Short, skinny, clean-shaven
 - Lives for risk and excitement, cheerful, artistic, adventurous.

Children of Fikod Othiledem (not present) and Melbil Ozorushrir (not present)

- Avuz Amkinetur, Female Mason
 - Wife of Urdim Uzolmonang
 - Corpulent, medium-length hair
 - Nervous, overindulgent, rarely happy, open-minded
- Dodok Amdomas, Female Fisherdwarf
 - Fat, medium-length greasy hair
 - Calm, can handle stress, loves new ideas, trusting
- Urist Kadolfeb, Male Mason
 - Corpulent, very long hair tied in a ponytail
 - Reserved, unassertive, not a risk-taker, untrusting, immodest.

Children of Stukost Avuzzedot and Tirist Zuntirlimar:

- Mafol Serurdim, Female Miner
 - Wife of Risen Ellesttekkud
 - Fat, long-haired
 - Quick to anger, avoids crowds, unassertive, imaginative.
- Rovod Berdanurist, Male Mason
 - Husband of Cog Agasob
 - Very muscular, clean-shaven
 - Calm, overindulgent, risk-taker, non-artistic, candid, uncompromising
- Mosus Mosusid, Female Fisherdwarf
 - Wife of Higginbottom III Unibbomrek
 - Corpulent, long-haired, scarred
 - Doesn't experience strong urges, avoids crowds, imaginative, traditional
- Bomrek Dolekendok, Male Farmer
 - Husband of Etur Toolquick (deceased)
 - Corpulent, very long braided straight hair
 - Easily discouraged, seeks short-term rewards, appreciates art, traditional
- Udil Delerorshar, Female Farmer
 - Wife of Domas Tobulkulin
 - Scrawny, long hair tied in a ponytail
 - Quick to anger, often discouraged, avoids crowds, relaxed
- Alath Athellogem, Female Militia Captain
 - Wife of Dastot Flaggate (deceased)
 - Average in size, long-haired
 - Self-conscious, can handle stress, grounded in reality, open-minded
- Obok Shigosineth, Male Child
- Zefon Kikrostsokan, Female Child
- Kivish Tosedalath, Female Child
- Erith Thikutadag, Male Child

Children of Cog Agasob and Rovod Berdanurist:

- Thob Asenushil, Female Farmer
 - Corpuent, medium-length neatly combed hair
 - Can handle stress, reserved, active, not a risk-taker, traditional
- Rakust Amithtulon, Female Mayor
 - Skinny, very long dry neatly combed hair
 - Overindulgent, reserved, cheerful, lacks confidence
- Mestthos Oddombecor, Female Child
- Athra Udibenor, Male Peasant (claimed by zomara0292)
- Rakust Gesisfikod, Female Child/eternal medical patient

Children of Mafol Serurdim and Risen Ellesttekkud:

- Logem Bubnusatis, Male Child
- Likot Alathneth, Female Child
- Datan Gusilnokgol, Male Child
- Lor Rakusttumam, Female Child
- Sibrek Desisathel, Male Baby

Children of Fath Laratis and Quietust Keludar:

- Higginbottom III Unibbomrek, Male Mason (claimed by BeserkNINJA)
 - Husband of Mosus Mosusid
 - Hammerdwarf/Flaildwarf
 - Membr of Morul Cattendoren's squad
- Zulban Mafoldesis, Female Child
- Phones Delerled, Male Captain Of The Guard (claimed by Phones)
- Rimtar Ralrodim, Female Child
- Aban Berthortith, Male Child
- plus four others not present at Brightwater

Children of Higginbottom III Unibbomrek and Mosus Mosusid:

- Erush Fatheggut, Male Clothesdwarf
 - Lover of Geb Mozibducem
- Rachel Itebozka, Female Gem Cutter (claimed by dhokarena56)
- Domas Tobulkulin, Male Marksdwarf
 - Husband of Udil Delerorshar
 - Member of Alath Athellogem's squad
- Sigun Uzolamas, Female Mason (Being considered by Graknorke)
 - Massively fat and short, very long neatly combed hair
 - Untrusting, does not like helping others, dislikes confrontations
- Dumat Rutodshorast, Male Child
- Ilral Kinemas, Female Child
- Udil Vushavuz, Female Child
- Logem Rulushsibrek, Male Child

Children of Avuz Amkinetur and Urdim Uzolmonang:

- Goden Geberith, Male Child
- Sarvesh Deleram, Female Child
- Kel Kadolgebar, Female Child
- Bomrek Likotkegeth, Female Baby
- Udib Unaldumat, Male Child

Children of Etur Lorbuket (deceased) and Bomrek Dolkendok:

- Adil Uzololin, Male Child
- Tulon Taranvabok, Female Child
- Rith Letmoskib, Female Child
- Sigun Komanmedtob, Female Child

Child of Udil Delerorshar and Domas Tobulkulin: Tun Absammafol, Male Child
Child of Alath Athellogem and Dastot Solonidod (not present, deceased) Geb Mozibducem, Baroness (claimed by Geb) Lover of Erush Fatheggut
Not part of the Family: Zaneg Cerolkonos, Male Miner Miner, Mason, and Glassmaker Husband of Deduk Kadolstakud Average in size, with very long, neatly combed hair Doesn't handle stress well, friendly, rarely happy, candid, compassionate
Deduk Kadolstakud, Female Mason Wife of Zaneg Cerolkonos Corpulent, medium-length straight hair in double braids Rarely discouraged, imaginative, doesn't like to compromise, impulsive
Morul Cattendoren Itredgelut, Female Militia Commander 139 years old, incredibly muscular, neatly combed grey and white hair, many scars Adept Hammerdwarf Candid and sincere with others.
Ral Mistemmeng, Female Manager 82 years old, corpulent, clean-shaven Former outpost Liaison Friends with half the dwarves in the fortress Grudges with two children Distant and reserved, unassertive, relaxed, imaginative
Domas Egullolok, Wallpotdwarf (claimed by Aseaheru) Marksdwarf Member of Alath Athellogem's squad
Alkemia Athammedtob, Animal Caretaker (claimed by Alkhemia)
Simon McWhale Stukosgasol, Armorer (claimed by simonthedwarf) Wielder of a morningstar Membr of Morul Cattendoren's squad
Saint Iridkonos, Monk Errant (claimed by StLeibowitz)
Weiss Ironcage Tanuzol, Planter (claimed by empfan)
Daenyth Olinrodem, Hammerdwarf (claimed by Daenyth) Swordsdwarf Member of Phones's squad
Jacen Sazirrubal, Soap Crusader (claimed by JacenHanLovesLegos) Member of Phones's squad Axedwarf
Ceilan Enasrigoth, Swordsdwarf (claimed by Pandemix) Member of Phones's squad
Va'al Oddomnazom, Recruit (claimed by Lupusater) Swordsdwarf Member of Phones's squad
Child of Zaneg Cerolkonos and Deduk Kadolstakud: Rigoth Tishaktobul, Female Child

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **April 28, 2012, 04:03:19 pm**

If Obsese doesn't want Tirist due to his size, I'll have him.
Otherwise the Mason Rovod Berdarurist, for manliness. But reading your summary of Sigun from before sounds so.. PERFECT. You must have put in a lot of work to write up descriptions for each character, it's more commitment than I'll ever have to anything.

And actually, looking for a few personal, I found Urist Kadolfeb, Male Mason who I think I would like the most. I was going to rule some out on being fat but it seems like everyone in this fortress is pretty fat, so it doesn't really mater.
If it wasn't clear, I finally decided on Urist Kadolfeb, Male Mason and left the rest of my thought process for posterity.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 28, 2012, 09:23:26 pm**

Quote from: Graknorke on April 28, 2012, 04:03:19 pm
I finally decided on Urist Kadolfeb, Male Mason and left the rest of my thought process for posterity.

Ok. Here he is:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 (43)

'Graknorke' Kadolfeb, "'Graknorke' Hatchetarrow", Mason

'Graknorke' Kadolfeb has been happy lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He had a wonderful drink lately. He was grumbling about long patrol duty lately. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He had a wonderful soapy bath recently. He had a pretty decent drink lately.

He is the son of Fikod Weakenkey and Melbil Subtlequakes.

He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Figure of Play. He is a former member of The Glacial Hatchet. He is an enemy of The Moist Vice. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Slate in the year 52.

He is twenty-four years old. born on the 12th of Slate in the year 31.

He is corpulent. His hair is straight. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His medium-length beard is braided. His very long hair is tied in a pony tail. His rust eyes are very wide-set. His eyebrows are low. His slightly flattened ears are somewhat short. His hair is tan. His skin is peach.

He is slow to heal and quite susceptible to disease.

'Graknorke' Kadolfeb likes native magnesium, copper, cherry opal, crystal glass, the color green, clocks, anvils and valley herbs for their soothing fragrance. When possible, he prefers to consume perch, dwarven wine, dwarven wheat flour and pig tail seeds. He absolutely detests snails.

He has a natural ability with music, but he has a shortage of patience.

He is somewhat reserved. He is unassertive. He is not a risk-taker. He is slow to trust others. He is very straightforward with others. He is immodest. He taps his feet constantly when he's nervous. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **ObeseHelmet** on **April 28, 2012, 09:34:56 pm**

Quote from: Graknorke on April 28, 2012, 04:03:19 pm
If Obsese doesn't want Tirist due to his size, I'll have him.

No, I decided that Tirist would be the perfect dwarf for my elf-loving dwarf of blasphemy. His width doesn't even match his name.

Hopefully he will exercise little enough to get fatter. . . .

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 28, 2012, 09:51:15 pm**

Quote from: ObeseHelmet on April 28, 2012, 09:34:56 pm
Quote from: Graknorke on April 28, 2012, 04:03:19 pm
If Obsese doesn't want Tirist due to his size, I'll have him.

No, I decided that Tirist would be the perfect dwarf for my elf-loving dwarf of blasphemy. His width doesn't even match his name.

Hopefully he will exercise little enough to get fatter. . . .

Here you go. I'll try to fatten him up for you.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (48)ObeseHelmet' Zuntîrlinâr, "'ObeseHelmet' Anvilwealth", Herbalist

ObeseHelmet' Zuntîrlinâr has been happy lately. He admired a fine Door lately. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He slept in a great bedroom recently. He had a fine drink lately. He had a wonderful drink lately. He has complained of thirst lately. He has been annoyed by flies. He has been satisfied at work lately. He admired own fine Bed lately. He talked with a child lately.

He is married to Stukos Minedlobster and has 12 children: Rovod Walkdaggers, Mosus Roomyears, Alâth Ringpaint, Olon Craftsurges, Bomrek Cometattics, Endok Lashname, Mafol Headtowers, Udil Steelweb, Zefon Stockadephraise, Obok Packedcity, èrith Booksoaks and Kivish Stopbolts. He is the son of Nish Letterriddled and ònul Castleheat. He is a faithful worshipper of ìcum the Gladness of Trusting and an ardent worshipper of Stettad. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Praised Turquoise. He is a former member of The Relic of Burying. He is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Malachite in the year 52.

He is forty-nine years old, born on the 18th of Opal in the year 6.

He is scrawny. His hair is extremely sparse. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His long beard is braided. His very long hair is braided. His slightly rounded rust eyes are very wide-set. He has high cheekbones. His nose is extremely narrow. His ears are somewhat narrow. His hair is tan. His skin is peach.

He is weak and very flimsy.

ObeseHelmet' Zuntîrlinâr likes orthoclase, solid mercury, fire opal, coati bone and the color burnt umber. When possible, he prefers to consume kestrel and Longland beer. He absolutely detests slugs.

He has a good kinesthetic sense, but he has poor analytical abilities and little patience.

He doesn't handle stress well. He is somewhat reserved. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He has a fertile imagination. He tends not to openly express emotions. He is very trusting. He is guarded in relationships with others. He is very confident. He is disorganized. He finds rules confining. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

I've given him a wooden spear, and a mixture of wooden and leather armor.

I think that's everyone who requested dwarfing for now. Now to get back to actually playing.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **ObeseHelmet** on **April 29, 2012, 12:25:55 pm**

12 kids?! Damn I have bad family planning. :P

And make sure you have your narration label me as potentially dangerous and to be alienated. Because who likes an elf lover?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 29, 2012, 03:07:40 pm**

Cilob's Journal - early summer of year 55

The elves are here, trading peacefully. After that incident with the elven spy - I know they claim he was a diplomat, but who knows what he saw on the way in and out? - we're keeping a close eye on them.

Sure, they seem cheerful, but I'll never trust the elves. No matter how happy they seem.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Nemo: Greetings. We are enchanted by your more ethical works. We've come to trade.

Nemo seems willing to trade.

Unfortunately, this time we actually need them. The loss of the fall caravan means we're short of several key supplies. While we have the ability to produce our own cloth, we can't possibly supply enough to keep up with Erush's clothing production lines.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

<Cloth Bin <palm>>	380*	10Γ	[T]
<rope reed fiber clo	44*	<1Γ	
<rope reed fiber clo	34*	<1Γ	
<rope reed fiber clo	44*	<1Γ	
<rope reed fiber clo	34*	<1Γ	
<rope reed fiber clo	44*	<1Γ	
<rope reed fiber clo	34*	<1Γ	
<rope reed fiber clo	34*	<1Γ	
<rope reed fiber clo	34*	<1Γ	
<rope reed fiber clo	34*	<1Γ	
<rope reed fiber clo	34*	<1Γ	
<rope reed fiber clo	34*	<1Γ	

At least now I won't have to listen to him complain about being out of cloth. Just the inferior quality of elven weave. He'll adapt.

I have also received an anonymous request for some surface plants.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

<prickle berries [5]	10*	6Γ	[T]
<prickle berries [5]	10*	6Γ	[T]

Some sort of elven specialty crop, I gather. I also have a request pending for Sun Berries, but the local elves have never heard of them.

Finally, our military has requested some kind of giant war hawk. The elves don't have those either, but they were carrying something close.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

<giant masked lovebi	510*	290Γ	[T]
<eagle <♀> cage <ced	35*	15Γ	[T]
<giant peregrine fal	510*	357Γ	[T]

Close enough, I think. I'll see if I can train them into war animals.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Nemo: Ah, wonderful. Thank you for your business.

Nemo seems very happy about the trading.

Whatever you say, elf.

We really need better security here. I'm starting to think that having the trading depot in the middle of the crafting-hall was not such a good idea. It's convenient, sure, having the goods stockpiles right next to the depot, but there are elves wandering all around and poking their heads in everywhere. It's a good thing that none of the elves has ever shown the mechanical aptitude to figure out a crossbow, or I'd have to post guards on Geb's workshops.

As it is, I'm glad my animal training labs are off in a side alley, behind the hospital, where elves never go.

Speaking of the animals, I found something strange, and disturbing, lately, when I went to check on our captured Rhinoceroses.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

→The Rhinoceros has been found, starved to death.

This was our only female, who I had hoped to base a breeding program around. She and three males had been sitting in cages in the outdoor holding area ever since we caught them. Now, I'm no fool. I know that rhinos will only survive in the wild. They need to retain their wild instincts in order to remember how to not need to eat. If you tame them, they get used to having food, and then they starve. Left wild, she shouldn't have starved - she should have been fine, just like the two giraffes we have in the dining room. So what happened? Did someone go against my orders and tame her? I'll have to ask around.

Clever girl that she is, Geb had asked to have some animal traps made earlier. I remember my first animal trap, so many years ago, back in the Mountainhomes when I was just a child. I haven't had a chance to use one on a very long time, since I moved on to the giant animals I'm taming now. I took one of the ones she made, and seems I still remember how to use them. I managed to catch a little furry creature who was trying to get into the seed stockpiles. (Perhaps that's why the sweet pod seeds keep vanishing? We have cats guarding the stockpiles, but somehow the seed stockpiles keep vanishing). I decided to put it in that fancy cage she has in her room as a surprise. Well, didn't work quite as well as I'd hoped.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

live hamster has gnawed its way out of confinement!

I had forgotten they could do that. Got right out of that cage, didn't hold it at all. I'm pretty sure it's still in her room somewhere - the door is solid stone, it can't gnaw through that.

Athra, a pleasant young fellow who recently came of age, came to me asking for permission for a private project. Seems he wants to dig out some private space and decorate it himself. I told him to run it by Phenix, make sure that it wouldn't interfere with any of the plans she and Cain have for that 'Alpha Laboratories' place they're building, and to hand over any gems he found to Rachel. That's when he told me he already did that, but there weren't any spar picks for him to use. Ha! I'll ask Daenyth to make some, it'll be a nice break from making swords for the military.

He won't be able to use the new magma smithery yet. Construction of that is still coming along. Phenix tells me her masons are finishing the process of installing the magma channels under the future smithing floor.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Once the channels are finished we'll be able to have someone run the pump and fill the chambers. Then we can seal off the passage to the magma pipe, at least for the time being.

Speaking of the military ... I have recently received a detailed suggestion for an isolated fortress within the fortress, where "five or so elite dwarves" will be sealed up along with food and war hawks, to train with each other. Sigh. I wish we had the spare dwarfpower to do this at the moment, but we can't at this time afford to let that many dwarves off normal duties. Especially considering that our best metalsmiths are already in the military.

Besides which, if the military are isolated, how can they be called out to defend the fortress? We need the military to be able to reach the front gates at a moment's notice.

Still, it is true that the military could use some organization. I'll ask Phenix to start working on dedicated living and dining quarters for the military dwarves, that can be isolated if required, yet where they can also easily reach the front gates. Perhaps something involving those two circular towers they're already building alongside the gate. Unfortunately, the most ideal locations are all blocked by aquifers.

I am also worried about some possibly personality conflicts among members of our military. One fellow - going by the odd name of Higginbottom III - has been professing his hatred of the surface dwellers. He's picked up a flail, and is saying how eager he is to use it on any kobolds or goblins, or even any elves or humans that step out of line. Now, that by itself is not a problem. Problem is another fellow, going by the name of ObeseHelmet. Scrawny guy, despite the name. He's enamored with the elves, and has picked up a wooden spear as his chosen weapon. I don't know where he even got the wooden spear, Corai didn't make it. I'm sure there will be bloodshed if I put

these too together, which is another reason we can't go ahead with the sealed military fortress plan.

Oh, and along with that plan, there was another idea. A sealed fishing area. Absurd! The very point of Brightwater is to claim the ocean itself. We will be extending a fishing pier out into the ocean, as long from the shore as the curtain wall is wide.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The walls and grates will protect our dwarves, while letting them dip their beards to catch fish. It will take some time to finish, but once it is our fisherwarves will be able to harvest fish safely from far out at sea.

Meanwhile, the first whale-trapping chamber is coming along. Our mechanic Quietust has been working non-stop building cage traps.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



When the traps are finished and the chamber sealed, we will breach the final conglomerite walls from above and flood the chamber. Whales and other large fish will be able to venture inside and be caught in the traps. Once the traps are full, we will raise bridges and pump the water out allowing them to be harvested.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Daenyth** on **April 29, 2012, 03:52:58 pm**

A little more varied work? Excellent. Are you sure I can't make a spear or two for that ObeseHelmet guy, though? It pains me to think of him running around with a toothpick like that when he should have fine Dwarven steel instead... Alright, alright..

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 29, 2012, 06:18:47 pm**

Animal encounters I

The dwarf Higginbottom III, sworn enemy of the surface-dwellers, was performing an unpleasant but necessary labor, that technically counted as an action against the hated surface-dwellers. He was removing a cage from a cage trap, so the trap could be reloaded with a new cage, and the animal in the cage could be processed. It was unpleasant because it required him to go out on the surface for a reason other than to kill something. It counted as an act against the surface-dwellers, because the rhinoceros in the cage he was carrying would soon be processed into bone and hide for crossbows, bolts, and armor.

As Higginbottom III carried the remarkably heavy rhinoceros cage back down the entrance road (lifting with his knees, not with his back) there was a rustling in the disgusting surface plants off the side of the road. Some vast scaly was rooting through the underbrush, a slimy worm-like tongue probing for food.

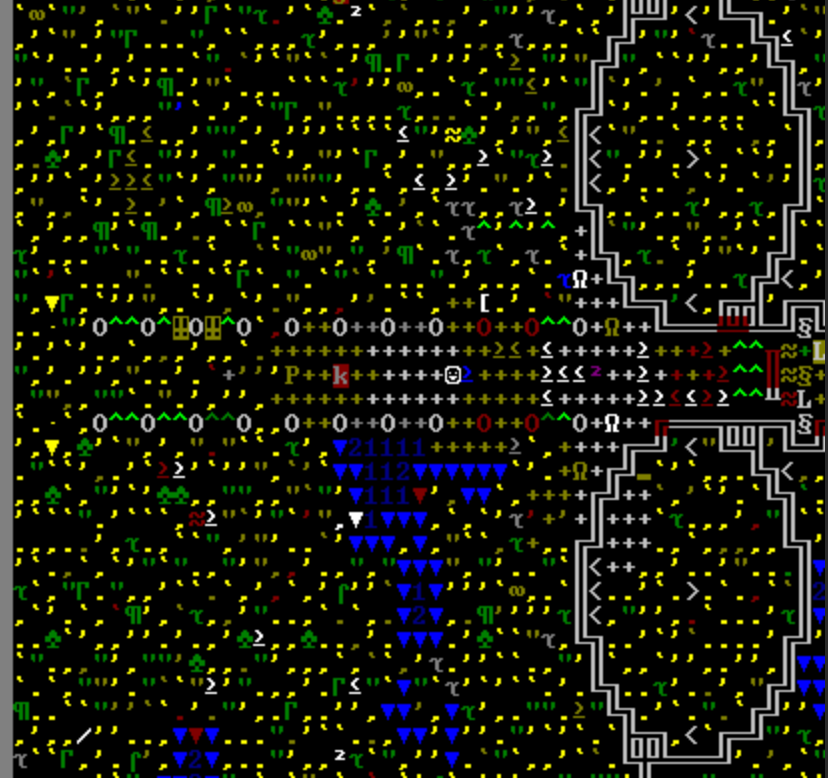
Higginbottom III dropped the cage, and pulled out his flail. Now would be his chance to kill a surface-dwelling monster!

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

→'Higginbottom III' Unibbomrek. Mason cancels Store Item in Stockpile: Interrupted by Giant Pangolin.

The creature ambled onto the road in front of him, sniffing at the conglomerate flagstones. It paused, as it finally saw Higginbottom III. They faced off across the skeleton of a long-dead kobold, long since smashed flat and ground into the road by wagon wheels.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Higginbottom III raised his flail and charged, screaming. The towering scaly monster, four times his mass, with claws capable of tearing open the nests of giant termites, responded to the challenge by immediately rolling into a ball.

Higginbottom III continued his charge, flail raised to tear the scales from the monster.

Sensing that its attempt to hide wasn't working, the pangolin uncurled, and then immediately turned and ran.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

the Giant Pangolin rolls into a ball.
the Giant Pangolin unrolls.
→The Giant Pangolin stands up.

Terrified, the creature veered left, trying to reach the relative cover of a group of nearby trees. It didn't make it. As soon as it left the road, it stepped onto another cage trap, instantly becoming trapped in another cage.

"Dammit! That's cheating! Come out and fight me!" Higginbottom III whacked his flail against the side of the cage, uselessly.

Erush was glad to be back working full-time at his shop. The elf-made cloth was inferior to what the dwarves or even humans would bring, and he was really missing working with silk. If only the last year's caravan hadn't been scared off! Still, even with inferior cloth, he was still enough of a genius to make masterful clothing.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

FPS: 100 <46> *rope reed fiber trousers*
This is a masterful rope reed fiber trousers created by Erush Fatheggut. It is made from rope reed fiber cloth. The thread is emerald with emerald dye.

He just wished he could do something about the color.

That ObeseHelmet guy was really keen to get some of the elf-cloth. Kind of creepy, actually.

"Cilob? What the heck are you doing up there?"

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



"Training a giant sparrow, of course. Oh, when you get a chance, ask Phenix to build me a ramp so I can get down?"

Cain checked the child's forehead again. Still unconscious, still fighting to recover from the terrible injuries she'd suffered. He'd removed her bandages to clean her healing wounds twice so far. He'd keep doing this as long as it took.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

FPS: 100 <43>		The Health of Rakust Gesisfikod, Dwarven Child		
46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment	History
20th Hematite, 55:	Evaluated		- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf	
21st Hematite, 55:	Evaluated		- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf	
1st Malachite, 55:	Evaluated		- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf	
4th Malachite, 55:	Evaluated		- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf	
4th Malachite, 55:	Cleaned with giant grasshopper soap		- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf	
5th Malachite, 55:	Evaluated		- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf	
6th Malachite, 55:	Evaluated		- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf	
7th Malachite, 55:	Evaluated		- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf	

"So, it's a mug, made of salt?"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>		Melbilenôr, "Tomesblue", a epsom salt mug		
<p>This is a epsom salt mug. All crafts dwarfship is of the highest quality. It is encircled with bands of giant bark scorpion chitin, rope reed fiber and billon. This object is adorned with hanging rings of highwood and menaces with spikes of giant cave spider silk. On the item is an image of a sacred pentagram in epsom salt.</p> <p>On the item is an image of dwarves in ash. The dwarves are traveling. The artwork relates to the foundation of Brightwater by The Humid Silver of The Imperial Pick in the early spring of 51.</p> <p>On the item is an image of Emerald dimples the bauxite coffer in orthoclase.</p>				

"Yep!"

"Datan, that's the most useless thing I've heard of. Nobody can drink from a salt mug. Why did you make such a pointless thing?"

"Cause it was funny!"

Animal Encounters II

"Invasion! The fortress is under attack!"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Cilob called down from the fortress wall where he'd managed to strand himself again.

"Call the militia to drive them away!"

Va'al, Phones, and Jacen the Soap Crusader came charging out of the fortress gates. From the yelling, they were expecting goblins, or maybe unusually bold kobolds. The for that faced them was not quite so dangerous.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (47)		Cavy Sow		
A small rodent with no tail. It can be found roaming the grassland in herds. It has three toes on its hind feet.				
She is very fat and enormous overall. Her hair is amber. Her skin is pale brown. Her eyes are black.				

"What, those things? Are you mad? They're harmless."

"They're useless, is what they are" Cilob replied, "Can't eat them, can't use them for war, they breed like mad. I don't want to bother taming them, and I don't want them using up cages that could be holding more valuable creatures. Just drive them away from the cage traps."

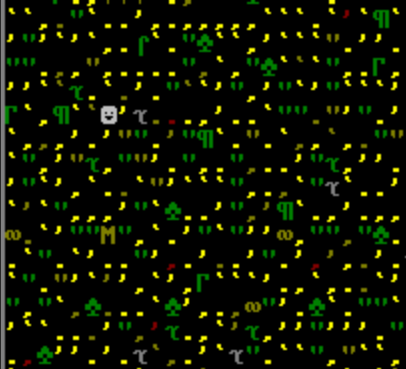
The soldiers shrugged and went to work. The covies screamed and scattered. Va'al caught up with the herd first, and set about slashing the creatures apart with disturbing enthusiasm.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc! The Recruit charges at The Cavy Boar! The Recruit attacks The Cavy Boar but He jumps away! The Recruit charges at The Cavy Boar! The Recruit slashes The Cavy Boar in the left rear paw with his steel short sword, shattering the skin! The Recruit collides with The Cavy Boar! The Cavy Boar is knocked over and tumbles backward! The Recruit slashes The Cavy Boar in the upper body with his steel short sword, tearing apart the muscle and tearing apart the right lung! An artery has been opened by the attack! The Cavy Boar is having trouble breathing! The Recruit slashes The Cavy Boar in the left rear paw with his steel short sword, shattering the skin! →The Recruit stabs The Cavy Boar in the right front paw with his steel short sword, shattering the skin!				
--	--	--	--	--

Phones followed behind, more to watch out if anything more dangerous appeared. He turned, looking around. Where the heck was Jacen?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

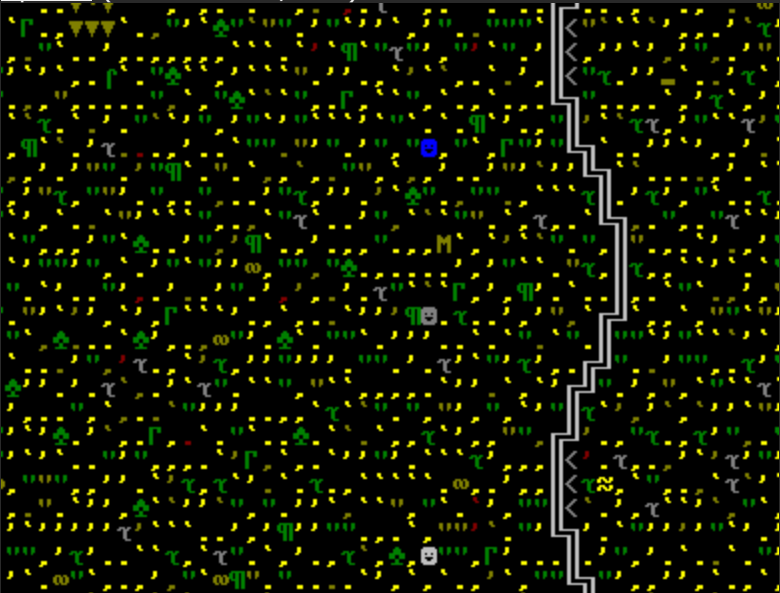


Far to the south, Jacen had found a more worthy opponent. A giant carnivorous lizard, large enough to swallow a dwarf with a single bite. It was just barely managing to stay ahead of him - and was starting to consider just turning around and fighting back instead.

"That thing will tear him apart. Come on, Va'al, we'd better help him out."

By this time, Jacen had chased the creature around in a circle, and was heading back towards the fortress entrance. Phones approached the creature from the front, while Va'al circled around to back Jacen up.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The Giant Monitor Lizard had been just about to turn and attack the annoying little creature chasing it, but the arrival of another shifted the odds. It resumed running, only to spot a third in its path. It tried to run past the metal-clad dwarf. This was a mistake.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
The captain of the guard slashes The Giant Monitor Lizard in the left
rear leg with his *steel short sword*, tearing apart the muscle!
A sensory nerve has been severed!
The captain of the guard slashes The Giant Monitor Lizard in the upper
body from behind with his *steel short sword*, tearing the muscle,
fracturing the left true ribs!
The captain of the guard stabs The Giant Monitor Lizard in the head with
his *steel short sword*, tearing the muscle, shattering the skull and
tearing the brain!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
→The *steel short sword* has lodged firmly in the wound!
```

Behind them, the scattered cavies cautiously gathered back together, trying to reform their herd. Unfortunately for them, they gathered on the cage traps at the fortress entrance, many of them being captured.

Up on the ramparts, Cilob shook his head. "Useless creatures. Let someone else train them, I have a giant pangolin to tame."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
`Weiss Ironcage' Tanuzol, Planter
" `Weiss Ironcage' Ticksoils"
♂

Tame Cavy Sow
Competent Mason
Dabbling Animal Trainer
```

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **empfan** on **April 29, 2012, 07:22:14 pm**

thoughts upon receiving the orders to train them:

"Fuck. That. Butcher the damn things, we don't need them. Give me something that we actually need trained I mean, come on overseer...best go see if he needs any help with training..."

In other words, I'd like something more productive then pets for the children. :-\

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 29, 2012, 07:29:19 pm**

Don't worry, you're getting to train other things too. Cilob only reserves the giant sparrows for himself.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 29, 2012, 07:32:59 pm**

Can I haz Cavy. :3

There adorable.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 29, 2012, 08:46:29 pm**

Alpha Laboratories Experimental Report:
On an investigation into the potential for goblinoid flight

Purpose:

The fortress of Brightwater is defended by a low curtain wall which encloses a region of the coastline, ensuring that access by foot is only possible through one well-defended, narrow entrance. This has so far presented a secure defense against any creature not capable of flight or entry by sea.

Creatures capable of flight (including giant wrens and thrips) and of swimming (including crabs) have demonstrated the ability to bypass the fortress walls and enter the secured area. So far, these creatures have not presented a significant threat.

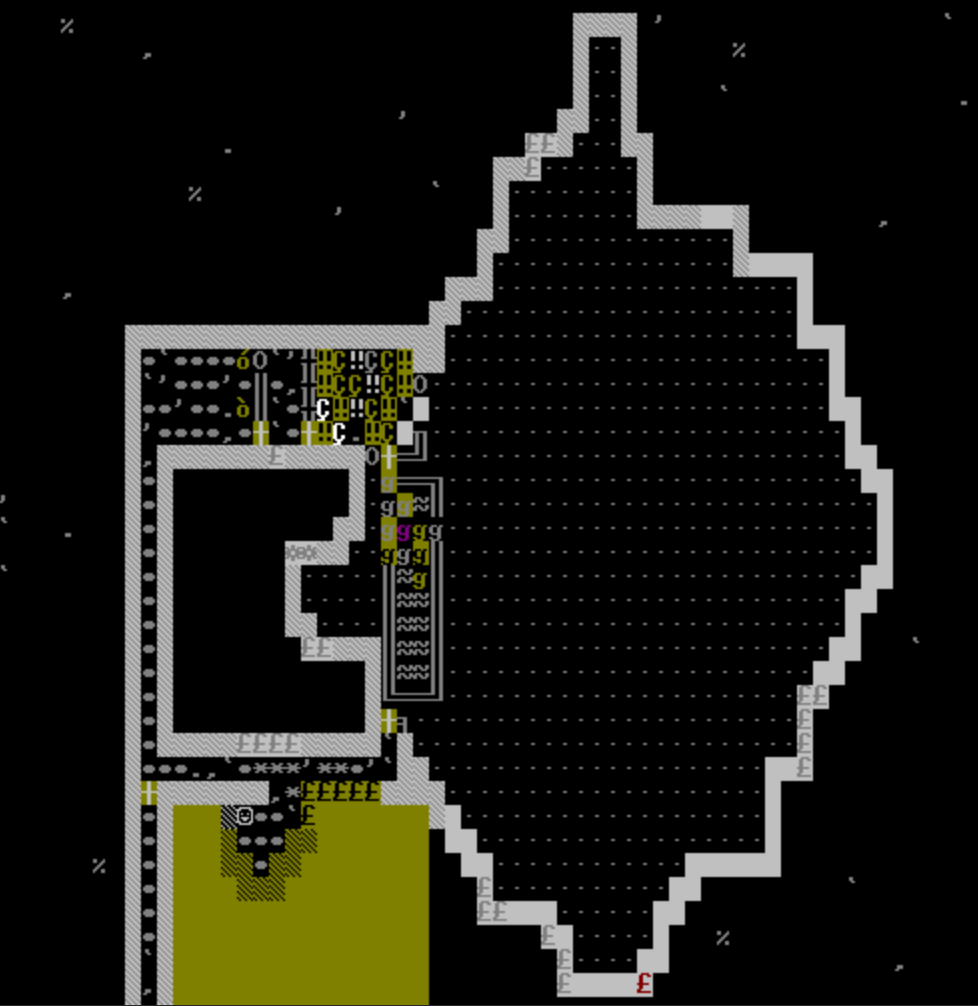
Our fortress defenses hold secure against goblins due to the fact that no goblin has yet demonstrated either the power of flight or amphibious abilities. Should the goblins develop these abilities, the primary defenses of the fortress would be compromised.

This experiment is intended to evaluate captive goblins in order to determine if they show any indication of developing precursor abilities required for flight. It is theorized that true flight abilities would be preceded by the development of gliding membranes, feathers, organic parachutes, webbed fingers, or similar adaptionns for surviving longer falls. These would be experimentally detectable as goblins with these pre-adaptionns would fall more slowly than goblins without them.

Methods:

A number of goblins not required for other experimental purposes were stripped of all gear and placed in an experimental chamber, as shown:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The goblins were transported to a release chamber via cages. A remote lever was used to open all the goblin cages simultaneously. The goblins were then encouraged to move onto a retracing bridge located over a naturally occurring chasm.

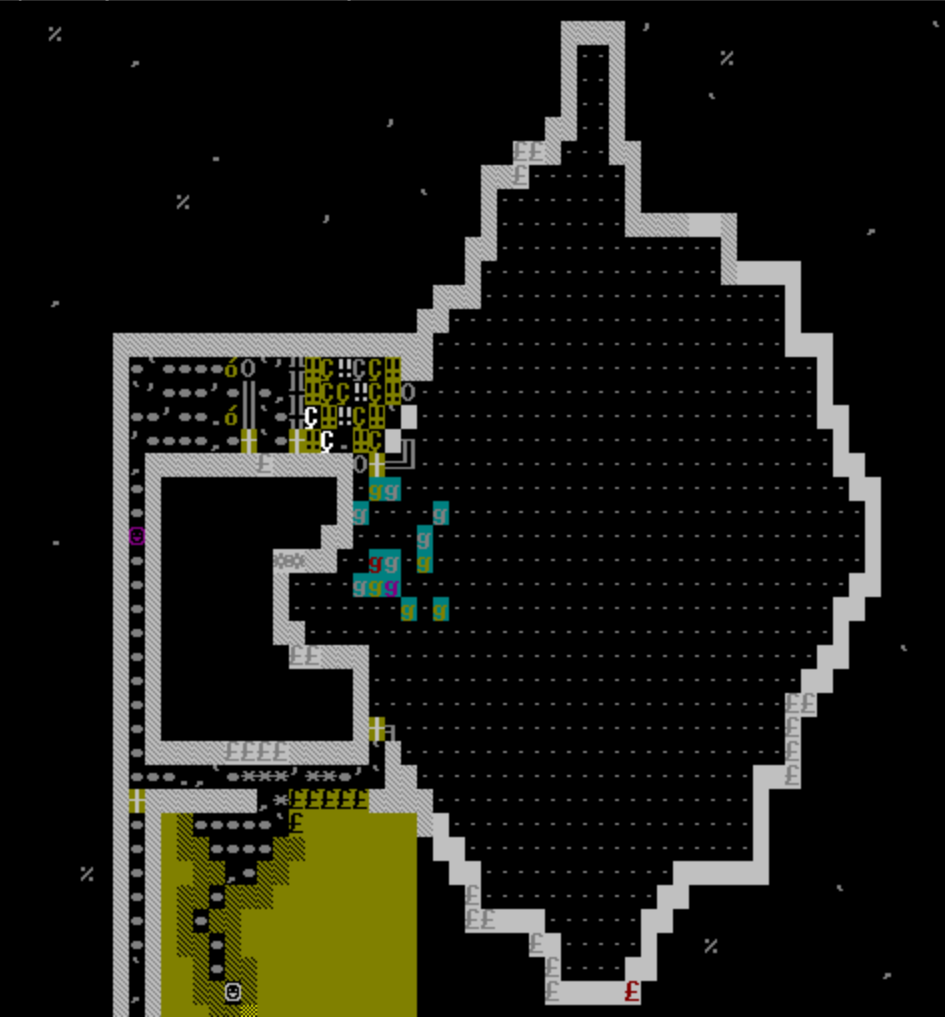
The height of the chasm was chosen to give a time of fall sufficient for any gliding ability to be easily detectable.

After the goblins had all moved onto the experimental platform, the platform was retracted to release all the goblins simultaneously into the test chamber.

Results:

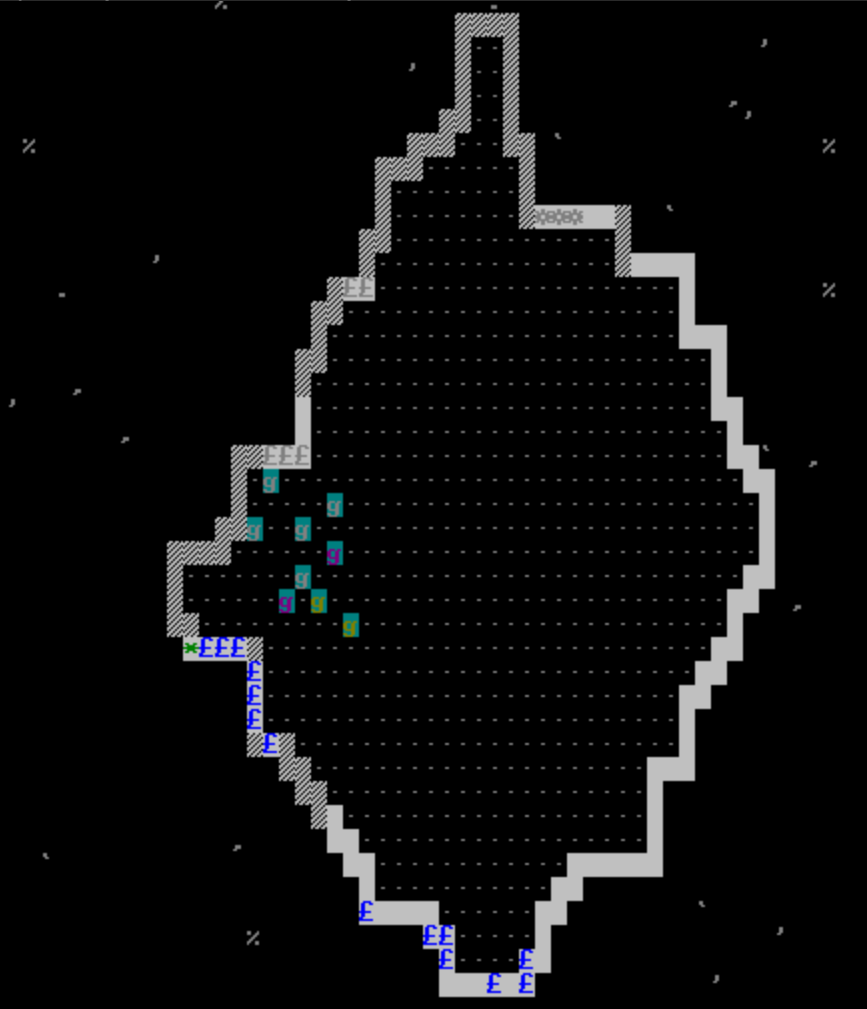
The goblins were all released simultaneously. The initial lateral spread of the subjects was within expected ranges.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Because of the random motion imparted by the retracting bridge, the goblins did not all begin to fall at the same moment. Some of them began falling before others, resulting in a vertical spread among the falling subjects.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

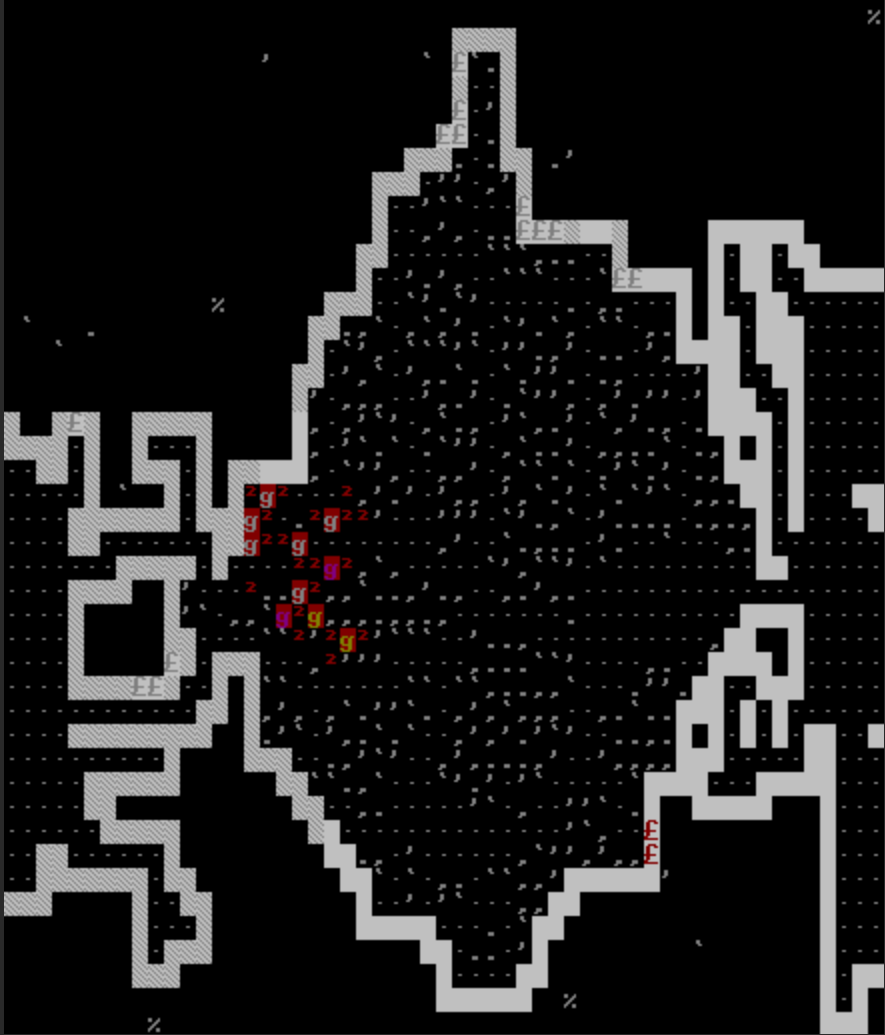


Rather than evaluating the time of impact of each goblin, the overall three dimensional pattern of all the subjects was carefully observed. Any goblin which fell slower than the others would have moved out of place relative to the other goblins. This was not observed. Instead, the relative position of all goblins was maintained as the group fell, up until the point where they impacted the rocks at the base of the experimental chamber.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Some body fragments were thrown out on random paths after the initial impact. These were not observed carefully, as we are not at this time concerned that goblins might develop body parts which are only capable of flight after being severed.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Conclusion:

None of the subjects yet tested has shown any indications of any ability to control or reduce their rate of fall, or control their path when falling. This suggests that the goblin race is not likely to develop the power of flight in the near future. It is however recommended that this experiment be repeated periodically.

Further experiments into the aquatic abilities of goblins are forthcoming.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Ahsaber** on **April 29, 2012, 10:57:25 pm**

Any chance of a rendition of the movie Birds any time soon? :P

Also, dwarfing request:

Male, named Ash, a swordsdwarf if one is available, a marksdwarf if not.

Don't really care about the whole bloodline business. :)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **April 29, 2012, 10:58:20 pm**

This started as a fishing fort.

Now its a military outpost.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **April 30, 2012, 01:59:33 am**

Quote from: Corai on April 29, 2012, 10:58:20 pm

This started as a fishing fort.

Now its a military outpost.

Dwarves don't make a distinction.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Lupusater** on **April 30, 2012, 12:31:31 pm**

Va'al 's log:
Cilob made us slaughter cavies. First the giant sparrows, and now small mice. At least trying to chop their legs off is a great exercise for fine sword-eye coordination. Oh, and the captain killed a giant lizard. I hope we get assigned some scary critter like that to help kill things.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **BeserkNINJA** on **April 30, 2012, 01:08:35 pm**

Higginbottoms journal

the other day i was out gathering some meat (i heard cilob call it a rhino) but whateva its still edible, anyway there i was hauling this big damn cage when all of a sudden this odd scaly beast wanders out of the tall moss (i think its called grass not sure) and looked me right in the eye, now i couldnt call myself a dwarf if i didnt immedietly think how nice its shiny scales would look on a new bathrobe when all of a sudden it rolled into a ball, i was amazed i can tell you so i started hitting the damned creature to no avail so i stopped a second to catch my breath and the b*stard unrolled and ran right into a cage, damn creature hiding like an elf....

so anyways been thinking of asking cilob to give me that beast so i can teach it how to act like a true mountain lord.

oh yeah and that damn elf lovers been talking to me again i swear if he even comes near me one more time ill rip out his beard and feed him that stupid wooden stick he is always carrying about.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 30, 2012, 01:13:39 pm**

Clearly, I'm going to have to start modding some of these creatures to be war-trainable.

Starting with the covies.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **April 30, 2012, 01:15:21 pm**

Animal taming is the purpose of this outpost, and as baroness, it is right that animals should be on my mind. Perhaps I should be considering the mystery of the rhinoceros. Perhaps I would be expected to be bothered by a loose hamster in my suite. Instead, it is the reports of giant monitor lizards that stick in my mind. Their death disturbs me. I feel a strange connection to such creatures, as though a grinning yellow lizard was watching everything I do. I cannot explain this feeling.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **FritzPL** on **April 30, 2012, 01:25:30 pm**

This is simply amazing, could probably compare this to Battlefailed in its finest days.

Is the militia commander, Morul Cattendoren, still available for dorfing?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **April 30, 2012, 01:45:11 pm**

Urist McWhale demands a pet whale!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Maxmurder** on **April 30, 2012, 02:26:18 pm**

Very Epic Story! Very entertaining to read! after reading this I will proly do a community fortress after my current crumbles (or we get the minecart update)....

For now though i would like to be dorfed...

Prefrences to a military dwarf if there are any left... if not a simple miner or mason as long as i dont end up a useless hauler... any family relations will do

thanks! and keep up the awesome work!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **BeserkNINJA** on **April 30, 2012, 02:47:33 pm**

if your going to make them trainable higginbottom would love to have a war pangolin, or even better a war giant badger the dwarfiest of beasts.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **empfan** on **April 30, 2012, 03:20:22 pm**

Quote from: BeserkNINJA on April 30, 2012, 02:47:33 pm

if your going to make them trainable higginbottom would love to have a war pangolin, or even better a war giant badger the dwarfiest of beasts.

I want a war badger, I don't care if I'm in the military or not. I call all rights to train them for war.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **StLeibowitz** on **April 30, 2012, 06:33:18 pm**

Journal of Saint, Entry 4

Ha! My request for prickly berries has been answered. The leader of this fort (nobody considers that baroness to be in charge; she does

act as a useful decoy for elven assassins, though) probably expects the berries to appear in his food! Ha! Not likely (well, maybe the berries themselves).

In my time as chief herbalist of Ananumid, a skill which unfortunately hasn't transferred to this new body, I discovered that the leaves of prickly berries have some interesting properties once dried, roasted, and dissolved in alcohol. While it pained me to forgo my lunchtime ale, I needed to ensure that, in this universe (or region, or island), the berries possessed the same properties. Mixing the prepared leaves with the ale, I slipped out of the fortress in between lard roasts for long enough to feed the concoction to one of the rhinoceroses.

The effects were better than I had hoped.

Heavy breathing began in under thirty seconds; within a minute, the she-rhino had lost the ability to stand. Her heart was still as a rock after only one and a half minutes.

The poison breaks down within a few days, but until then I hope nobody decides to sneak a bite of the rhino should it be butchered before then, lest they fall victim to the same toxin. Now that I'm certain the potion works, and works spectacularly well, I can begin slipping the stuff into the water of some the less likely to be missed tamed animals around the fort, and render out their delicious lard! Brightwater shall not starve under my watch.

Addendum: On an unrelated note, I was able to sneak down to that shaft in the underlevels where they perform !!Science!! - in time to watch them determine if Goblins have the ability to fly. I think somebody has spent too much time in the sunlight; if anything, they should flood the place and see if Goblins are close to developing the coordination needed to swim.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **April 30, 2012, 07:23:09 pm**

Quote from: FritzPL on April 30, 2012, 01:25:30 pm

Is the militia commander, Morul Cattendoren, still available for dorfing?

She is. I will warn you that she's 139 years old and may actually die of old age soon, but she's yours if you want her for her remaining life.

Quote from: Ashsaber on April 29, 2012, 10:57:25 pm

Any chance of a rendition of the movie Birds any time soon? :P

WAR GIANT SPARROWS ATTACK!

Quote

Also, dwarfing request:

Male, named Ash, a swordsdwarf if one is available, a marksdwarf if not.

I give you Domas Tobulkulin, Male Marksdwarf, now known as Ash.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (49)

'Ash' Tobulkulin, "'Ash' Canyonpalms", Hunter

'Ash' Tobulkulin has been quite content lately. He had a wonderful drink lately. He had a fine drink lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He was grumbling about long patrol duty lately. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He admired a fine Door lately. He has been annoyed by flies. He was caught in the rain recently.

He is married to Udil Steelweb and has one child: Tun Searchedchambers. He is the son of Mosus Roomyears and 'Higginbottom III' Ragwhipped.

He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Figure of Play. He is a former member of The Glacial Hatchet. He is an enemy of The Moist Vice. He is an enemy of Gulufrilgis. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Slate in the year 52.

He is eighteen years old, born on the 25th of Obsidian in the year 37.

His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His extremely long beard is braided. His very long hair is braided. He is average in size. His eyes are rust. His nose is hooked. His ears are free-lobed. His skin is peach.

He is indefatigable, but he is flimsy and clumsy.

'Ash' Tobulkulin likes rich laterite, magnalium, yellow diamond, amber, platypus bone, giant brown recluse spider silk, shields, cages, pigs for their sense of smell and pale taupe brutes for their bloated appearance. When possible, he prefers to consume giant damselfly, bloated tubers and dwarven beer. He absolutely detests bark scorpions.

He has a great kinesthetic sense, an ability to read emotions fairly well and a good memory, but he has poor creativity and a large deficit of willpower.

He has a calm demeanor. He is quick to anger. He doesn't need thrills or risks in life. He appreciates art and natural beauty. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He doesn't go out of his way to do more work than necessary. He takes time when making decisions. He always takes a deep breath whenever he is surprised. When he's nervous, he sometimes cracks his knuckles. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

'Ash' Tobulkulin, Hunter
"'Ash' Canyonpalms"
♂

Go to Individual Combat Drill

Competent Marksdwarf

Competent Archer

Adequate Dodger

Dabbling Grower

Adequate Ambusher (Rusty)

Dabbling Persuader

Dabbling Negotiator

Dabbling Judge of Intent

Dabbling Intimidator

Dabbling Conversationalist

Quote from: Maxmurder on April 30, 2012, 02:26:18 pm

For now though i would like to be dorfed...

Prefrences to a military dwarf if there are any left... if not a simple miner or mason as long as i dont end up a useless hauler... any family relations will do

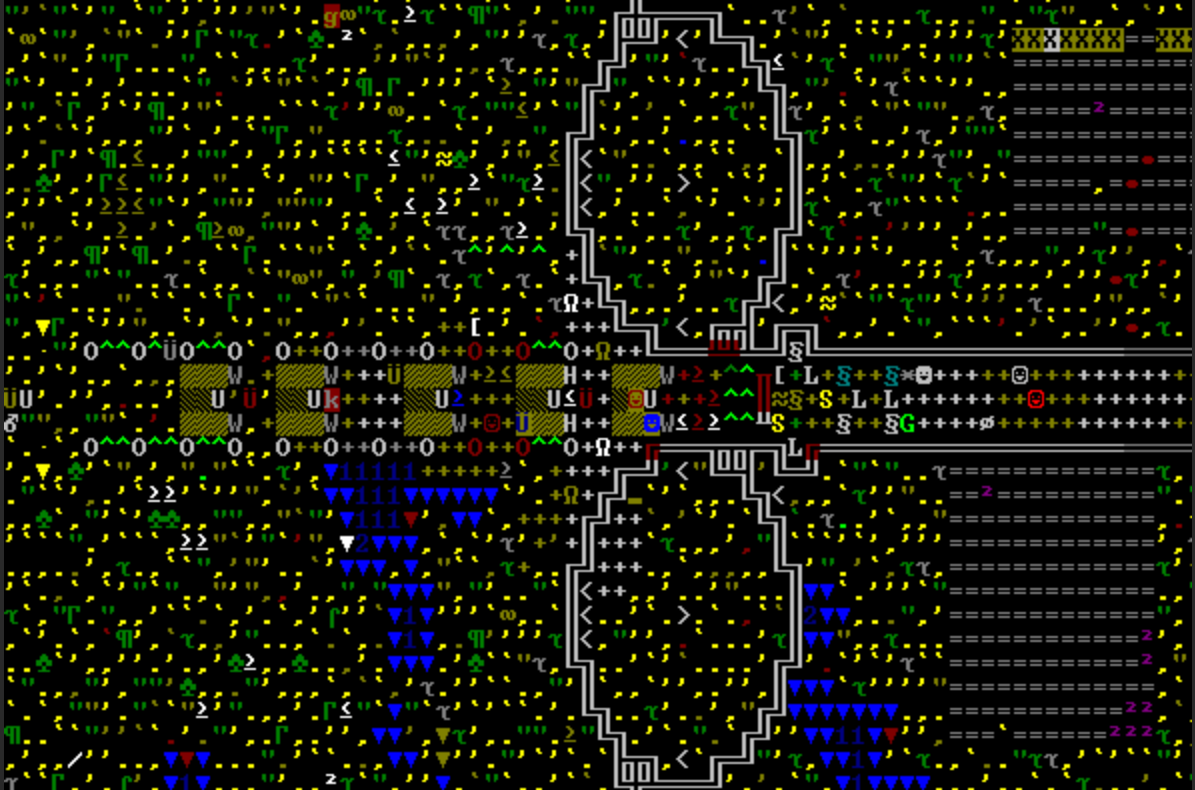
We're out of military dwarves, Risen Ellesttekkud (Great Miner, Competent Mason) looks like a good choice. You want 'Maxmurder' or a different name?

Short update today. The USB thumb drive that Brightwater lives on broke - connector actually cracked off. I managed to fix it, and have since been backing up everything important on it to multiple places.

Cilob's journal - mid-summer update

The human caravan has arrived. I have sent the soldiers out - all of them, of which by my count there are thirteen, in three squads, marksdwarves, hammers, swordsdwarves, and a few oddities like that fellow with the flail. I don't want the goblins interrupting this trade caravan.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Of course, the goblins don't show. Neither do any kobolds or unusual wild animals. Expected. They're probably waiting, saving their strength for the dwarven caravan in the fall. Some of the soldiers are grumbling about long patrol times - and being asked to kill cavies when they are sent out - but there's not much else we can do. We can't leave the entrance unguarded.

I wonder if some of these animals can be trained as soldiers? I'll have to ask Cain if he has any ideas on enhancing the aggressiveness of these animals. Now that Cain's star patient is walking again, he should have the time to help with that.

Yes, Rakust regained consciousness recently. She's even walking again, without even needing a crutch. Amazing. I don't know how Cain did it.

She doesn't remember any of the attack. Her first request was for some fresh clothing.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Dwarf Fortress

Idlers: 0

Rakust Gesisfikod, Dwarven C

"Rakust Sinewglazes"

♀

Pickup Equipment

Dabbling Armor User

Dabbling Fighter

Dabbling Dodger

Adequate Grower (Rusty)

Dabbling Persuader

Dabbling Negotiator

Dabbling Judge of Intent

Dabbling Intimidator

Dabbling Conversationalist

Dabbling Comedian

c: Combat b: Labor m: Misc

g:Gen i:Inv p:Prf w:Wnd z:St

ESC: Done

Poor kid looks like she was torn apart and stitched together, which of course she was. Hopefully some of those scars will smooth out over time.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>

Rakust Gesisfikod, "Rakust Sinewglazes", Dwarven Child

Rakust Gesisfikod has been quite content lately. She received food recently. She received water recently. She was able to rest and recuperate lately. She was nauseated by the sun lately. She is the daughter of Cog Overboard and Rovod Walkdaggers. She is a dubious worshipper of icum the Gladness of Trusting, a faithful worshipper of icum the Gladness of Trusting and a faithful worshipper of Stettad. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is three years old, born on the 23rd of Sandstone in the year 52. Her fourth finger, left hand is broken. Her fourth finger, left hand is smashed open. Her right ankle is fractured. She is scrawny. She has very high cheekbones, and she has a very broad chin. Her hair is clean-shaven. She has a low voice. Her rust eyes have thin irises. Her upper lip bears a huge dent. Her nose is hooked. Her skin is peach. Her upper body bears the marks of numerous old wounds, the chief among them a huge dent. Her lower body bears the marks of numerous old wounds, the chief among them a huge dent. Her right upper arm bears a huge dent. Her right lower arm bears a huge dent. Her left lower arm bears the marks of old wounds, including a huge dent. Her right hand bears a huge dent. Her left hand bears a huge dent. Her right upper leg bears a huge dent. Her left upper leg bears the marks of old wounds, including a huge dent. Her right lower leg bears a huge dent. Her left lower leg bears a huge dent. Her right foot bears a huge dent. Her right cheek bears a huge dent. She is almost never sick and quite durable, but she is clumsy and weak. Rakust Gesisfikod likes chalk, bismuth bronze, zirconia, candlenut wood, giant red panda leather, the color bronze, large gems, pigs for their snorts, giant narwhals for their horns and bloated tubers for their stout shape. When possible, she prefers to consume tuber beer and whip vine seeds. She absolutely detests leeches. She has a great kinesthetic sense, but she has a little difficulty with words, a questionable spatial sense, little patience and lousy creativity. She rarely feels discouraged. She can handle stress. She considers spending time alone much more important than associating with others. She is rarely happy or enthusiastic. She dislikes intellectual discussions. She is very disorganized. She strives for excellence. She needs alcohol to get through the working day and can't even remember the last time she had some. She doesn't really care about anything anymore.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

And I think she's carrying enough thread for Erush to make an entire outfit from.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Rakust Gesisfikod, Dwarven Child
"Rakust Sinewglazes"

-giant cave spider silk sock-, Right foot
x(giant cave spider chitin right glove)x, Right hand
x(giant cave spider chitin left glove)x, Left hand
+milkfish suede shoe+, Right foot
=giant cave spider silk sock=, Left foot
x+giraffe leather shoe+x, Left foot
x(common snapping turtle suede robe)x, Upper body
(cave spider silk loincloth), Lower body
(giant earthworm leather cap), Head
(«cave spider silk cloak»), Upper body
rope reed fiber trousers, Lower body
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Right hand
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left false ribs
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left lower arm
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left lower arm

pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left upper leg
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left upper leg
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Right shoulder
(pig tail fiber thread), Sewn into Right upper leg
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Right lower arm
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left knee
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left elbow
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left floating ribs
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Right ankle
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left lower arm
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left floating ribs
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left hand
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Right lower leg

But she's alive and walking. Cain should be proud.

Now, Geb is acting as our Baroness, meeting with the human diplomats for the first time.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Dwarf FortressIdlers: 1



‘Geb’ Mozibducim, baroness
"‘Geb’ Swallowworked"
Creator of Ruthöshmes, ♀

Conduct Meeting
Novice Grower (Rusty)
Novice Stone Crafter (Rusty)
Legendary Bone Carver
Adept Bowyer
Adequate Persuader
Competent Negotiator
Competent Judge of Intent
Adequate Intimidator
Competent Conversationalist
Competent Comedian

c: Combat **b:** Labor **m:** Misc
g:Gen **i:**Inu **p:**Prf **w:**Wnd **z:**St
ESC: Done **v:** Next

She's got a list of supplies the humans can help us with. I expect she'll make a few requests of her own, but that's the prerogative of a Baroness.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Goose ---!0
Gander ---!0

At least the demands she makes are for thing she's happy to produce herself.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Mandates: **Make crossbows (2/2)**
→‘Geb’ Mozibducim, baroness has mandated the construction of certain goods.

Now, I have asked Weiss Ironcage to take on a new task, since he's done so well with those cavies. I'm having him tame the rhinoceroses, one at a time. It's good practice for him. I just hope he doesn't get too attached, since we're going to butcher them as soon as he says they're safe to approach. Can't keep those things alive. I still don't know how that female one died.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Quietust** on **April 30, 2012, 11:19:04 pm**

It's too bad the Human diplomat already arrived - just a few hours ago, I managed to produce my first binary patch for 0.34.xx which fixes diplomat bodyguards (<http://www.bay12games.com/dwarves/mantisbt/view.php?id=5854>). If you can think of a reason for the Humans to suddenly step up security for their future diplomatic visits, feel free to apply it.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **FritzPL** on **April 30, 2012, 11:30:36 pm**

If you can, please dorf me into that female militia commander. Call her 'Fritz'.

dwarf women also grow beards, so nobody will know the diffrence

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Quietust** on **May 01, 2012, 06:22:00 am**

Quote from: FritzPL on April 30, 2012, 11:30:36 pm

dwarf women also grow beards, so nobody will know the diffrence

No they don't, unless you've done some modding. Take a look at the raws if you don't believe me.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Maxmurder** on **May 01, 2012, 10:48:21 am**

Quote from: Sphalerite on April 30, 2012, 07:23:09 pm

We're out of military dwarves, Risen Ellesttekkud (Great Miner, Competent Mason) looks like a good choice. You want 'Maxmurder' or a different name?

Ellesttekkud it is! and Maxmurder is fine for a name!

Thanks

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **BeserkNINJA** on **May 01, 2012, 12:16:18 pm**

Higginbottoms journal

today i was called out to stand guard for a bunch of townsmen useless creatures they dont even know how to dig. the only reason i went up top was in the hope a kobold or a goblin would turn up so i could rip out its heart and feed it to its family... oh well better luck next time.

ive heard talk of that scaled creature that ran getting tamed by cilob and i want it ill even let that elf lover talk to me if i get it..... imagine it a huge armored beast charging into battle against the dan elves, it will be glorious.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **exolyx** on **May 01, 2012, 03:01:30 pm**

If it isn't too much trouble, could you find a dwarf (any male one will do.) Who can use a spear, or will? I have this connection to the things. In my past five or so fortresses all my migrants with any military skill were speardwarves, and a few hammerdwarves. That aside, I'd love to have a war goose if you plan on doing things like that.

If you feel that the military is too big, give me an assistant doctor instead who desires to conduct revolutionary studies such as the effect of alcohol on a surgeon's precision mid-surgery.

No matter which, name him "Phenos" as well as being depicted as having a pipe.

Side note: An idea for some science is whether goblins can dive or not, give them a huge drop with water and see how they react/how cool the splashes sound echoing in the caverns.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 01, 2012, 04:44:33 pm**

Note to self, poison Cilob....

Jk jk! Im at school posting this. BUT SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **May 01, 2012, 04:57:34 pm**

Graknorke's Journal

That's right, this is officially a journal because I'm setting out on a journey! So, I've had a sudden resolve today, after seeing those traders! I know that the elves are bad and evil and hippies and all that other stuff that's said, but they came from the outside, with the smells and the strange seeds stuck to their clothes, it was all so fantastic. I've always wanted to go on adventures, it would be great to go around the world and see what there is to see. Unfortunately, the land around here has already been scouted out, I've already seen builders starting to spread our (wonderful, if I do say) architecture into the ocean. There is little untouched around here. The closest to foreign I've seen in a while were some berries that we bought from a caravan, I managed to grab a quick smell of them, and the smell of faraway lands and travel was almost overwhelming!

While the surface may be conquered, I know there are places that we haven't fully seen and explored. In the mountainhomes, they had already been cleared and repurposed to house and provide for the population, but I doubt that they are so barren over here. So much new life of plants and animals and probably other things. Of course I mean the caverns, they are to dwarves what the surface us to humans, the wild landscape for us to conquer. I sometimes go to the places nearest to where they're closed off, and it's like I can hear the voices of creatures infinitely old and wise, and always calling me and encouraging me. Truly this must be the true dwarvern spirit calling out to me to explore these caverns. I'll never get permission from the overseer to lead and expedition into there from the overseer, no way would the military be put at risk for something that he seems so desperate to avoid. Maybe if I tell the baroness and her new advisor about this though, I'm sure she'd be interested in the wealth this could generate. Maybe I'll drop in a note to one of them. I wish I could write sounds down journal, because I think I can hear the voices cheering.

Note: If this gets in the way of anything you have planned, I'll happily ret-con it out. It was mainly just there so Corai would have a reason to FTFO. I like mentally unstable Corai.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 01, 2012, 05:19:06 pm**

Quote from: FritzPL on April 30, 2012, 11:30:36 pm

If you can, please dorf me into that female militia commander. Call her 'Fritz'.

Here you go. Fritz the reclusive, emotionally and physically scarred murder machine who's more than twice as old as the world itself. Note - your kills in 'Mellowglisten' were during one of the old wars against the elves back in pre-embark world history.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

'Fritz' Cattendoren Itredgelt has been happy lately. She received water recently. She slept in a very good bedroom recently. She has been satisfied at work lately. She was caught in the rain recently. She has been annoyed by flies. She is a dubious worshipper of icum the Gladness of Trusting. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is a former member of The Lost Shields. She is a former member of The Praised Turquoise. She is a former member of The Relic of Burying. She is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. She is an enemy of Gulufrilgis. She is an enemy of The Moist Uice. She is an enemy of The Ruthlessness of Dreading. She is the militia commander of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 8th of Malachite in the year 51. She has the appearance of somebody that is one hundred thirty-nine years old and is one of the first of her kind. She is incredibly muscular. Her free-lobed tall ears are extremely narrow. Her rust eyes are slightly wide-set. Her hair is quite sparse. Her very long hair is neatly combed. Her head is somewhat short. Her hair is gray mixed with white. Her skin is peach. Her upper body bears the marks of old wounds, including a huge dent. Her lower body bears a dent. Her right upper arm bears the marks of old wounds, including a huge dent. Her lower lip bears a huge dent. Her ears are slightly flattened. She is incredibly quick to heal, mighty, very agile and tough. 'Fritz' Cattendoren Itredgelt likes bituminous coal, sponge zirconium, thorianite, maple wood, giant anaconda leather, badger tooth, the color aqua, mittens, scepters, horses for their strength and albatrosses for their large wings. When possible, she prefers to consume hungry head, mead and goat's milk. She absolutely detests purring maggots. She has an unbreakable will, a very good sense of the position of her own body and a good feel for social relationships, but she has poor analytical abilities, bad intuition, little natural inclination toward music and a really bad memory. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. She doesn't really care about anything anymore.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Fifteen Notable Kills	
Pudusteelbus the kobold, d. 51	
Atu Hellgraves the goblin, d. 51	
B&#x Doomedclutch the goblin, d. 51	
Em Malignedlung the goblin, d. 52	
Belepi the minotaur, d. 52	
Sragus the kobold, d. 52	
Atu Menaceveil the goblin, d. 53	
Lidod Cloaksucker the Frothy-Outrage of Lancing the minotaur, d. 53	
Ngokang Slothvile the goblin, d. 53	
Stozu Malignedbalanced the goblin, d. 53	
Stosb&#b Brasshell the goblin, d. 53	
Zolak Horrorpriced the human, d. 53	
B&#x Scourgedog the goblin, d. 53	
Osnun Hellthrow the goblin, d. 53	
Throstreetebis the kobold, d. 55	
Seventeen Other Kills	
Three bobcats (♂) in Mellowglisten	
Six elves (♂) in Mellowglisten	
One bobcat (♀) in Mellowglisten	
One giant sparrow (♂) in Brightwater	
One warthog (♀) in Brightwater	
Two giant sparrows (♀) in Brightwater	
One giant gray langur (♀) in Brightwater	
One honey badger (♂) in Brightwater	
One giant bark scorpion (♀) in Brightwater	
icum Amkin Gamil	Deity
Esht&#n Kekathral, Drake (Tame)	Pet
Rakust Amithtulon, mayor	Friend
Thob As&#nushil, Farmer	Friend
&#rith Th&#ikutadag, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Iun Absammafol, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Erush Fatheggut, clothesdwarf	Passing Acquaintance
Rig&#th Tishaktobul, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance

Quote from: Maxmurder on May 01, 2012, 10:48:21 am

Ellesttekkud it is! and Maxmurder is fine for a name!

I present Maxmurder the miner/mason. You've been doing a lot of work for Phenix in construction and mining since you've been at the fortress.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (49)	'Maxmurder' Ellesttekkud, "'Maxmurder' Kinpick", Miner
'Maxmurder' Ellesttekkud has been quite content lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He slept in a great bedroom recently. He has been tired lately. He has complained of thirst lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He is married to Mafol Headtowers and has 5 children: Logem Scouredstake, Likot Boltbalance, L&#r Tombmorals, Datan Copperriddles and Sibre&# Snarlriings. He is the son of Nish Letterriddled and &#nul Castleheat. He is an ardent worshipper of icum the Gladness of Trusting and an ardent worshipper of Stettad. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. He arrived at Shinarel on the 25th of Limestone in the year 51. He is twenty-five years old, born on the 10th of Slate in the year 30. His hair is extremely long. He is average in size. He has a recessed chin. His lips are thick. His ears have nearly fused lobes. His head is somewhat short. His hair is tan. His skin is peach. His eyes are rust. He is slow to tire. 'Maxmurder' Ellesttekkud likes obsidian, titanium, red zircon, leopard seal tooth, the color midnight blue, spears, coins, turkeys for their wattle and bats for their haunting cries. When possible, he prefers to consume bumblebee mead. He absolutely detests forest spiders. He has a very good feel for social relationships and a good intellect, but he has bad intuition, poor spatial senses and quite poor focus. He has a calm demeanor. He is very distant and reserved. He is not a risk-taker. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He prefers familiar routines. He is very straightforward with others. He is self-disciplined. He rarely speaks when he's annoyed. He rolls his eyes when he's annoyed. When he's thinking, his body becomes very still. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.	
A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.	

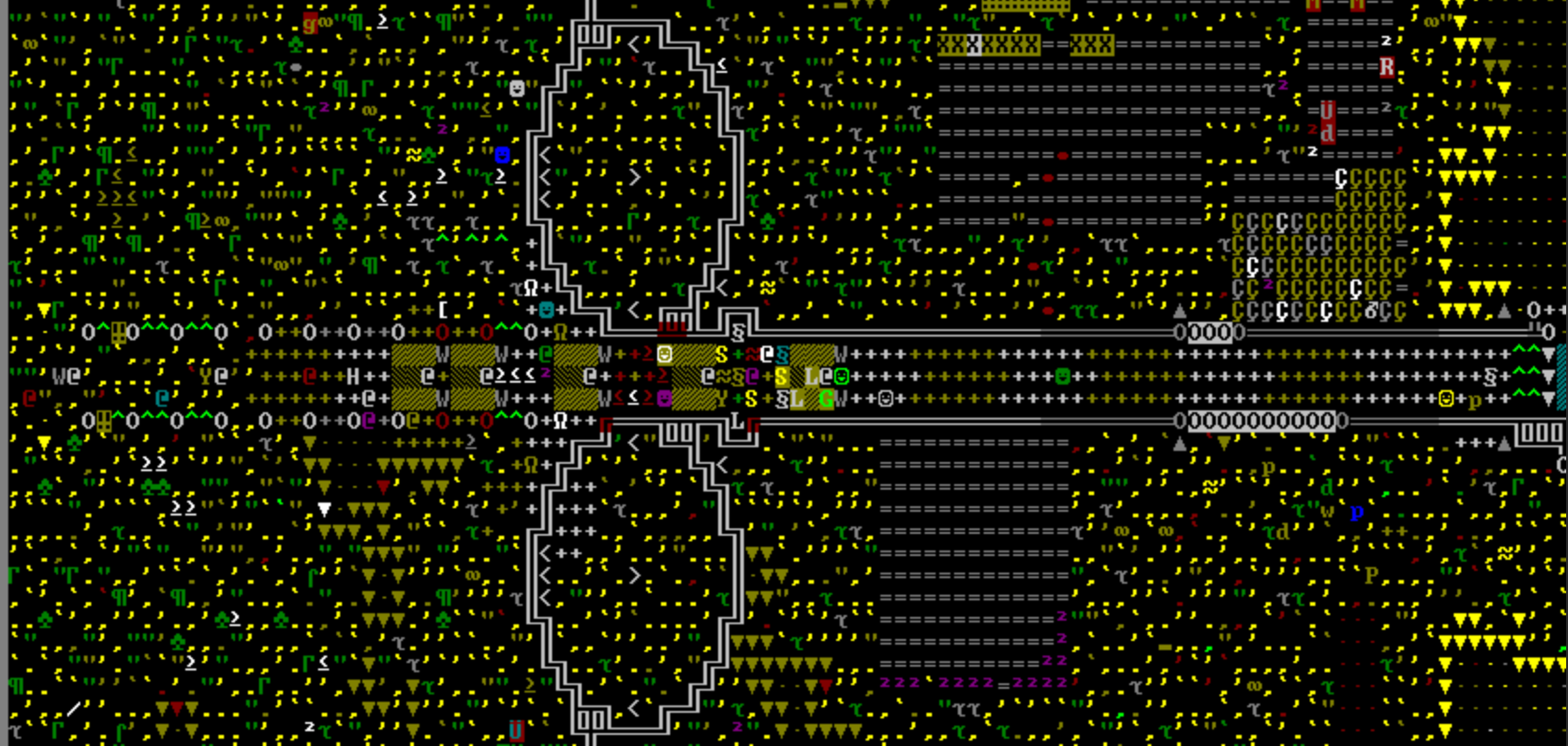
Quote from: exolyx on May 01, 2012, 03:01:30 pm

If you feel that the military is too big, give me an assistant doctor instead who desires to conduct revolutionary studies such as the effect of alcohol on a surgeon's precision mid-surgery.

Our military is really as large as I'd like it to be at this moment, especially as it wasn't supposed to be the focus of the fortress. I do think that Doctor Cain could use an assistant in the hospital and for his science experiments, so I present to you Nurse Phenos (who will be confused with Phones, of course).

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



They're all eager for a good fight, after having nothing but wild animals to fight for the last half-year. I assured them that the goblins will be here. If they stick to their usual pattern, they'll try to break through while the traders are exposed.

On the surface, outside the fortress.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"See any goblins?"

"Nope."

"Kobolds?"

"Dead one on the road."

"Doesn't count, it's been there for years. Wild animals?"

"Giant Tick, but the cage traps got it."

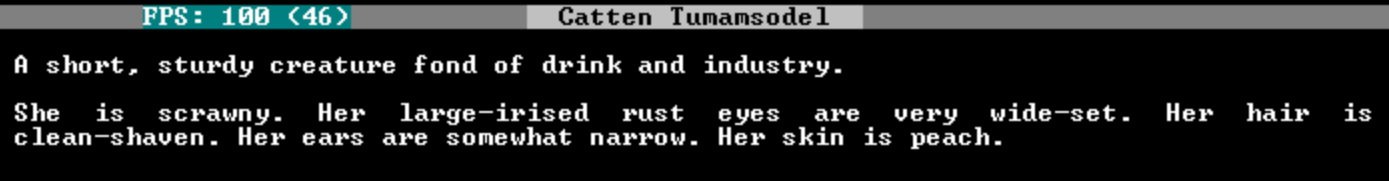
Our military reports that the goblins didn't even dare approach the fortress this year! Bit of a shame, but at least the caravan is here safely.

The liaison headed straight to Geb's office. I expect he'll want to see how our new Baroness has been holding up.

Geb meets with the Liaison from the mountainhomes...

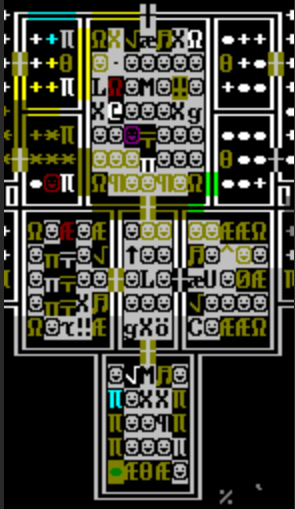
The Liaison was new to the job, the previous liaison having refused to return after the previous year's goblin assault. Catten Tumamsodel, a political appointee to the position, had done little hard work in her life, and it showed.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The office she was meeting in was remarkably opulent in comparison to the rest of the fortress. Coming down from the outside, she had seen unfinished stone walls on the path in, a crowded crafting and trading wall still being mined out, and a rough stone staircase leading to the warren-like living quarters. This room was obviously intended to impress, being masterfully engraved, and with some really spiffy statues in the corners.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



She would have been a bit more impressed with the room if she hadn't caught a glimpse of something small and furry scurrying behind a recently-installed statue.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Gusnòm Shm Nnsht, "Lfgds th Plnk of Bwtchnng", a bxt stt of Kvsh Mstrdc lngs

FPS: 100 <49>

This is a bauxite statue of Kivish Masteredceilings. All crafts dwarfship is of the highest quality. The item is a masterfully designed image of Kivish Masteredceilings the dwarf and dwarves in bauxite by 'Weiss Ironcage' Tanuzol. Kivish Masteredceilings is surrounded by the dwarves. The artwork relates to the ascension of the dwarf Kivish Masteredceilings to the position of king of The Imperial Pick in 1. It is encircled with bands of rectangular bauxite cabochons, pig tail fiber, octagon cut almandines and giant sparrow bone. This object menaces with spikes of bauxite and citrine. On the item is an image of Emerald dimples the bauxite coffer in prase opal.

One of the local dwarves, an animal trainer with the unusual name of 'Weiss Ironcage' had produced a gaudily-decoraed statue of the late King Kivish. Catten decided it was appropriate, as it would remind this Geb girl who she worked for.

"We'll be promoting you, of course. You have done an adequate job of ruling this place, but we a dwarf of your position should be demanding more from the locals."

"In particular, we don't think you really get the spirit of production mandates. Demanding that something be built, and then building it yourself, kind of defeats the idea. Your crossbows are welcome, and we'll be taking a large load of them back with us, but in the future, you should really be asking for something that the population can do for you, to show their devotion to you, and to the Mountainhomes. Why don't you try that for a change?"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Mandates:

Make shields <1/1>

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **exolyx** on **May 01, 2012, 08:32:06 pm**

Heh, completely forgot someone was named phones. You can changes Phenos to Kylin if it helps avoid confusion. I don't wanna be a hassle.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 01, 2012, 08:36:35 pm**

Quote from: exolyx on May 01, 2012, 08:32:06 pm

Heh, completely forgot someone was named phones. You can changes Phenos to Kylin if it helps avoid confusion. I don't wanna be a hassle.

No, hes means like.

"Hi Phones."

"Im Pheones."

"....Oh."

"So, hi."

"Hi Phones!"

"Pheones."

"....."

"You just keep on learning, Corai...."

"OKAY!"

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Maxmurder** on **May 01, 2012, 09:19:55 pm**

An exerpt from Maxmurder's journal:

' Ah Brightwater! I think Ive truly come to call this place home. I was weary about leaving the mountianhome but I have grown to love it here: The crashing of the waves on the stone, the smell of the ocean, the chirping of the giant sparrows. And all the mining! The mountian back home was almost completly mined out, here there is endless stone to dig! I have really settled into the routine quite nicely and working with Phenix has been wonderful!

I hear that the fall caravan has arrived... hopefully they have some bumblebee mead! It would be so nice to get a taste of the mountianhome!'

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 01, 2012, 09:42:47 pm**

Deep in the caverns, a project years in the making was had reached a key point. An oddly-shaped chamber next to the top of a magma pipe had been excavated and constructed. The few valuable stones within had been cleared out. Now a dwarf of no particular note, a near-unknown in this fortress, had been asked to go down and perform a dangerous yet vital step in the project.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

'Saint' Iridkonos, Monk errant
"Saint' Rhythmbrass"
8

Operate Pump
Novice Siege Operator (Rusty)
Dabbling Fighter
Dabbling Dodger
Grand Master Cook
Dabbling Grower
Dabbling Building Designer
Talented Potash Maker (U Rusty)
Novice Pump Operator
Novice Swimmer (Rusty)
Adequate Persuader (Rusty)

The magma-spitting creatures which dwell in the pipe do not attack him. Perhaps they simply do not notice as the magma is siphoned off. Perhaps he is lucky, or perhaps he tossed something into the magma to calm them beforehand, if one could believe such a preposterous thing.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



In any case, the magma chamber beneath the smithing floor fills without incident.

Far, far above, Ral Mistemmeng the broker is trading for supplies.

"You brought us rocks? I think we have plenty of rocks. Look, there's still bauxite boulders on the floor over there."

"Look, don't complain to me. We got a very important note last year telling us to bring these specific stones. Order came from a Doctor Cain, marked urgent."

Ral shrugged. "Ah, we better buy them then. He'll know what else to do with them. Now, we have the military supplies you requested."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

palm crossbow 40* <1f [T]
+palm crossbow+ 30* <1f [T]
highwood crossbow 40* <1f [T]
≡Weapon Bin (candle) 940* 9f
highwood crossbow 40* <1f [T]
giraffe bone crossb 200 <1f [T]
giraffe bone crossb 200 <1f [T]
giraffe bone crossb 200 <1f [T]
highwood crossbow 40* <1f [T]
pine crossbow 40* <1f [T]
≡maple crossbow≡ 50* <1f [T]
+highwood crossbow+ 30* <1f [T]
acacia crossbow 40* <1f [T]

"Top quality, made by our very own Baroness. The General should be very pleased with these. We'll also be making up for not sending any animal the last few years now. I present to you breeding populations of not one but two Brightwater animals, trained by our very own Cilob and his assistants."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <45> -wild boar cage (acacia)-

Weight: 1690f Basic Value: 20*

Contents:

Stray Wild Boar Piglet (Tame)
Stray Wild Boar (+Trained+)
Stray Wild Boar Sow (Trained)
Stray Wild Boar Sow (Trained)
Stray Wild Boar (Semi-Wild)
Stray Wild Boar Sow (Trained)
Stray Wild Boar (+Trained+)
Stray Wild Boar Sow (Trained)
Stray Wild Boar Sow (Trained)
Stray Wild Boar Sow (Trained)
Stray Wild Boar Sow (Trained)
Stray Wild Boar (-Trained-)
Stray Wild Boar Sow (-Trained-)
Stray Wild Boar Sow (-Trained-)
Stray Wild Boar (-Trained-)

f: Forbid
1: ... 1: ...

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 98 <49> ≡shared cage (mango wood)≡

Weight: 716f Basic Value: 50*

Contents:

Stray Warthog Piglet (Tame)
Stray Warthog Piglet (Tame)
Stray Warthog Piglet (Tame)
Stray Warthog Piglet (Tame)
Stray Weasel (+Trained+)
Stray Warthog (*Trained*)
Stray Warthog (Semi-Wild)
Stray Warthog (≡Trained≡)
Stray Warthog (*Trained*)
Stray Warthog (+Trained+)

"With the attached notes on care, you should be able to breed these back at the Mountainhomes. They're ugly, but damn tasty. Our butcher Argel has worked out how to make something he calls 'Bacon' from them. It's damn addictive."

The conversation is interrupted as Erush the clothier steps into the trade depot. "Did they bring it?" he demands.

Ral nods. "Yes, Erush. Your cloth is all here."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <48>

<Cloth Bin <pine>>

Weight: 9f

Basic Value: 10*

Contents:

<giant cave spider silk cloth>
<giant cave spider silk cloth>
<giant cave spider silk cloth>
<giant cave spider silk cloth>
<giant cave spider silk cloth>
<giant cave spider silk cloth>
<giant cave spider silk cloth>
<giant cave spider silk cloth>
<giant cave spider silk cloth>
<giant cave spider silk cloth>

"It's about time. I've been using this inferior stuff from the humans and elves for way too long."

Erush departs. Ral shakes her head, and continues,

"Sorry about that. He's a bit annoying, but really does make quite good clothing. Now, we were discussing food. We've prepared some special meals for the Queen. Here we have an exquisite Cuttlefish salad"

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <47>

cuttlefish, ♀ roast [19]

This is a stack of 19 exceptional prepared cuttlefish, ♀ roast. The ingredients are masterfully minced quarry bush leaves, masterfully minced giant sparrow egg, superiorly minced quarry bush leaves and exceptionally minced cuttlefish, ♀.

"And some deep-fried cuttlefish and warthog fritters."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <48>

crab tallow roast [24]

This is a stack of 24 masterfully prepared crab tallow roast created by 'Will_Tuna' Edëmkadôl. The ingredients are exceptionally minced cuttlefish, ♂, exceptionally minced cuttlefish, ♂, exceptionally minced warthog meat, exceptionally minced yak cheese, exceptionally minced crab tallow, exceptionally minced crab tallow, superiorly minced crab tallow and exceptionally minced crab tallow.

"Our baroness was insistent that we export this dish. Seemed to upset her for some reason. I'm not sure why, I tried some and it was delicious."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <47>

giant monitor lizard meat roast [48]

This is a stack of 48 masterfully prepared giant monitor lizard meat roast created by 'Will_Tuna' Edëmkadôl. The ingredients are masterfully minced prepared giant monitor lizard spleen, exceptionally minced dwarven syrup, exceptionally minced giant louse tallow and exceptionally minced giant monitor lizard meat.

"Finally, we have some Scorpion Eye Surprise. It's really better than it sounds."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <47>

prepared giant bark scorpion eye roast [34]

This is a stack of 34 exceptional prepared prepared giant bark scorpion eye roast. The ingredients are masterfully minced giant bark scorpion meat, exceptionally minced giant louse tallow, finely minced giant sparrow egg and exceptionally minced prepared giant bark scorpion eye.

"Now, I assume you've brought the usual supplies, and the animals we've requested? Cats for the guarding the food stockpiles, a few geese that Geb requested, and ... what in the world is that thing?"

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <46>

<tofurkey hen <♀> cage <lead>>

Weight: 348f

Basic Value: 10*

Contents:

Stray Tofurkey Hen <Tame>

The trader from the Mountainhomes smiled broadly. "You aren't the only fortress who's been taming exotic animals. This is from Boarrooms. It's called a Tofurkey."

Inside the cage was a grotesque-looking creature. It was shaped exactly like a common turkey, but was composed entirely of a pale, off-white, semi-gelatinous substance. Feathers, beak, talons, skin, even the eyes were made of the same material. Not breathing, not seeming to respond to its environment in any way, Ral would have thought it unliving, until it suddenly shifted position bonelessly, shuffling across its cage with a gurgle.

As she stared in horrified fascination, the trader continued to explain.

"Their cavern expedition came across a race of strange mushroom-people, deep underground. I don't mean living with mushrooms or using them, they were actually made of mushroom tissue, like plump helmets shaped like dwarves. Really freaky if you think about it. Anyway, these plump helmet men, they kept flocks of these birds. Well, not really birds - they're actually some kind of self-propelled, bird-shaped vegetable. They called them 'tofurkeys', and their flesh is referred to as 'tofu'. Anyway, they don't seem to need to eat, or breathe for that matter. Don't bleed or feel pain. No bones or feathers or cartilage or anything like that. Barely need butchering, just slice them up and eat them raw, or cook them into something. I figure if your cook can make something edible out of scorpion eyes, tofu should be no problem."

I was actually laughing heartily at the scene with the tofurkey.

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 01, 2012, 09:42:47 pm

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (46)

<tofurkey hen (♀) cage (lead)>

Weight: 348ℓ

Basic Value: 10*

Contents:

Stray Tofurkey Hen (Tame)

Just be careful to keep them away from necromancers, or you might end up with one of these (http://kol.coldfront.net/thekolwiki/index.php/Malevolent_Tofurkey) on your hands...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **StLeibowitz** on **May 02, 2012, 05:33:58 am**

Journal of Saint, entry 5

Turns out the prickleberry leaf extract may be unnecessary after all. Caravan just showed up today, and brought with it chicken-monsters composed entirely of what appears to be lard. As tallow of all sorts is a major ingredient in my dishes, a breeding stock of these "tofurkeys" will be immensely useful.

personal note: What would happen if a Tofurkey was fed prickleberry leaf extract? Do they have a heart to stop, or is it just lard all the way through?

Floor seems to have warmed up in some of the smithing areas. Normally, I would be worried about this development, but it actually feels quite pleasant on my bare feet (socks are great for cooking to, particulary pig tail fibers; better than prunes for digestion!) and seems to be remaining constant, so I will merely avoid the area until proven safe.

ooc: Tofurkeys? Wha? do they have organs at least, or are they some kind of horrible, mobile, lardlike Giant Sponges?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 02, 2012, 07:26:18 am**

Quote from: StLeibowitz on May 02, 2012, 05:33:58 am

ooc: Tofurkeys? Wha? do they have organs at least, or are they some kind of horrible, mobile, lardlike Giant Sponges?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Code: [Select]

```
creature_tofu

[OBJECT:CREATURE]

[CREATURE:BIRD_TOFURKEY]
[DESCRIPTION:Like a turkey, but made entirely of tofu.]
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[CLUSTER_NUMBER:1:4]
[NATURAL]
[LARGE_ROAMING]
[COMMON_DOMESTIC]
[NOPAIN][EXTRAVISION]
[NOBREATHE][NOSTUN][NONAUSEA][NOEMOTION]
[NOTHOUGHT][NOEXERT]
[NO_DIZZINESS]
[NO_FEVERS]
[NO_DRINK][NO_EAT][NO_SLEEP]
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[PREFSTRING:blandness]

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[REMOVE_MATERIAL:BONE]
[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:STANDARD_TISSUES]
[REMOVE_TISSUE:HAIR]
[REMOVE_TISSUE:BONE]

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[STATE_NAME_ADJ:LIQUID:melted tofu]
[STATE_NAME_ADJ:GAS:boiling tofu]
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[EDIBLE_RAW]
[EDIBLE_COOKED]

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[STRUCTURAL]
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[EDIBLE_VERMIN]
[EDIBLE_RAW]
[EDIBLE_COOKED]

[TISSUE:STUFFING]
[TISSUE_NAME:stuffing:stuffing]
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[MUSCULAR]
[FUNCTIONAL]
[STRUCTURAL]
[RELATIVE_THICKNESS:1]
[CONNECTS]
[TISSUE_SHAPE:LAYER]

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[NO_THOUGHT_CENTER_FOR_MOVEMENT]
[NO_SLEEP]
[NOPAIN][EXTRAVISION][NOSTUN][NOEMOTION][NOFEAR]

[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:VERTEBRATE_TISSUE_LAYERS:TOFU:TOFU:TOFU:STUFFING:STUFFING]
[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:BODY_HAIR_TISSUE_LAYERS:TOFU]
[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:EGG_MATERIALS]

[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:STANDARD_HEAD_POSITIONS]
[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:HUMANOID_RIBCAGE_POSITIONS]

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[MUNDANE]
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[CASTE_NAME:tofurkey hen:tofurkey hens:tofurkey hen]
[FEMALE]
[LAYS_EGGS]
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[CLUTCH_SIZE:10:14]

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[CASTE_NAME:tofurkey gobbler:tofurkey gobblers:tofurkey gobbler]
[MALE]
```

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Tehsapper** on **May 02, 2012, 07:38:08 am**

Are there any free non-important military male dwarves yet? If yes, name one 'Tehsapper' and set his profession 'Monkdwarf'. Then remove all weapons (maybe except shields) from his inventory and hand him a good quality robe. If there are multiple chooses, choose the most reserved and calm one.

Try to train his striking, kicking and biting skills to legendary by using arena with lots of unarmored goblins.

I just want to see how well it will go.

Also your story is masterpiece, and I enjoy reading this so far, good job.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **May 02, 2012, 08:03:01 am**

I've been given a reminder that although I hold the highest rank in all of Brightwater, I'm still quite low in the grand system of the nobility. There's a giant sprawling system of codes of honour, privileges, responsibilities, unwritten rules, and personal bonds that I have no clue about. I'm just one dwarf, put in charge of one settlement.

Still, one thing is obvious. When you get a hint from the elite of the mountainhomes, treat it seriously, treat it almost as an order. They're telling me that I should use more of my authority.

This outpost was built for research, and everything we do revolves around that, but I can't mandate that research be done. It's already happening. No, the nobility is there to please the traditionalists, and so I have mandated traditional craftsdwarfship - military equipment. Everybody likes to see good metalwork. The militia likes to know they've got the best equipment available. It should keep everybody happy.

On another note, Erush has disappeared again now that his cloth shipment has arrived. It's good to know he's happy doing the work he loves, but it is very difficult to find time to see him when he's in his workshop sewing trousers all day. At least when he was moping about with no work to do, it was possible to talk to him.

Oh well, nevermind. We're both crafts dwarves. We couldn't be any other way.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **BeserkNINJA** on **May 02, 2012, 10:07:39 am**

so quick question has higinbottom been givin his giant armored war pangolin or not?

by the way loving this fort. cheers

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 02, 2012, 10:08:48 am**

Quote from: BeserkNINJA on May 02, 2012, 10:07:39 am
so quick question has higinbottom been givin his giant armored war pangolin or not?

Yes.

Relationships of the Mason ‘Higginbottom III’ Unibbomrek
Inod Obokdèg, war Giant Pangolin (*Trained*) **Pet**

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **BeserkNINJA** on **May 02, 2012, 10:10:24 am**

what does obokdeg mean?

thanks for replying so quick by the way.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Maxmurder** on **May 02, 2012, 10:17:16 am**

An exerpt from Maxmurder's journal:

'I was given a slice of a creature called a "Tofurkey" today. I was a little put off when my piece started squirming, but Will_Tuna assured me it was safe to eat. Very bland and rubbery, but a flock of them could keep the fort alive if the goblins decide to lay siege. I bet Will_Tuna could even make them taste good, given some quarry bush leaves or sparrow brains.

In other news the magma forges are nearly finished. It humbles a dwarf to see somthing he helped create fill up with red hot magma...'

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **BeserkNINJA** on **May 02, 2012, 10:38:00 am**

Higginbottoms journal

finally some meat from the caves, if only it wast so lively after getting cooked but meat is meat and as a true dwarf i enjoy my meat.....

anyway that cilob feller gave me that pangolin i scared sh*tless the other week as a present for being the greatest dwarf in the fort. i mean who can blame him for admiringing the pinnacle of dwarven genetics. anyway i name it inod a good solid name i hope i can teach to enjoy eating kobold flesh as much as i do anyway i can see the elf-lover approaching so im off wouldn't be wantin him to get a hand on me memoirs.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **May 02, 2012, 11:22:04 am**

Graknorke's Journal

I was looking around the trade depot after I finished my last entry, and I saw the first thing in what will no doubt be a long string of new and interesting things coming caverns. It was a strange bird, but on closer examination, it was actually some sort of fungus. It was so strange, sort of translucent. I will endeavour to get some of it when there's some more butchered "meat" available. In the meantime, I've still to send my preposition to the Baroness and her advisor, I think I'll touch it up a little maybe even suggesting they appoint me the Head of Cavernous Operations! Yes, that would be very good. In fact, when I was taking a look in the forge room to try and have another conversation with the Ancient Voices (Yes that is their name now), I felt the floor being strangely warm, and could hear a strange rumbling and rolling of activity beneath me. It's as if the very caverns are coming alive.

Speaking of the Voices, I saw them in my dreams last night! They showed themselves as wonderful beasts, enormous snakes with gently pulsing bodies, creatures that have been forgotten in time, with bone formations creating a wonderful pattern across their skins and making quick corrective movements to their stances. It's the first time they've ever spoken to me like this, and it was all of them supporting me, reassuring my doubts and helping me to get the resolve to meet my destiny!

I know they're waiting to greet me as soon as I start. I just do.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **empfan** on **May 02, 2012, 02:23:36 pm**

Weiss's Journal:

Got myself a pet badger, took awhile to train him. Maybe if we catch enough of em' we can domesticate'em for the whole race to have. Thats an interesting idea...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Phones** on **May 02, 2012, 03:07:02 pm**

Formal Request to Cilob, Head Animal Trainer

As head guard and peacekeeper of this fortress I request bears of some type be added to my squads ranks. I hope you can fulfill these requests Cilob and I've seen your work with those giant.. birds... Anyway, I can see you doing great things with those beasts and hope to see them enlisted under my command soon.

-Phones (Not Pheones)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 02, 2012, 03:27:33 pm**

how am i?
I havent heard anything besides the white horseshoe crab blood, wait, what? its blue not white!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

KILL THE MAKERS FOR THIS INJUSTICE!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **exolyx** on **May 02, 2012, 03:28:54 pm**

I actualy would like my dorf's name to be changed to 'Kylin' to avoid confusion.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 02, 2012, 03:32:35 pm**

I have anger issues with screwed-up things.

And now for something completely different:
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **ObeseHelmet** on **May 02, 2012, 03:41:29 pm**

Journal of "ObeseHelmet," Elf-Obsessed Semi-Speardwarf

Entry 1

Hi journal!

I find that the dwarves of this fortress are extremely prejudiced against elves. Well that's to be expected seeing as they are all abusers of wood and obsessed with metals and being buried honorably beneath the earth. When it's my time to die I call an extremely tall pillar of wood.

It is true, possibly, that my meager armament will end up getting me killed sooner or later. But then I'd surely be transported to Elf Heaven.

On a happier note, there's this great new stuff called Tofurkey. It's like meat, but without the guilt! Finally, I can be suitably elvish while also satisfying my very dwarven pangs of hunger! However I did observe Saint looking at the tofurkeys with a subtle red gleam in his eye, and a flitting evil grin, which quickly dissipated. I think I'm the only dwarf wannabe elf who is at all suspicious of that guy. But of course no one will ever listen to me.

At least I have a wife and twelve children to vent my anger and elvish passions on to.

Praise the trees,
ObeseHelmet

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 02, 2012, 03:43:38 pm**

Quote from: Tehsapper on May 02, 2012, 07:38:08 am

Are there any free non-important military male dwarves yet? If yes, name one 'Tehsapper' and set his profession 'Monkdwarf'. Then remove all weapons (maybe except shields) from his inventory and hand him a good quality robe. If there are multiple chooses, choose the most reserved and calm one.

We are at the moment completely out of military dwarves who can be claimed.

Quote from: Phones on May 02, 2012, 03:07:02 pm

As head guard and peacekeeper of this fortress I request bears of some type be added to my squads ranks.

Sadly, we have yet to see a single bear of any type, but we will keep a look out for you.

Quote from: exolyx on May 02, 2012, 03:28:54 pm

I actually would like my dorf's name to be changed to 'Kylin' to avoid confusion.

Will do. I don't have access to the save at the moment, but I'll check on that tonight.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **ObeseHelmet** on **May 02, 2012, 03:46:16 pm**

FYI, I actually am reasonably anti-elf as my normal DF-playing self. I just wanted to try on the elf obsessed persona, just this once.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 02, 2012, 03:49:50 pm**

Quote from: ObeseHelmet on May 02, 2012, 03:46:16 pm

FYI, I actually am reasonably anti-elf as my normal DF-playing self. I just wanted to try on the elf obsessed persona, just this once.

I could make you a wooden house aboveground among the trees away from the rest of the fortress, but that would require cutting down trees for the lumber. Oh, the dilemma.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Lupusater** on **May 02, 2012, 04:30:33 pm**

I call dibs on war wolves.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **empfan** on **May 02, 2012, 04:52:45 pm**

Quote from: Lupusater on May 02, 2012, 04:30:33 pm

I call dibs on war wolves.

Can I train them?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 02, 2012, 08:14:03 pm**

Quote from: Corai

I.....am perfectly.....sane.....

Corai was found muttering this to himself over and over in the dining room. Avoiding anyone that worked in the caverns, Cain found himself being slapped soon after trying to give therapy, it snapped Corai back to normal.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **StLeibowitz** on **May 02, 2012, 08:54:08 pm**

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 02, 2012, 07:26:18 am

Quote from: StLeibowitz on May 02, 2012, 05:33:58 am

ooc: Tofurkeys? Wha? do they have organs at least, or are they some kind of horrible, mobile, lardlike Giant Sponges?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Code: [Select]

creature_tofu

[OBJECT:CREATURE]

[CREATURE:BIRD_TOFURKEY]

[DESCRIPTION:Like a turkey, but made entirely of tofu.]
[NAME:tofurkey:tofurkeys:tofurkey]
[CHILD:1][GENERAL_CHILD_NAME:tofoult:tofoults]
[CREATURE_TILE:'t'][COLOR:7:1:1]
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[COMMON_DOMESTIC]
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[PREFSTRING:blandness]

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[REMOVE_MATERIAL:BONE]
[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:STANDARD_TISSUES]
[REMOVE_TISSUE:HAIR]
[REMOVE_TISSUE:BONE]

[USE_MATERIAL_TEMPLATE:TOFU_TISSUE:STRUCTURAL_PLANT_TEMPLATE]
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[STATE_NAME_ADJ:LIQUID:melted tofu]
[STATE_NAME_ADJ:GAS:boiling tofu]
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[EDIBLE_RAW]
[EDIBLE_COOKED]

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[FUNCTIONAL]
[STRUCTURAL]
[RELATIVE_THICKNESS:1]
[CONNECTS]
[TISSUE_SHAPE:LAYER]

[BODY:HUMANOID_ARMLESS:2WINGS:2EYES:HUMANOID_JOINTS:THROAT:NECK:SPINE:4TOES:BEAK]
[NO_THOUGHT_CENTER_FOR_MOVEMENT]
[NO_SLEEP]
[NOPAIN][EXTRAVISION][NOSTUN][NOEMOTION][NOFEAR]

[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:VERTEBRATE_TISSUE_LAYERS:TOFU:TOFU:TOFU:STUFFING:STUFFING]
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[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:EGG_MATERIALS]

[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:STANDARD_HEAD_POSITIONS]
[BODY_DETAIL_PLAN:HUMANOID_RIBCAGE_POSITIONS]

[TENDONS:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:TOFU_TISSUE:200]
[LIGAMENTS:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:TOFU_TISSUE:200]

[TISSUE_LAYER:BY_CATEGORY:ALL:TOFU]

[BODY_SIZE:0:0:85]
[BODY_SIZE:1:0:2500]
[BODY_SIZE:2:0:5000]
[BODY_APPEARANCE_MODIFIER:LENGTH:90:95:98:100:102:105:110]
[BODY_APPEARANCE_MODIFIER:HEIGHT:90:95:98:100:102:105:110]
[BODY_APPEARANCE_MODIFIER:BROADNESS:90:95:98:100:102:105:110]
[MAXAGE:7:10]
[ATTACK:BITE:BODYPART:BY_CATEGORY:BEAK]
[ATTACK_SKILL:BITE]
[ATTACK_VERB:bite:bites]
[ATTACK_CONTACT_PERC:100]
[ATTACK_PENETRATION_PERC:100]
[ATTACK_FLAG_EDGE]
[ATTACK_PRIORITY:MAIN]
[ATTACK_FLAG_CANLATCH]

[MUNDANE]
[CASTE:FEMALE]
[CASTE_NAME:tofurkey hen:tofurkey hens:tofurkey hen]
[FEMALE]
[LAYS_EGGS]
[EGG_MATERIAL:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:EGGSHELL:SOLID]
[EGG_MATERIAL:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:TOFU_TISSUE:LIQUID]
[EGG_MATERIAL:LOCAL_CREATURE_MAT:STUFFING_TISSUE:LIQUID]
[EGG_SIZE:87]
[CLUTCH_SIZE:10:14]
[CASTE:MALE]

[CASTE_NAME:tofurkey gobbler:tofurkey gobblers:tofurkey gobbler]
[MALE]

Ah, good, then they can still be dismembered and used as lethal throwing weapons by our army.

Can Giant Sponges be tamed as guards for an underwater entrance? We might be on the way to war whales, but Sponges could be useful as essentially stationary gun turrets. Pasture a few in a drained area around a sea entrance, then quickly reflood to avoid dry drowning? (having not successfully dry-drowned anything before, I'm a bit hazy on how fast that takes.)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Triskelli** on **May 02, 2012, 09:53:11 pm**

Quote from: StLeibowitz on May 02, 2012, 08:54:08 pm

Can Giant Sponges be tamed as guards for an underwater entrance? We might be on the way to war whales, but Sponges could be useful as essentially stationary gun turrets. Pasture a few in a drained area around a sea entrance, then quickly reflood to avoid dry drowning? (having not successfully dry-drowned anything before, I'm a bit hazy on how fast that takes.)

I doubt it, since in order to tame an animal you have to get it inside a cage first, and unless you designate the cage to be placed on top of the sponge I don't see how it would trigger a trap.

Can I get a Fisherdwarf? Name him "Kelli", make sure he loves the ocean (and hopefully unrelated to the sprawling family tree). More than happy to catch whatever monster of the deep you need. *"Even wrestled with a legendary carp by gum! Had killed 7 dwarves already, but I jumped in after 'im and pulled it out by me beard. I figger I can handle one o' these whales if I need ta."*

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Maxmurder** on **May 02, 2012, 11:49:12 pm**

Quote from: Triskelli on May 02, 2012, 09:53:11 pm

I doubt it, since in order to tame an animal you have to get it inside a cage first, and unless you designate the cage to be placed on top of the sponge I don't see how it would trigger a trap.

I was thinking about how catching a sponge could work and thought of a couple potenial solutions. As i have never encountered a sponge in dwarf mode i do not know if it would work.... perhaps the theorys could be tested in Brightwater? (assuming there are any sponges)

1. Sponges are only capable of moving atonomously when dodging. It might be possible to build cage traps near the sponge then have your military attack. The sponge will dodge into the traps. This however it be pretty tricky to place the traps if the sponge is scaring your dwarves. Perhaps blind dwarves.
2. Assuming sponges can be moved by flow, one could place traps behind floodgates. Then open the floodgates and wash the unsuspecting sponge into the traps. this could also prove tricky due to fearfull workers.
3. Dig a camber directly under the sponge, Place floodgates around the sponge in the chamber, Place cage traps in the chamber behind the floodgates. Then have a dwarf channel out the sponge from below (can dwarves cannel upwards?). The sponge will fall and be caught in the traps.

A war giant sponge would prove a formidable creature. completely unkillable, always vigalant, able to defeat entire seigies through sheer exhaustion.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Jarod Cain** on **May 03, 2012, 12:20:57 am**

Cheif Medical Officer's Log, Brightwater, Cain

Strange happenings as of late. The good thing is that Rakust is up and walking, because of things have mostly returned to normal. I was assigned my first nurse today. He is a former Farmer who is either mad or attempting to become a **Proficient Liar** (Thanks to Geb for posting an image for me to steal).

Two days ago he was calling himself Phenos, now he's Kylin, claiming it is some ancient family name or something. Whatever, he seems capable and certainly shows much promise.

As I was heading to Alpha Labs today I found an amulet of Corai's so I endeavored to return it to him. I found Corai in the dining room, squatting in the corner, with one of those strange tofurkeys on his head talking to a masterwork engraving of a sock. After attempting to rouse him several times, he finally stopped, turned slowly to look at me, smiled, then slapped me. Wordlessly I handed him his kobold bone amulet of a kobold. Upon its return he seemed to come back to his normal self, greeted me cheerily and left the room. Corai may need to be observed even more strictly in the future. If worst comes to worst, we'll have to isolate him in one of the wards in Alpha Laboratories.

Our experients on Goblins have been continuing and the extreme environment rooms are nearly complete. Soon we will know so much more about our accursed foes, and the more we know the easier they will be to deal with.

As usual, sublimely joyful to be me.
Cain
-J-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **May 03, 2012, 08:25:44 am**

There's time for the occasional bit of personal research in between making crossbows. I've uncovered new animal handling data that the mountainhomes could make good use of.

Through dedicated effort and a knowledge of ballistic mechanisms, I have discovered that you can't appreciate geese for their formation flying while they are in an underground corridor.

It remains a bad idea even if you take the geese out of the cages first.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **May 03, 2012, 09:53:14 am**

Please enable the fishing labour on Urist McWhale! Make sure you have a zone designated by the ocean. Maybe make a long pire into the ocean , if that works

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Quietust** on **May 03, 2012, 02:51:08 pm**

Quote from: simonthedwarf on May 03, 2012, 09:53:14 am

Please enable the fishing labour on Urist McWhale! Make sure you have a zone designated by the ocean. Maybe make a long pire into the ocean , if that works

That's not a bad idea - fish is great brain food, and dwarves need all of the brains they can get.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 03, 2012, 03:01:31 pm**

A massive fishing pier, which incorporates clever use of grates to protect fisherdwarves, is already under construction. This will when completed reach to the far corners of the embark, and in theory should permit access to all four savage ocean biomes on the site. I'll make sure to enable fishing on Urist McWhale as soon as I can get back to the fortress (possibly Friday, if not then this weekend). And the first trap chamber for catching creature-sized fish is almost ready to put into operation, as soon as Quietust finishes installing the final cage traps.

There will be no giant sponges appearing. Before starting I modded sponges out completely, on account of them being horribly broken and not handled at all correctly in DF. Sorry. Didn't want to see half the fortress killed while completely pointlessly trying to attack a sponge.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **May 03, 2012, 04:20:04 pm**

As good a ending as anything!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Daenyth** on **May 03, 2012, 06:47:24 pm**

Did I start out with hammerdwarf skill? Or have I not been making enough swords?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Corai** on **May 03, 2012, 07:33:17 pm**

Cain, I sneaked a glimpse at this on a school computer.

Thanks alot! I got yelled at because of you.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 03, 2012, 08:53:21 pm**

Quote from: Daenyth on May 03, 2012, 06:47:24 pm

Did I start out with hammerdwarf skill? Or have I not been making enough swords?

Daenyth started out as a hammerdwarf, but has been using a sword for some time now. You just haven't gotten enough skill with the sword to change your job title yet.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Daenyth** on **May 03, 2012, 08:55:55 pm**

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 03, 2012, 08:53:21 pm

Quote from: Daenyth on May 03, 2012, 06:47:24 pm

Did I start out with hammerdwarf skill? Or have I not been making enough swords?

Daenyth started out as a hammerdwarf, but has been using a sword for some time now. You just haven't gotten enough skill with the sword to change your job title yet.

I figured that's what was up. Thanks for checking :)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Maxmurder** on **May 03, 2012, 09:23:12 pm**

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 03, 2012, 03:01:31 pm

There will be no giant sponges appearing. Before starting I modded sponges out completely, on account of them being horribly broken and not handled at all correctly in DF. Sorry. Didn't want to see half the fortress killed while completely pointlessly trying to attack a sponge.

Oh well, thats probobly for the best... death by sponge would be a little melodramatic (although rather dwarfy).

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Poindexterity** on **May 04, 2012, 02:11:28 am**

I've been reading this all day and I'm posting now that im done reading to humbly request a dwarf, if there are any left to be had. I'd prefer a male if possible, but whatever. I know all the military dwarves are taken, so i'd like a non-military non-"family" dwarf with all my useful labors turned on, but no hauling jobs. Also, none of the jobs where i'd come into contact with animal hair, as i'm allergic. Just name him dex if you've got one. If there's no adults left, I'd happily take the oldest male childohmygodicantbelieveijusttypedthat.

also, if migrants get turned back on and there's some room to start up extraneous military squads, I'd like to train unarmed in my sparetime in a loincloth, gloves, and boots. Maybe even a mask if one can be obtained somehow.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 04, 2012, 11:48:19 am**

Quote from: Poindexterity on May 04, 2012, 02:11:28 am

I'd prefer a male if possible, but whatever. I know all the military dwarves are taken, so i'd like a non-military non-"family" dwarf with all my useful labors turned on, but no hauling jobs. Also, none of the jobs where i'd come into contact with animal hair, as i'm allergic. Just name him dex if you've got one.

Our only available male adult dwarf who is not part of the 'family' is Zaneg Cerolkonos. Currently working as a miner, mason, and glassmaker, as well as other odd jobs. He is married to Deduk Kadolstakud, who is also not of the family, and has one daughter: Rigoth Tishaktobul. Zaneg is average in size, with very long, neatly combed hair. He doesn't handle stress well, is friendly, rarely happy, candid, and compassionate. Want him?

I'm also considering turning immigration back on, since we could use a dozen or so more nameless, talentless haulers at this point, but I just know I'm going to end up getting 3-4 adults and like 20 more children if I do that.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Poindexterity** on **May 04, 2012, 01:23:11 pm**

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 04, 2012, 11:48:19 am

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sounds JUST like me. I'd love him.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 04, 2012, 01:54:27 pm**

Quote from: Corai on May 03, 2012, 07:33:17 pm

Cain, I sneaked a glimpse at this on a school computer.

Thanks alot! I got yelled at because of you.

lucky. my school says bay12 is a game site.

it might be but i dont know...

in responce to sponges i had a fort where the ONLY combat was a raven trying to eat a sponge. imagine, 50+ pages of a raven dropping a sponge.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 04, 2012, 03:55:21 pm**

Quote from: Aseaheru on May 04, 2012, 01:54:27 pm

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in responce to sponges i had a fort where the ONLY combat was a raven trying to eat a sponge. imagine, 50+ pages of a raven dropping a sponge.

TROLOLOLOLOLOLOL.

-From School-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 04, 2012, 10:49:13 pm**

7th of Opal, 55

From time to time, the gods grant special knowledge to chosen dwarves. Sometimes, it's an inscribed slab with the secrets of necromancy. Sometimes , it's a strange mood, that results in a gemstone bed, or cat bone floodgate, or similar object that baffles everyone who looks at it with the fundamental impossibility of its construction. Sometimes it's a masterful weapon, like a adamantine sword or platinum hammer, or a useless one, like a blowdart or aluminum mace.

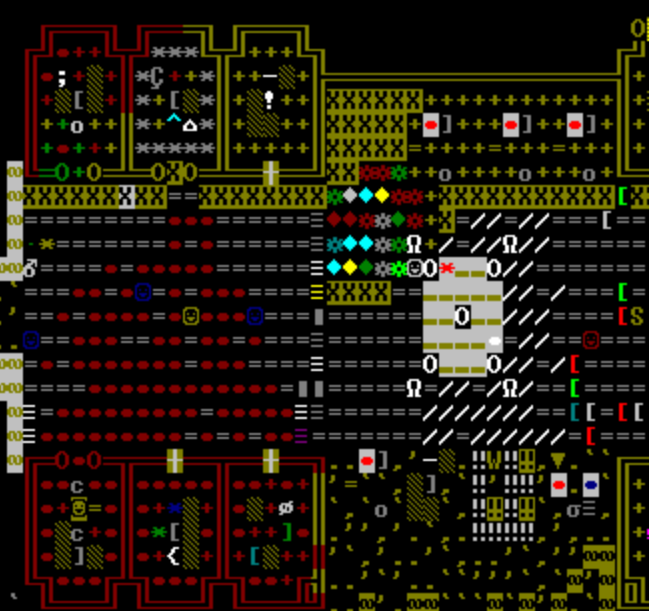
Sometimes, it's an artifact that seems useless when first examined, but which carries the seeds of completely anachronistic sciences and technologies.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

‘Cain’ Mesirled, chief medical dwarf cancels Give Food: Taken by mood.
‘Cain’ Mesirled, chief medical dwarf is taken by a fey mood!
→‘Cain’ Mesirled has claimed a Crafts dwarf’s Workshop.

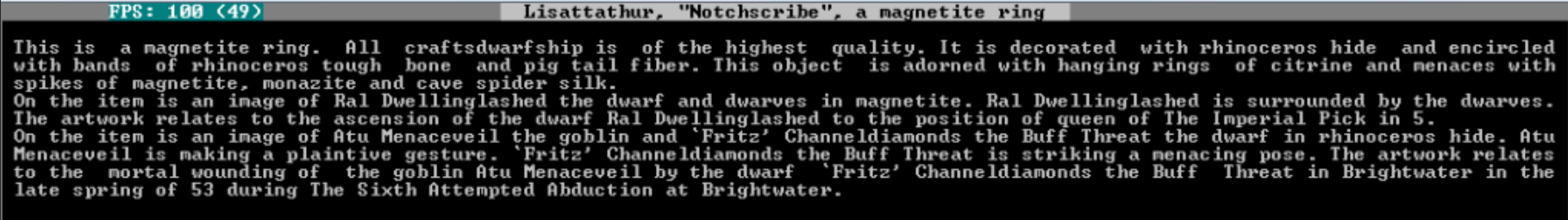
Cain had been thinking for weeks. It had started with a series of experiments with some chunks of magnetite. The steel production lines, just now starting in full strength as the magma smelters became operational, required large amounts of stone to be moved from the magnetite lodes just under the ocean to the magma workshop. Cain had first noticed how some of the stones would persistently stick to iron and steel or to each other. There was a pattern to how they stuck to each other, how the strength of attraction or repulsion changed with distance. He had started sketching out diagrams of polished stones, jewel bearings, cloth and silk wrappings.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Geb's workshop had over the years become perhaps the finest precision machining shop in the world. She had, in her attempts to recreate her first legendary crossbow, developed tools for carving bone, shell, wood, and other materials into precise rings and mechanical parts, for making bearings and springs out of feather and horn. It had everything Cain would need to test his ideas.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



When finished, he had a stone ring, with polished magnetite blocks set around the inner surface, secured in place with rhino leather and bone packing. Small pieces of monazite - containing some really interesting rare earth elements that Cain had no knowledge of - were set around and between the magnetite blocks. Fine jewel bearings of citrine allowed the entire arrangement to spin smoothly when set on a surface. As a final artistic touch, images of the Queen and a dwarf killing a goblin chased around the outer surface as the ring spun.

It was an amazing thing, even though it didn't seem to do much. Cain was sure that he was on the edge of some incredible discovery. Something was still missing, he just didn't know what.

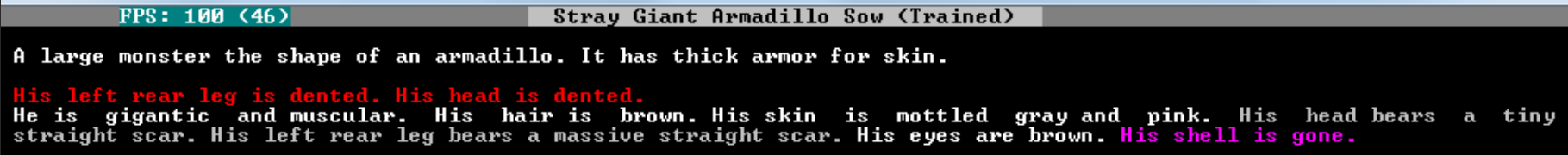
Cilob's Journal - Mid-winter

Everyone is very impressed with the Doctor's ring. I suppose it's very pretty, but I'm not sure what relevance this had to medical care, or animal training. Perhaps he's lacking in medical work, with no injuries lately.

The local goblins seem to be cowards. Our caravan left recently. The military went out to patrol the entire curtain wall. Not a single goblin or kobold to be seen.

They did at least catch an interesting creature, although they had to hit it rather harder than I'd have liked while encouraging it into the cages.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



I may have to euthanize this one. I can't even tell for sure what gender it is.

17th of Obsidian, 55

"Goblins at the gate!"

The cage traps across the entrance path had finally caught something other than exotic giant animals. (Most recent had been a flock of giant Wrens, which Cilob was happily training). A goblin child-snatcher had made the terrible mistake of trying to sneak through the bushes on the side of the road, and was now examining CoraiUnki's fine workmanship from the inside of a wooden cage. Knowing that goblin thieves rarely came alone, the military had been called out to patrol the entrance.

Phones Delerled, captain of the guard, stood just outside the entrance. Beside him were Ceilan the Swordsdwarf, Militia Commander Fritz, and Domas Egullolok the Wallpotdwarf. Standing slightly behind, the marksdwarf Ash and the militia captain Alath Athellogem kept them covered.

They didn't have long to wait.

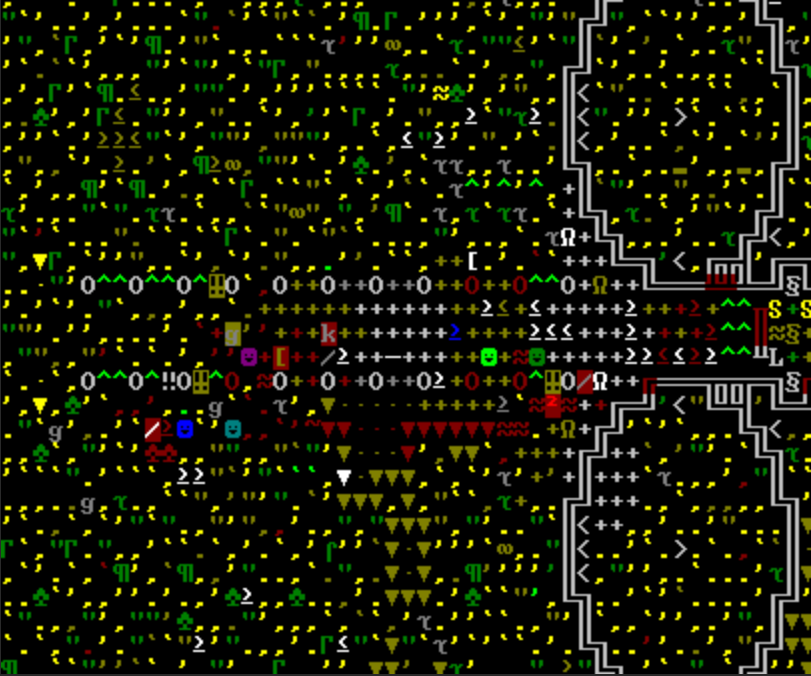
Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The first goblin lasher announced his presence by stepping into a cage trap. Fritz, Ceilan, Phones, and The Wallpotdwarf immediately charged forwards, various weapons eager to sink into soft goblin flesh. Meanwhile, Ash and Alath opened fire, masterfully carved bone bolts somehow piercing the goblin's armor.

Having little natural courage or discipline, seeing their leader caught in a trap, and being outnumbered by crazed dwarves clad in fine steel armor, the remaining four goblins immediately fled. This assault, like so many before it, had turned into a disaster.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



One of them wasn't quite fast enough. Commander Fritz caught up with the fleeing Lasher and smashed it to the ground with her hammer. The goblin tried to crawl away, as Fritz smashed its limbs and organs, slowly and painfully crippling it. Not until the creature passed out did she finally finish it off.

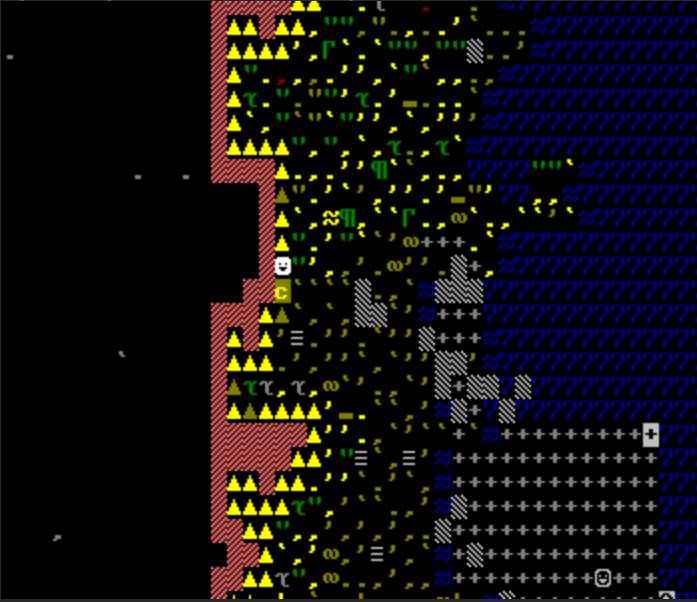
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The militia commander bashes The Goblin Lasher in the left foot with her *steel war hammer*, shattering the bone through the <<draltha hide shoe>>!
The Goblin Lasher passes out from exhaustion.
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Lasher in the head with her *steel war hammer*, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle and tearing the upper spine's nervous tissue!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Lasher in the head with her *steel war hammer*, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!
The *steel war hammer* has lodged firmly in the wound!

One of the other goblins flung itself into a cage trap, seeking short-term survival and an unknown future over an immediate bloody death. The other two were luckier, managing to outrun the pursuing dwarves and flee into the woods.

Meanwhile, while the soldiers were valiantly fighting goblins, Graknorke the Champion had stumbled upon a different fight. He had just picked up a fine leather shield (fresh from the leatherworker shop, on Geb's order) from a stockpile, only to find a strange clawed creature holding onto it.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



It was an amazing thing, all claws and shell and long tail, but it was holding onto the shell tenaciously. "Get off! I need the shield to fight goblins!"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The champion strikes The Horseshoe Crab in the tail with his ≡water buffalo leather shield≡, tearing apart the fat and bruising the muscle!
The champion kicks The Horseshoe Crab in the tail with his left foot, tearing apart the fat and bruising the muscle!
The Horseshoe Crab stands up.
The champion charges at The Horseshoe Crab!
The champion strikes The Horseshoe Crab in the tail with his ≡water buffalo leather shield≡, shattering the chitin!
The champion collides with The Horseshoe Crab!
The Horseshoe Crab is knocked over and tumbles backward!
The champion bites The Horseshoe Crab in the body, tearing the muscle!
The champion latches on firmly!
The champion shakes The Horseshoe Crab around by the body, tearing apart the body's muscle!
An artery in the body has been opened by the attack!
→The Horseshoe Crab is no longer stunned.

Finally, it let go, though not before being fatally injured. He noted, poking the corpse with his boot, that its blood was white after all, not blue as some old tales had predicted it should be.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

conglomerate Boulder
A spattering of horseshoe crab ichor

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 04, 2012, 10:54:20 pm**

Can I have a pet goblin? I will torture feed it, give it suicidal thoughts love, and I will clean up its blood it's messes!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Triskelli** on **May 05, 2012, 12:38:02 am**

Finally, it let go, though not before being fatally injured. He noted, poking the corpse with his boot, that its blood was white after all, not blue as some old tales had predicted it should be.

Horseshoe crab blood totally IS blue, but looks more like blueberry milk than say neon blue. Probably an oversight by Toady more than anything else.



It's actually EXTREMELY useful for medicinal purposes, since the blood begins to aggressively clot when it comes in contact with endotoxins. The blood straight up disables many forms of bacteria, viruses, and fungi that would otherwise infect the crab. The picture is a horseshoe crab being drained of a portion of its blood. No crabs have ever been killed during the bleeding process, and they're back to full health within about a week.

The blue color is because instead of iron, horseshoe crab blood uses copper as its base element. (hemocyanin instead of hemoglobin). However, in the absence of oxygen the blood DOES appear colorless... Eh, I'll still chalk it up to creator oversight.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 05, 2012, 10:25:03 am**

Quote from: Poindexterity on May 04, 2012, 01:23:11 pm
sounds JUST like me. I'd love him.

Here you are.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

FPS: 100 (47) 'Dex' Cerolkonos, "'Dex' Lensbrass", Miner

'Dex' Cerolkonos has been happy lately. He had a fine drink lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He had a wonderful drink lately. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Cage lately. He talked with the spouse lately. He admired a fine Container lately. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He has been tired lately. He has complained of thirst lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He admired own fine Bed lately.
He is married to Deduk Gemmachine and has one child: Rigòth Typhooncanyons. He is a dubious worshipper of Guthstak the Bloated Mucous Snot and a worshipper of Ber.
He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 22nd of Limestone in the year 52.
He has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-two years old and is one of the first of his kind.
He is average in size. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is neatly combed. His lips are very thin. His nose is slightly hooked. His rust eyes are slightly wide-set. His somewhat tall ears are somewhat narrow. His skin is peach.
He is tough, but he is very quick to tire.
'Dex' Cerolkonos likes poryphyry, blue gold, purple spinel, jackalskin, rope reed fiber fabric, beds, scepters, donkeys for their stubbornness and walruses for their whiskers. When possible, he prefers to consume eagle, kangaroo cheese and dwarven ale. He absolutely detests ladybugs.
He has a great kinesthetic sense, a lot of willpower and a way with words.
He doesn't often experience strong cravings or urges. He doesn't handle stress well. He is very friendly. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He finds helping others rewarding. He is compassionate. He is disorganized. When he gets excited, he often starts talking to himself. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Quote from: Triskelli on May 05, 2012, 12:38:02 am
Horseshoe crab blood totally IS blue, but looks more like blueberry milk than say neon blue. Probably an oversight by Toady more than anything else.

Yep. Toady just has horseshoe crabs using the default 'ichor' for blood, and didn't set any note to change the color. Looking at the DF color chart, I think that Light Cyan (color 3:1) is probably a good match.

ETA: In [CREATURE:HORSESHOE_CRAB], after the line:

Code: [Select]

[USE_MATERIAL_TEMPLATE:ICHOR:ICHOR_TEMPLATE]

add the lines:

Code: [Select]

[STATE_COLOR:ALL:PALE_BLUE]
[DISPLAY_COLOR:3:0:1]

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 05, 2012, 12:57:33 pm**

21st of Obsidian

The first wave of lashers had fallen quickly, fleeing back from the fortress entrance, with the guardian dwarves in pursuit. Despite being armed with the most lethal weapon known to goblins, the group had been almost immediately routed.

Of course, the first group was always just a distraction. While they led the well-armored frontline champions away from the entrance, a second group of goblins armed with spears, snuck around from the south, heading for the weakly-armored marksdwarves, and the completely unarmored haulers coming in behind them.

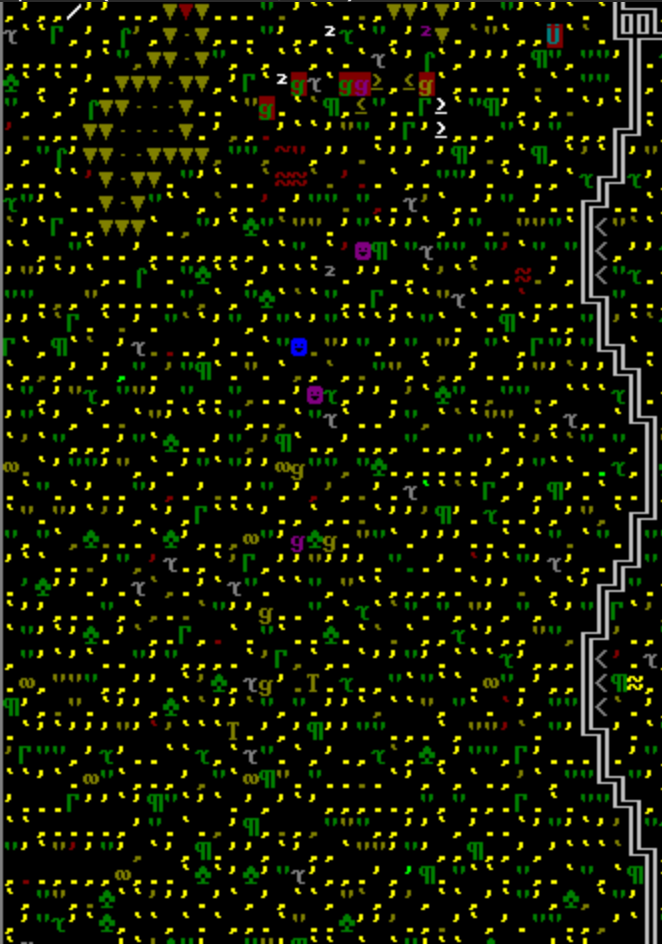
The goblins crept closer, using a group of giant thrips as cover.

Fritz Cattendoren Itredgelut, Militia Commander, Veteran of the Elven Wars, grey-haired and somehow more than twice as old as the world itself, had seen many tricks in her years of military service. Using trained animals as cover, hiding their movements behind giant creatures, was an old elven trick. Giant thrips weren't unusual in the forest here, but something about the movement of this group seemed off.

"Phones! Daenyth! With me! Alath, cover us!"

The group of soldiers turned and headed south into the forest.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Fritz was the first to see them - a hammer-wielding goblin, and his four spear-carrying guards. She immediately charged the leader, knowing that killing the leader of a group would scatter the rest. A spear-goblin tried to block her path.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The militia commander bashes The Goblin Spearman in the right lower leg with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the skin and bruising the muscle through the <<giant bat leather trousers>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Spearman in the left lower arm with her <*steel war hammer*>, fracturing the bone through the <<cave spider silk robe>>!
The militia commander kicks The Goblin Spearman in the right lower leg with her left foot, fracturing the bone through the <<giant bat leather trousers>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Spearman in the fifth toe, left foot with her <*steel war hammer*>, shattering the skin through the <<troll fur shoe>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Spearman in the right upper leg with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the bone through the <<giant bat leather trousers>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Spearman in the head with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the skin and bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!
The <*steel war hammer*> has lodged firmly in the wound!

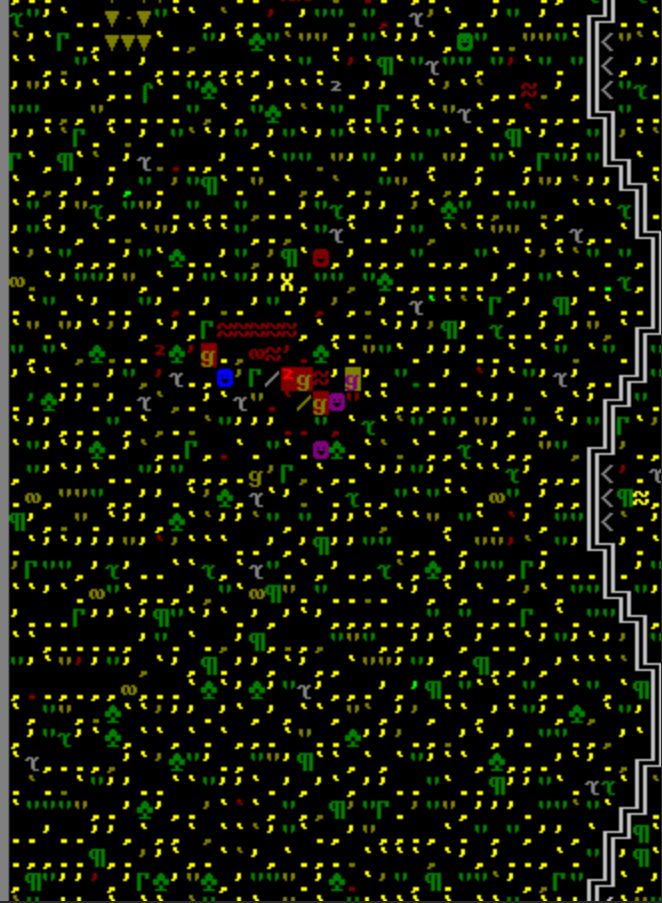
Beside her, Phones and Daenyth were taking on the other guards. Phones expertly severed the head of one with a slash of his sword.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The captain of the guard kicks The Goblin Spearman in the right foot with his left foot, shattering the skin and bruising the bone through the <<giant crow leather shoe>>!
The captain of the guard slashes The Goblin Spearman in the head with his <*steel short sword*> and the severed part sails off in an arc!

Fritz had finally cleared a path to the hammer-goblin leader. They faced each other. One might have expected that this would be an epic standoff, dwarven hammer versus goblin hammer, steel versus arsenical bronze. It really wasn't. Fritz didn't even give the goblin a chance to fight back.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



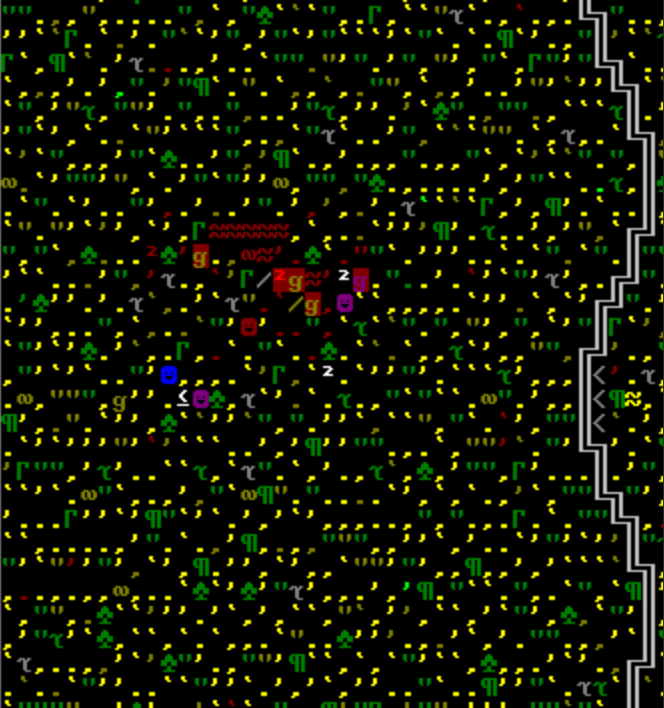
Though she had never demonstrated the 'battle trance' state seen in some of the other soldiers, Fritz had developed a style of berserk, frenzied rage all her own. Kicking, scratching, biting, and using her hammer to break bones and disable limbs, with horrifying rage and indiscriminate violence, Fritz pounded and tore the goblin till only a lifeless, mangled corpse remained.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The militia commander charges at The Goblin Hammerman!
The Goblin Hammerman looks surprised by the ferocity of The militia commander's onslaught!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Hammerman in the right upper leg with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the bone through the <<giant cave swallow leather trousers>>!
The militia commander collides with The Goblin Hammerman!
The Goblin Hammerman is knocked over and tumbles backward!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Hammerman in the right upper leg with her <*steel war hammer*>, fracturing the bone through the <<giant cave swallow leather trousers>>!
The militia commander kicks The Goblin Hammerman in the upper right back teeth with her left foot and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Hammerman in the right lower arm with her <*steel war hammer*>, fracturing the bone through the <<giant crow leather robe>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Hammerman in the left upper leg with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the bone through the <<giant cave swallow leather trousers>>!
The militia commander scratches The Goblin Hammerman in the left lower arm, fracturing the skin and bruising the bone through the <<giant crow leather robe>>!
The militia commander scratches The Goblin Hammerman in the right upper arm, fracturing the skin and bruising the bone through the <<giant crow leather robe>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Hammerman in the head with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the skin and bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!
The <*steel war hammer*> has lodged firmly in the wound!

The last spear-goblin guard, seeing his companions mercilessly slaughtered, finally showed a spark of self-preservation. He turned and ran across the muddy ground, outpacing the steel-clad dwarves.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



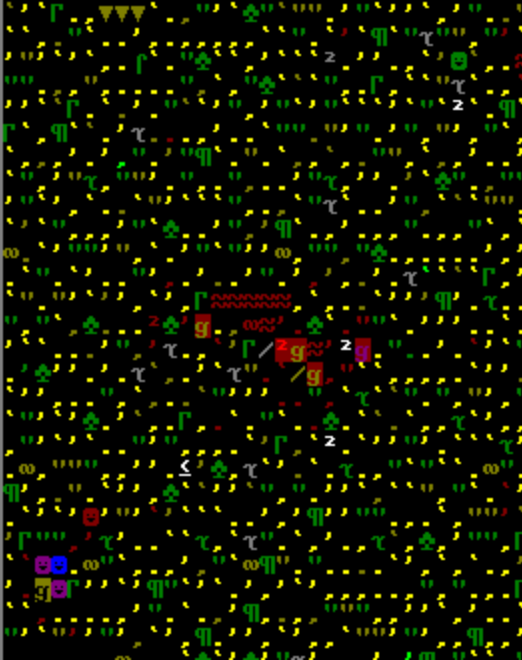
He might have made it, if not for Alath. Carrying the masterwork crossbow made by her daughter, with its polarized gemstone optics, Alath sighted on the fleeing goblin and fired.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The flying <-donkey bone bolt-> strikes The Goblin Spearman in the upper body, tearing the muscle and chipping the left true ribs through the <<<silver breastplate>>>?! An artery has been opened by the attack! A tendon in the left true ribs has been torn! The <-donkey bone bolt-> has lodged firmly in the wound!

His silver armor somehow pierced by a bone bolt, the goblin gasped and staggered. The pursuing soldiers easily caught up.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Cilob's Journal - end of year notes.

Well, the end of the year 55 has arrived. I have transcribed the latest set of fortress records from Ral for posterity.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Village Shinarel, "Brightwater" FPS: 100 <49>									
Animals Kitchen Stone Stocks Health Justice									
Created Wealth:	1754078*	Population:	76						
Weapons:	63288*	Miners	⊖ 6	Axedwarves	⊖	None			
Armor and Garb:	126411*	Woodworkers	⊖ 4	Axe Lords	⊖	None			
Furniture:	212390*	Stoneworkers	⊖ 7	Swordsdwarves	⊖	None			
Other Objects:	694071*	Rangers	⊖ 3	Swordmasters	⊖	None			
Architecture:	326756*	Metalsmiths	⊖ 2	Macedwarves	⊖	None			
Displayed:	209554*	Jewelers	⊖ 1	Mace Lords	⊖	None			
Held/Worn:	121608*	Craftsdwarves	⊖ 3	Hammerdwarves	⊖	None			
Imported Wealth:	294649*	Nobles/Admins	4	Hammer Lords	⊖	None			
Exported Wealth:	155663*	Peasants	⊖ 1	Speardwarves	⊖	None			
Food Stores:	6144	Dwarven Childrn	⊖ 30	Spearmasters	⊖	None			
Meat	63	Fishery Workers	⊖ 3	Marksdwarves	⊖	None			
Fish	None	Farmers	⊖ 11	Elite Mrksdwrvs	⊖	None			
Plant	234	Engineers	⊖ 1	Wrestlers	⊖	None			
		Trained Animals	A 37	Elite Wrestlers	⊖	None			
		Other Animals	A 159	Recruit/Others	⊖	None			

Not much has changed since last year. Our population has leveled out, other than a few babies born, and I fear we are becoming understaffed for the work that needs to be done here. It's funny, how you think you have too many dwarves to deal with, and then as industries are expanded you suddenly don't have enough people to get everything done. We've plenty of children, of course, but they aren't much use till they grow up.

Geb has been declared a Countess now, word just came back from the Mountainhomes. I have sent a note asking for more immigrants to be sent. Our military has demonstrated themselves able to deal with the few pathetic goblins that have been thrown at us, so the General's concerns about security should be eased.

Tragically, one of my oldest friends just died of natural causes.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Spring has arrived on the calendar. →The Stray Giant Sparrow <≡Trained≡> has died of old age.

I'll miss her friendly chirping, the way she'd peck at my hand for food. Her children are still with us, and the giant sparrow breeding program has proven itself a great success. This spring I hope to begin breeding the giant wrens caught this year. We have also caught a

few interesting reptiles.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Giant Rattlesnake, ♂	T	Not Tame
Giant Black Mamba, ♂	T	Not Tame

Cain has been eager to harvest their venom for his experiments. I expect no difficulty in training them. Though it may seem immodest of me, I think it entirely justified to say that I may be the most skilled animal trainer among any dwarves alive today.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Cilob Amudaban, Founder
"Cilob Thunderconstructs"
Dungeon Master, ♂

Train Stray Giant Sparrow (≡Trained≡)
Legendary Animal Trainer

This, I think, deserves some recognition. Geb recently received some historical books on the rules and organization of dwarven civilization. I borrowed one to look over, and found some interesting notes on some ceremonial positions and titles. They aren't used much and carry no official standing, but were never removed from the books. One in particular seems to apply to me.

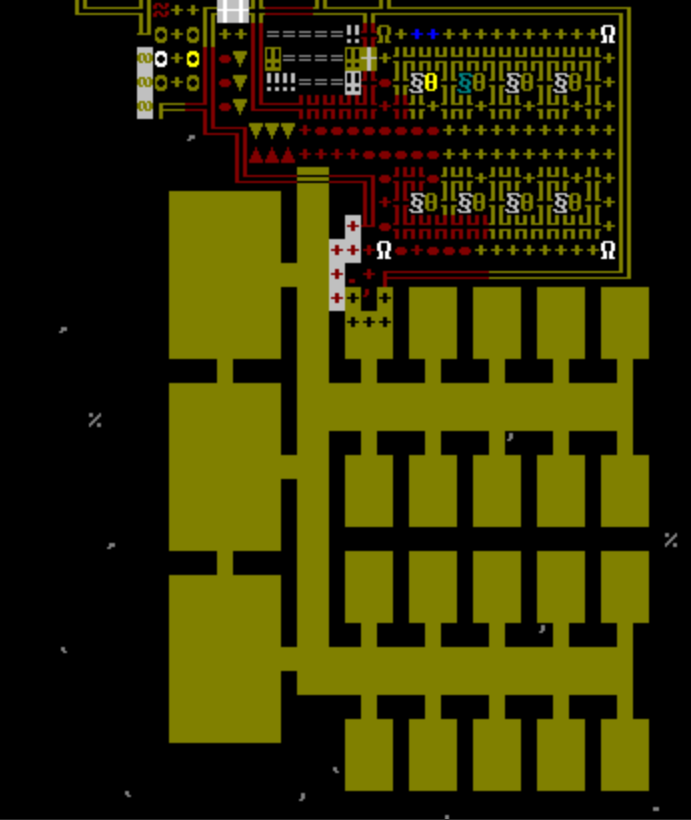
Spoiler (click to show/hide)

a county	'Geb' Mozibducim, countess	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
mayor	Rakust Amithtulon, mayor	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
champion	'Graknorke' Kadolfeb, champion	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
dungeon master	Cilob Amudaban, Founder	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
captain of the guard	'Phones' Delerled Numobok, cap	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
militia commander	'Fritz' Cattendoren Itredgelut	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
tax collector	VACANT	
hammerer	VACANT	
manager	Ral Mistêmmeng, manager	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
chief medical dwarf	'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
broker	Ral Mistêmmeng, manager	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
bookkeeper	Ral Mistêmmeng, manager	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
militia captain	'Graknorke' Kadolfeb, champion	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]
militia captain	Alâth Athellogem, militia capt	[REQUIRE][DEMAND][MANDATE]

"Dungeon Master" - the title given to the most skilled animal trainer in the land. I think it fits.

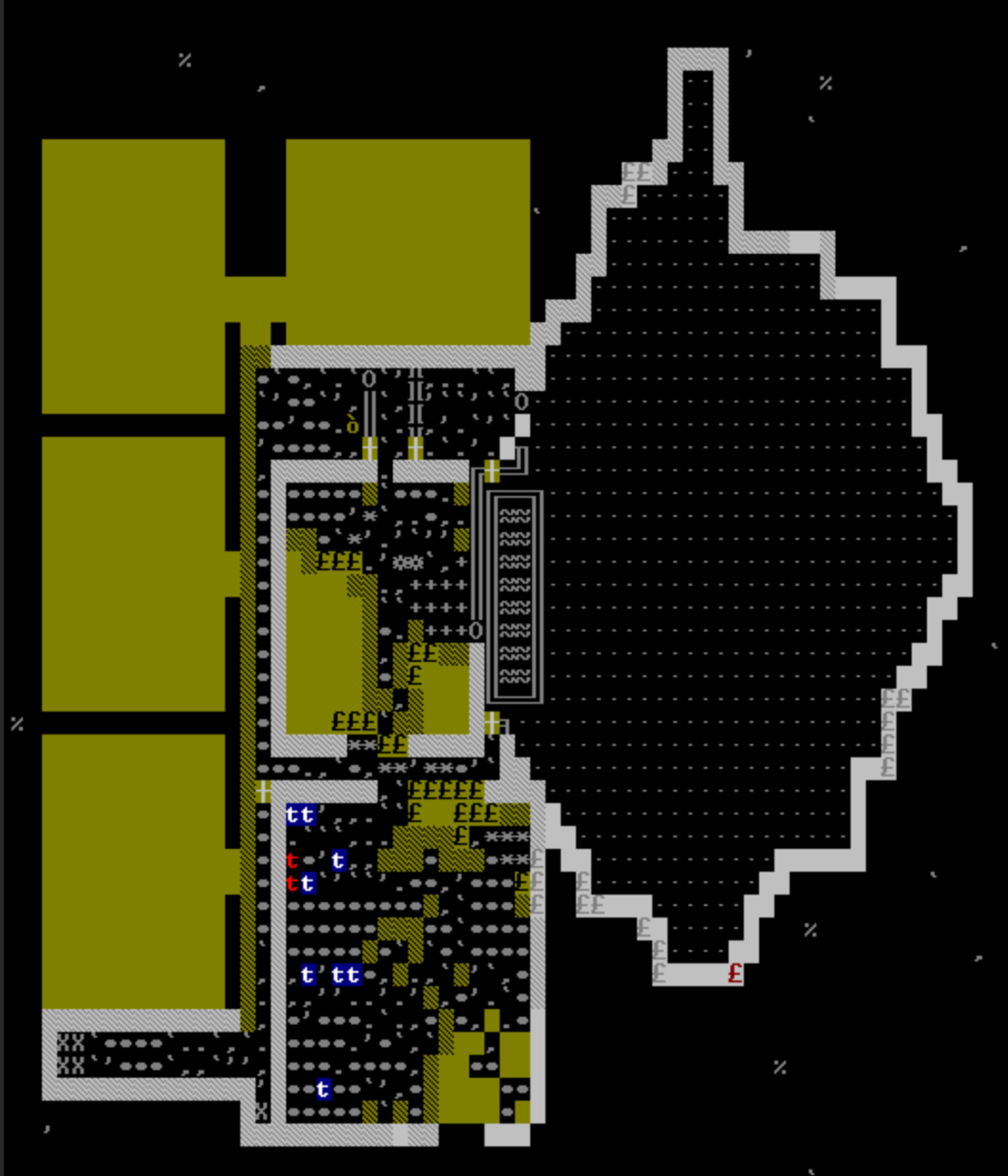
Phenix has been busy again recently, designing some expansions to the fortress. We'll need them if we can get more immigrants. A new living area is being built for the military, where they'll train and live as a unit and develop camaraderie. It's near the hospital and jail, and easily reachable from the fortress entrance.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



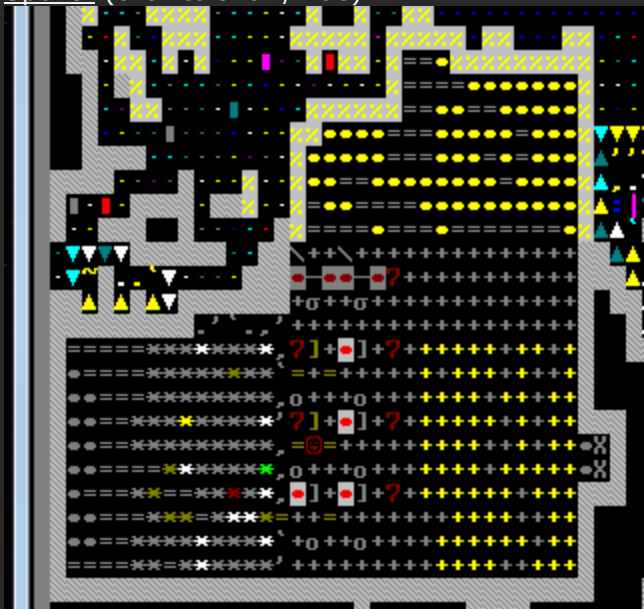
Cain is having her expand his 'Alpha Labs' facility, digging out storage rooms for whatever he does down there.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



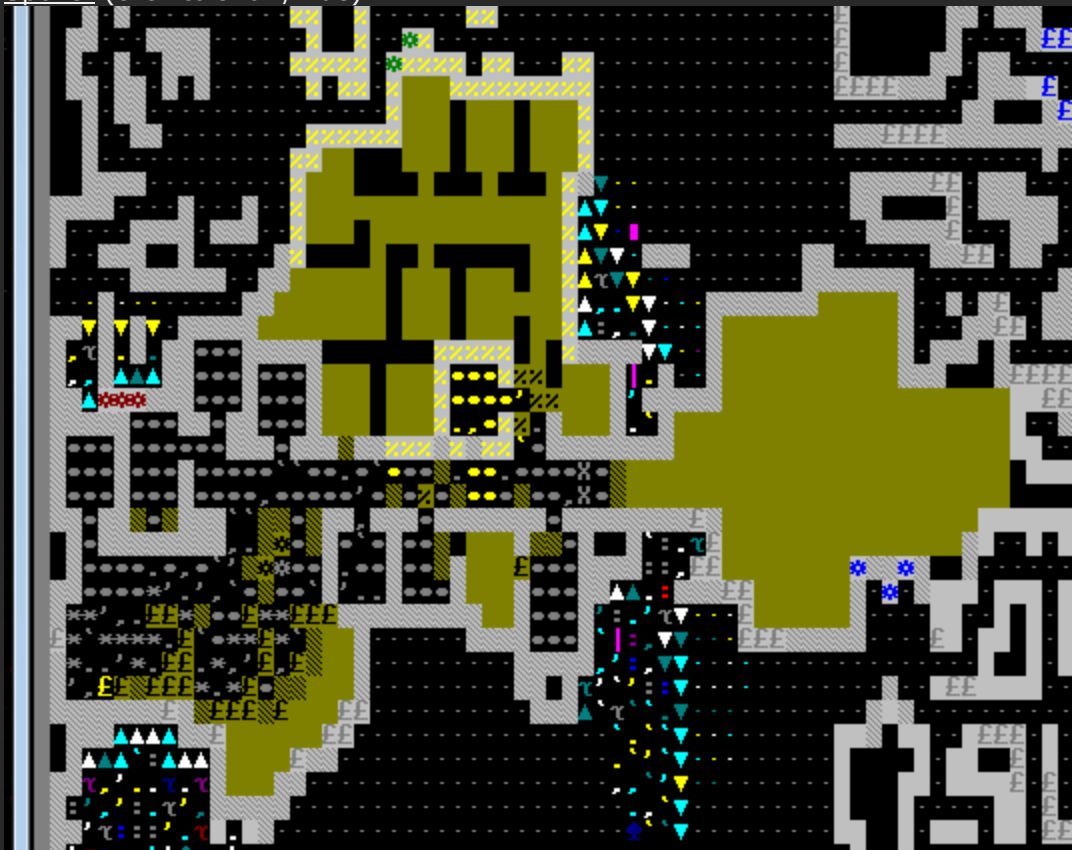
The new magma smelters are operational, although there's a lot more work to be done down there.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



There will also be a new living and storage area just above the smelters for the dwarves working there.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Finally, that strange Graknorke fellow who calls himself Champion persuaded Phenix to dig a passage to the caverns. Phenix refused to just open a passage, insisting on installing a gate to seal it off first. Completely uncalled-for if you ask me, there's nothing down there our soldiers can't handle.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 05, 2012, 02:45:58 pm**

13th of Granite, year 56

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Ettin Ariva Ana Aca has come! A giant humanoid monster with two heads.

Press Enter to close window

"This is a really bad idea. Look at the size of that fortress!"

"But it's full of shinies. Remember all the shinies on that wagon coming away from this place!"

Ariva Ana Aca had a problem all to familiar to Ettins. Her two heads rarely agreed on anything. Both heads loved shiny things, gems and jewelry, but they never agreed on how to get them. When one though it was safe to attack, the other would disagree, and then on the next opportunity they would reverse roles, and never get anything done. She had long history of aborted attacks, never actually managing to injure any opponent, though she had managed to steal items several times when her victims simply fled in terror while she argued.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49> Ariva Ana Aca, "Ariva the Couple of Directing"

Ariva the Couple of Directing was a ettin. She was one of the first of her kind. Ariva was associated with strength and speech.

In 1, Ariva settled in The Faded Desert.

In the late summer of 7, Ariva began wandering The Dune of Papers.

In the late spring of 9, Ariva began wandering The Hill of Swallows.

In the late summer of 9, Ariva became an enemy of The Reclusive Band.

In the late summer of 9, Ariva became an enemy of The Fleshy Confederation.

In the late summer of 9, Ariva attacked the human Anthath Dropletfogs.

In the late summer of 9, Ariva fought with the human Anthath Dropletfogs. While defeated, the latter escaped unscathed.

In the midspring of 10, Ariva became an enemy of The Constructive Councils.

In the midspring of 10, a large ruby was stolen from Suppersystems by Ariva.

In the early autumn of 26, Ariva became an enemy of The League of Diversion.

In the early autumn of 26, a yak bone amulet was stolen from Honoredrite by Ariva.

Now she stood outside the curtain wall of the fortress of Brightwater. Far away in the hills she first saw pack animals laden with jewels and cleverly carved bones. Unable to agree to attack them, she had at least managed to follow their trail back to the source.

"We should try to climb over the wall!"

"That's stupid. Look at that wall, nobody can climb that. Let's try to sneak in through the gate."

Towering two-headed monsters aren't known for their ability to sneak, even when their heads aren't arguing constantly. Ariva was spotted well before reaching the front gate.

Higginbottom III, on guard duty at the front gate, had never seen such a large and misshapen surface dweller. At first he wondered if it might be an Elven trick - they had been told to be on the lookout for Elven spies or traders showing up at this time of year - but this creature was far too large and repulsive for even the Elves. He charged across the ground at it, bellowing. Daenyth, who had been just on the other side of the main gate, heard the yell and ran after.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Aah! Little metal man!" yelled one of Ariva's heads.

"Look out, he's got a thingy!" cried the other.

Ariva stumbled around, trying to evade Higginbottom's attacks. On the other side of her, Daenyth arrived. A slash of Daenyth's sword left a shallow cut on her side. She cried out, and then kicked Daenyth, a solid blow that sprawled Daenyth out cold.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Page 2/2FPS: 100 (49)15th Granite, 56

The Ettin kicks The Hammerdwarf in the right foot with her right foot, jamming the bone through the right ankle's muscle and shattering the right ankle's bone!
The Ettin collides with The Hammerdwarf!
The Hammerdwarf is knocked over and tumbles backward!
The Ettin strikes at The Hammerdwarf but the shot is blocked!
The Hammerdwarf counterstrikes!
The Hammerdwarf misses The Ettin!
The Hammerdwarf gives in to pain.
The Ettin grabs The Hammerdwarf by the fourth toe, left foot with her right lower arm!
The Ettin releases the grip of The Ettin's right lower arm on The Hammerdwarf's fourth toe, left foot.
The Ettin grabs The Hammerdwarf by the upper right back teeth with her right hand!
→The Ettin releases the grip of The Ettin's right hand on The Hammerdwarf's upper right back teeth.

"Get him! Smush that little guy's head!" called one of Ariva's heads to the other. She reached down and grabbed Daenyth's head.

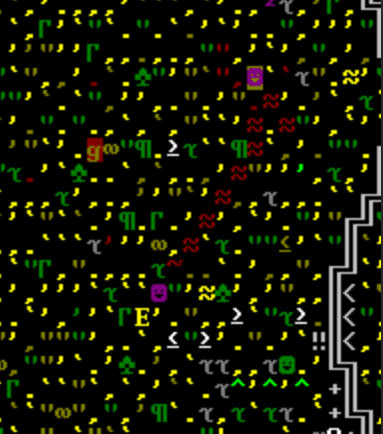
"Surface-dweller scum! Don't turn your back on me!" screamed HigginBottom III. He lashed Ariva's back with his scourge, flaying her skin.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Hammerdwarf bashes The Ettin in the right lower arm from behind with his <cobalt flail>, tearing the skin and bruising the fat!
The Hammerdwarf punches The Ettin in the right head from behind with his right hand, tearing the skin and bruising the fat!
→The Hammerdwarf bashes The Ettin in the right foot from behind with his <cobalt flail>, tearing the skin and bruising the fat!

Ariva dropped Daenyth and screamed. "Run! Go West!" one of the heads cried. "No, South!" yelled the other. Ariva lumbered off to the south-west, leaving a trail of blood. Higginbottom III chased after her.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



15th of Granite, year 56

Ariva was still fleeing, through the trees and bushes, trying to escape. The creatures behind her refused to give up. Higginbottom III, who by now had been joined by his loyal Giant War Pangolin, pursued her, following the easy-to-track trail of broken limbs and trampled mud she left.

"They're not giving up! What do we do?" one head said, out of breath.

"Keep running!" her other head barked.

"No! I'm going to fight him."

She turned and tried to swat Higginbottom III. This only succeeded in giving the dwarf a chance to hit her with the flail again.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Ettin attacks The Hammerdwarf but He jumps away!
The Hammerdwarf attacks The Ettin but She jumps away!
The Ettin attacks The Hammerdwarf but He jumps away!
The Hammerdwarf bashes The Ettin in the lower body with his <cobalt flail>, tearing the skin and bruising the fat!

"Run!"

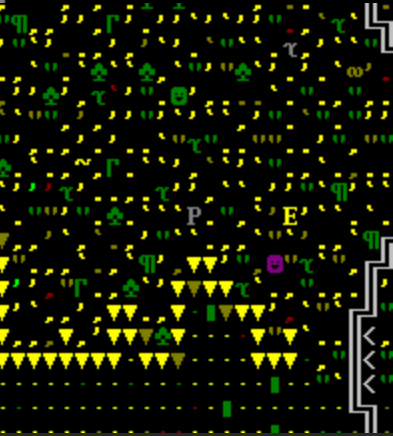
"North!"

"No, South! They're coming from the north!"

She turned and ran to the north anyway. As she passed Alath Athellogem, the Militia captain fired a few bolts at her, two of which struck her. She kept running.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The flying <-yak bone bolt-> strikes The Ettin in the right upper arm, tearing the muscle and bruising the bone!
A tendon has been torn!
→The flying <*giant sparrow bone bolt*> strikes The Ettin in the upper body, tearing the muscle and bruising the heart!



16th of Granite, year 56

Jacen the Soap Crusader ran through the forest. The heads of the Ettin were visible over the trees. It was coming back northward, in his direction.

Far underground, Daenyth had been moved to the hospital. He struggled against the dwarf who brought him to bed.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



"I can't rest yet. That thing's still out there! Just prop me up, I can still fight it."

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

→'Daenyth' Olinrodem, Hammerdwarf cancels Rest: Interrupted by Ettin.

"The other soldiers will take care of it, Daenyth. You need to let Cain have a look at you."

17th of Granite, year 56

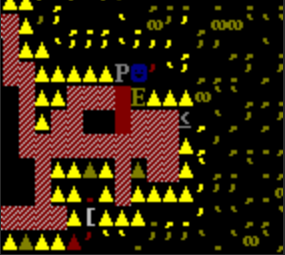
Ariva ran, trying to escape the two dwarves that chased her. Suddenly through the trees ahead of her, another dwarf, this one with an axe and smelling strongly of soap. She veered to the west. A giant monster, with huge claws and covered in scaly plates, blocked her path. She veered back south.

"This is all your fault!" one of her heads yelled to the other.

"My fault? I wanted to climb the wall. Sneaking in was your idea!"

She ran back south. Higginbottom III pursued her every step of the way. She curved back around, trying to lose him. The ground sloped downwards to the east. She scrambled down a shallow slope, then stopped. The soap-smelling dwarf and the giant scaled monster had cut her off.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Higginbottom III saw his chance. He charged across the hill, leaped into the air, and slammed into the Ettin from behind. She staggered forwards, falling onto her hands and knees. Higginbottom's loyal war pangolin reared up and raked at her flesh with its massive claws, while Jacen hacked at her legs.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

The Hammerdwarf slams into the Ettin!
The war Giant Pangolin scratches The Ettin in the right eye, right head from the side, tearing the right eyelid, right head's skin!
The war Giant Pangolin scratches The Ettin in the left upper arm from the side, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
The Ettin stands up.
The Soap Crusader hacks The Ettin in the left upper leg with his (cobalt battle axe), tearing the skin!
The war Giant Pangolin scratches The Ettin in the fourth toe, left foot, tearing the fat!
The Soap Crusader hacks The Ettin in the left eyelid, right head with his (cobalt battle axe), tearing apart the skin!
The war Giant Pangolin scratches The Ettin in the left head, tearing the fat!
→The Hammerdwarf bashes The Ettin in the left upper arm with his (cobalt flail), tearing the skin and bruising the fat!
The Soap Crusader bites The Ettin in the lower body, tearing the fat!
The Soap Crusader latches on firmly!
The war Giant Pangolin scratches The Ettin in the right upper arm, tearing the fat!
The Ettin breaks the grip of The Soap Crusader's upper front teeth from The Ettin's lower body!
→The war Giant Pangolin scratches The Ettin in the lower body, tearing the fat!

Somehow, she managed to break free of the three of them, and staggered away across the ground. Not even knowing what direction she was running, she just wanted to get away from them.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



She was by this time badly hurt, though none of the wounds were by themselves fatal.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

A giant humanoid monster with two heads.

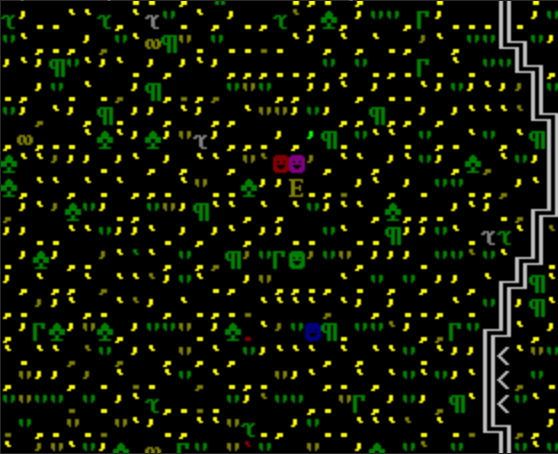
Her left upper arm is smashed open. Her left upper arm is bruised. Her fourth toe, left foot is broken. Her fourth toe, left foot is smashed open. Her lower body is cut open. Her left eyelid, right head is cut open. Her left head is cut open. Her right eyelid, right head is cut open. Her right upper arm is cut open. Her left upper leg is cut open. Her left upper leg is dented. Her upper body is cut open. Her right head is smashed open. Her right lower arm is smashed open. Her right foot is smashed open. Her wavy hair is extremely long. She is tall and skinny. Her chocolate eyes are slit. Her teeth are widely-spaced. She has a narrow chin. Her ears are somewhat splayed out. Her nose, left head is short. Her tall left head is broad. Her lips are thin. Her eyes are slightly sunken. Her nose bridge is somewhat concave. Her hair is auburn. Her skin is pink. Her left upper leg bears a massive straight scar. Her eyebrows are somewhat high.

She staggered northwards. Phones, Va'al, Simon McWhale, and Domas the Wallpotdwarf were just arriving, circling in to cut off her escape.

18th of Granite, year 56

Once again, Ariva found her path blocked by dwarves.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Simon McWhale took a solid swipe at her with his morningstar, bruising her further.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Macedwarf bashes The Ettin in the lower body with his <cobalt morningstar>, tearing the fat!

She turned and ran south-west, away from him. As she did, she ran past Domas the Wallpotdwarf. Domas fired a single bolt from his crossbow, which buried itself in her throat.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The flying <=warthog bone bolt= > strikes The Ettin in the throat, left head, tearing it!
→A major artery has been opened by the attack!

Blood spurting from the wound, she staggered across the ground, leaving a trail of ground heavily splattered with her blood.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



A second bolt from Domas pierced her chest, penetrating a lung. Ariva staggered, fell to her knees, then collapsed on the ground.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The soldiers gathered around her, ready to attack if she stirred, but it was not required. Ariva Ana Aca was dead.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 05, 2012, 02:50:01 pm**

Quote from: Triskelli on May 02, 2012, 09:53:11 pm
Can I get a Fisherdwarf? Name him "Kelli", make sure he loves the ocean (and hopefully unrelated to the sprawling family tree). More than happy to catch whatever monster of the deep you need. "Even wrestled with a legendary carp by gum! Had killed 7 dwarves already, but I jumped in after 'im and pulled it out by me beard. I figger I can handle one o' these whales if I need ta."

Not looking good at the moment. We have two unclaimed Fisherdwarves, but they're both female and members of the Family. The only unclaimed dwarves who aren't part of the Family are a female mason and her daughter. I have turned immigration back on, so there may be some new slots opening up soon.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 05, 2012, 03:06:39 pm**

I feel bad for the Ettin. Why you make it so pathetically sad?

And about my Goblin Friend.....

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 05, 2012, 03:14:47 pm**

I seem to have run into a bit of a bug. Nobody will help Daenyth. He's been moved to the hospital, but nobody will perform diagnosis on him. I suspect that being interrupted while trying to rest triggered the bug where a dwarf will never be helped because he's not counted as resting in bed. Tried deconstructing the bed and forcing him to be moved to another one. Didn't help. Does anyone know of a workaround for this bug?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 05, 2012, 03:17:16 pm**

I kknow three ways.

Release a wild elephant into his room.

Release *MAGMA*.

Hurt him to re-start the process.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 05, 2012, 03:18:10 pm**

Seems to be working now. I deconstructed the bed and forced him to move to another one. I unassigned the hospital zone and then reassigned it. I took him out of the military and put him back in. Some combination of those fixed it, Cain is working on him now.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Daenyth** on **May 05, 2012, 03:32:01 pm**

Damnit Cain, you beardless Elf, get in here and help me!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 05, 2012, 03:33:23 pm**

howmany pots do we have.

oh, by the way, i think that guy needs a doctor.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **May 05, 2012, 03:39:23 pm**

I'll reveal a secret. Ever since the giraffes, I've been keeping a list of the animal types in the fort, divided into two categories: "to hug" and "to turn into crossbows".

Occasionally the crossbow list has caused me trouble. I have yet to figure out how to turn crab chitin into a decent spring, and it's too weak for mechanisms.

Now I'm more worried about the hug list. Giant snakes go on that side of course, but... scary, scary venom glands. I think I'll stay away from them until Cilob is very sure of his training there. If he can handle those snakes, he will have proved he's worthy of the dungeon master title.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **May 05, 2012, 03:50:27 pm**

Just wonderful! Great storytelling.

Also, can i claim dwarf? I'd prefer male one either big family related or not. Call him Count (hope it doesn't bother with story-otherwise call him Uranis) and make him do metal crafts(neither armor nor weapons) or balcksmithing.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Poindexterity** on **May 06, 2012, 01:13:19 am**

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 05, 2012, 10:25:03 am

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (47)

‘Dex’ Cerolkonos, “‘Dex’ Lensbrass”, Miner

‘Dex’ Cerolkonos has been happy lately. He had a fine drink lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He had a wonderful drink lately. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Cage lately. He talked with the spouse lately. He admired a fine Container lately. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He has been tired lately. He has complained of thirst lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He was caught in the rain recently. He admired own fine Bed lately. He is married to Deduk Gemmachine and has one child: Rigòth Typhooncanyons. He is a dubious worshipper of Guthstak the Bloated Mucous Snot and a worshipper of Ber. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 22nd of Limestone in the year 52. He has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-two years old and is one of the first of his kind. He is average in size. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His long beard is arranged in double braids. His very long hair is neatly combed. His lips are very thin. His nose is slightly hooked. His rust eyes are slightly wide-set. His somewhat tall ears are somewhat narrow. His skin is peach. He is tough, but he is very quick to tire. ‘Dex’ Cerolkonos likes poryphyry, blue gold, purple spinel, jackalskin, rope reed fiber fabric, beds, scepters, donkeys for their stubbornness and walruses for their whiskers. When possible, he prefers to consume eagle, kangaroo cheese and dwarven ale. He absolutely detests ladybugs. He has a great kinesthetic sense, a lot of willpower and a way with words. He doesn’t often experience strong cravings or urges. He doesn’t handle stress well. He is very friendly. He is rarely happy or enthusiastic. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He finds helping others rewarding. He is compassionate. He is disorganized. When he gets excited, he often starts talking to himself. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

would you mind terribly posting the pages for my wife and child please?
It'd help me get into character. Also, who my child hangs out with would be nice too.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **May 06, 2012, 01:35:37 am**

How fares McWhale? I hope he's getting into fishing and just spending all his time fidgeting with his mace.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **BeserkNINJA** on **May 06, 2012, 10:09:18 am**

Higginbottoms journal

today whilst standing guard for the traders i spotted the ugliest, biggest and quite frankly stinkiest elf i have ever seen, when he started to approach the gate i had no choice but to end the pitiful abominations existence, so i smashed in the foot with me trusty flail, then the weirdest thing happened two voices started screamin from above me, this elf had two heads whilst i waslaughing at just how ugly they where when it started to run... icouldnt have that so i sprinted after it smashing at its back with me flail, as it tripped down a hill inod slashed it with his claws and clearly showed he had forgotten the ways of the elves and become a true mountain dweller, anyway long story short it died. and i got a brand new !SOCK!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 06, 2012, 11:06:57 am**

Quote from: Daenyth on May 05, 2012, 03:32:01 pm
Damn it Cain, you beardless Elf, get in here and help me!

Though delayed, the doctor is working overtime now.

Quote from: Corai on May 05, 2012, 03:06:39 pm
And about my Goblin Friend.....

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



You now have a stripped-naked goblin prisoner in a cage in your bedroom. That's the closest I can get to giving you a goblin pet.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Quote from: Aseaheru on May 05, 2012, 03:33:23 pm
howmany pots do we have.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Strangely, the Stocks list doesn't seem to have a category for rock pots, so I can't get an actual count.

Quote from: Poindexterity on May 06, 2012, 01:13:19 am
would you mind terribly posting the pages for my wife and child please?
It'd help me get into character. Also, who my child hangs out with would be nice too.

First, Dex's relations. Dex does not have any close friends, just a handful of acquaintances.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <46> Relationships of the Miner 'Dex' Cerolkonos	
Deduk Kadôlstâkud, Mason	Wife
Rigôth Tishaktobul, Dwarven Child	Only Daughter
Guthstak Okaggodumzekrim	Deity
Ber	Deity
Tun Absammafol, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Likot Alâthneth, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Logem Rulushsibrek, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
'Will Tuna' Edëmkadôl, Farmer	Passing Acquaintance
Zefon Kikrostsokan, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Dumat Rutodshorast, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Obok Shigósineh, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance

Dex's wife is a Mason.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>

Deduk Kadôlstâkud, "Deduk Gemmachine", Mason

Deduk Kadôlstâkud has been quite content lately. She slept in a very good bedroom recently. She has been tired lately. She has been satisfied at work lately. She talked with a child lately. She has complained of thirst lately. She has complained of hunger lately. She admired a fine tastefully arranged Statue lately.

She is married to 'Dex' Lensbrass and has one child: Rigôth Typhooncanyons. She is an ardent worshipper of Ber and a dubious worshipper of Ber.

She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 22nd of Limestone in the year 52.

She has the appearance of somebody that is ninety-two years old and is one of the first of her kind.

She is corpulent. Her eyes are rust. Her nose is extremely long. Her hair is straight. Her medium-length hair is arranged in double braids. Her peach skin is wrinkled. Her eyebrows are quite sparse. Her somewhat tall ears have small lobes. Her head is somewhat short. Her hair is tan with some gray. Her lips are somewhat thin.

Deduk Kadôlstâkud likes olivenite, purple gold, red tourmaline, rat tooth, ice wolf nail, the color goldenrod, quivers, amulets and turkeys for their snood. When possible, she prefers to consume two-humped camel cheese, unknown plants, bumblebee mead and Longland flour. She absolutely detests large roaches.

She has a deep well of patience, a great feel for the surrounding space, the ability to focus and good intuition, but she has an iffy memory and a poor ability to manage or understand social relationships.

She rarely feels discouraged. She has a fertile imagination. She is eager for new experiences. She doesn't like to compromise with others. She often does the first thing that comes to mind. She scratches her nose when she's thinking. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

She also doesn't have any close friends.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>

Relationships of the Mason Deduk Kadôlstâkud

'Dex' Cerolkonos, Miner	Husband
Rigôth Tishaktobul, Dwarven Child	Only Daughter
Ber	Deity
Aban Berthorthith, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Zefon Kikrestsokan, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Logem Rulushsibrek, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Sibrek Desisathel, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Kel Kadolgébar, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Sigun Komanmedtob, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
'Kylin' Dolekendok, Assistant Doctor	Passing Acquaintance
Udil Uúshavuz, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Ilral Kinemäs, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Datan Gusilnokgol, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Adil Uzololin, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Dumat Rutodshorast, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Goden Gebèrith, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance

Dex and his wife have one of the newer rooms in the main bedroom complex. It's still minimally furnished, not having cabinets yet.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Your daughter..

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>

Rigôth Tishaktobul, "Rigôth Typhooncanyons", Dwarven Child

Rigôth Tishaktobul has been happy lately. She slept in a very good bedroom recently. She had a fine drink lately. She admired a fine tastefully arranged Statue lately. She admired a fine Seat lately. She talked with mother lately. She has been satisfied at work lately.

She is the daughter of Deduk Gemmachine and 'Dex' Lensbrass. She is a worshipper of Ber, an ardent worshipper of Ber and a dubious worshipper of Ber.

She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver.

She is three years old, born on the 16th of Obsidian in the year 53.

She is incredibly skinny. Her hair is somewhat greasy. Her short hair is neatly combed. Her nose is upturned. Her rust eyes are slightly rounded. Her hair is tan. Her skin is peach. Her lips are slightly thick.

She is almost never sick, incredibly quick to heal and slow to tire, but she is flimsy.

Rigôth Tishaktobul likes green marble, sulfur fumes, yellow jasper, entwood, pegasus hoof, demon rat tooth, geese for their formation flying and bogeymen for their terror-inspiring antics. When possible, she prefers to consume bull trout, lungfish and prickly berry wine. She absolutely detests toads.

She has a great feel for social relationships, a deep well of patience and a natural ability with music, but she has a large deficit of willpower.

She is quick to anger. She feels strong urges and seeks short-term rewards. She is somewhat reserved. She is very trusting. She is not straightforward when dealing with others. She is willing to compromise with others. She very rarely does more work than necessary. She thinks through every alternative and its consequences before acting. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

sometimes attends parties held in the great dining hall.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

members of the family, with wives and children. Neither of them is a metalcrafter, but since we have no metalcrafters anyway I can give that job to them. We may also get immigrants soon too, since I increased the population cap, although that might take a year to kick in.

As a complete side note, Ceilan was training a war honey badger lately. I just thought that was cool.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
`Ceilan' Enasrigòth, Leatherworker
""`Ceilan' Doctrinecrafts"
♀

Train Sodel Rintarerib, war Honey Badger (+Trained+)
→The dwarves of The Humid Silver now know a few facts about honey badger training.
```

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **May 06, 2012, 01:02:01 pm**

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 06, 2012, 11:06:57 am
Tricky. The only unclaimed male dwarves we have are Rovod Berdanurist, Mason, and Urdim Uzolmonang, Farmer. Both of them are members of the family, with wives and children. Neither of them is a metalcrafter, but since we have no metalcrafters anyway I can give that job to them. We may also get immigrants soon too, since I increased the population cap, although that might take a year to kick in.

Ok, let's just wait for some newbies to arrive.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 06, 2012, 01:10:51 pm**

Diary of Corai, Entry five

Hi diary! Im baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaack! And I have a frieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeend!

Oh god, help me. This insane freak is keeping me hostage, PLEASE. HELP ME. HELP ME, PLEASE!

That was him! Hes my friend! He likes to play bad-guy, trying to leave. We all know that he cant leave! Hahahahah! Silly goblin! Well, Cain got a little lazy recently and left Daenyth to rot for awhile, guess noone saw him! Haha! I told Cain about it and he went on about how theres noone there, then I turned him around, and he was shocked to see Daenyth sleeping there.

In other news, we also proved that Horseshoe Crab blood is blue, like the myths say! Since Graknorke discovered this, all the girls are gonna be clamoring over him! ~~Who wouldnt wanna marry a famous champion?~~

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 06, 2012, 01:23:34 pm**

Quote from: CountAlex on May 06, 2012, 01:02:01 pm
Ok, let's just wait for some newbies to arrive.

Good choice...

2nd Felsite

Thank the mountainhomes, we have immigrants! A few years ago I would have dreaded to see this, but today some 19 new dwarves showed up at the entrance, asking to join our fortress. And by some amazing luck, only one of them was a child! We can sorely use this influx of workers, and we have food and bedrooms to spare.

Looking over the list of immigrants, I'm struck by a really surprising fact. A suspicious number of them have been to our fortress before, as members of trade caravans. Explains how they knew of our fortress and how to get here, but I'm really taken with the fact that such a high number of the dwaves who visit our fortress on official business later decide to live here.

Three of our former outpost liaisons have moved here now. We have Vucar Adaskeskal first. Her only non-social skill is beekeeping, which won't be much ue here, but she's very social and should get along well. Then there's Iteb Ralukurdim. She has some skill with Animal Training. Finally Iden Ushulmomuz. She claims to be a Hunter, although I had to explain to her that we mostly trap-and-domesticate here.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

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-----
An animal has become a Stray war Giant Sparrow.
→The dwarves of The Humid Silver are now quite knowledgeable giant sparrow trainers.
```

There are five former Traders here as citizens now, looking for new jobs. Moldath Imushilun as some skills in architecture. Amost Areltun is a Novice Potash Maker. Deler Gimsigun has some medical experience, he can help out Cain in the hospital. Zefon Kivishkegeth says he once operated Siege Engines. Iteth Tathurrall is a Furnace Operator - she can help out in the new magma forges.

Of our other eleven immigrants, Urist Ostarmedtob stands out. He gave his profession as Lye Maker, but on further questioning admitted to being a Competent Metal Crafter. Excellent, that's a skill we're lacking at the moment. He came with his 8 year old daughter, Tobul Morulsuvas, but refused to answer when asked who her mother was.

I also took notice of Avuz Udeshdastot. He seems a mopey and sad fellow, but has significant skill with operating siege engines.

Deler Kubukud says she's just a Peasant, but she has more skill with a war hammer than most of our soldiers. She's going into the military for sure.

Mistem Sazirelis introduced herself as a High Master Wound Dresser and Surgeon. She also claims to be an Engraver - says it's just like surgery, but with less screaming.

Handful of others too. I've jotted down notes on the entire group below.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Code: [Select]

Vucar Adaskeskal, Female Beekeeper	
Former outpost liaison	
Fat, splayed ears, clean-shaven	
Friendly, social, thrill-seeker, immodest	
Adequate Beekeeper, and many social skills	
Iteb Ralukurdim, Female Animal Trainer	
Former outpost liaison	
Fat, with neatly combed tan hair	
Doesn't handle stress well, rarely discouraged, trusting	
Novice Animal Trainer and Leatherworker	

Iden	Ushulmomuz, Female Hunter
	Former outpost liaison
	Skinny, sparse straight hair
	Calm, can handle stress, cheerful
	Various social skills
Moldath	Imushilun, Male Trader
	Average-sized, sparse-haired
	Not an intellectual, dislikes tradition, takes his time making decisions
	Adequate Building Designer
Amost	Areltun, Male Trader
	Weak, straight-haired
	Incredibly calm, social, overindulgent, likes everyone
	Novice Potash Maker, many social skills
Deler	Gimsigun, Male Trader
	Fat, clean-shaven sideburns, long ponytail
	Can handle stress, imaginative, open-minded
	Adequate Diagnostician
Zefon	Kivishkegeth, Male Trader
	Muscular, clean-shaven sidebutns, long moustache and beard and medium-length hair
	Comfortable in social situations, reserved, cheerful and assertive
	Novice Siege Operator and metalcrafter, some social skills
Iteth	Tathurral, Female Trader
	Long straight hair
	Quick to anger, relaxed, pessimist, imaginative, incredibly compassionate
	Adequate Furnace Operator
Kulet	Asobamkol, Female Planter
	Average-sized, clean-shaven
	Nervous yet relaxed. Does not openly express emotion. Likes helping others
	Grower and Wood Crafter
Deler	Kubukud, Female Peasant
	Muscular, clean-shaven, with a raspy voice
	Nervous, candid
	Significant military skill - Hammerdwarf weapon
Avuz	Udeshdastot, Male Siege Operator
	Skinny, with magnificent sideburns, moustache, and beard
	Sad and dejected, self-conscious, yet somehow often cheerful.
	Talented Siege Operator
Kadol	Solamlogem, Male Woodcrafter
	Average-sized, long beard, clean-shaven head
	Easily discouraged, energetic and active
	Master Wood Crafter
Urist	Ostarmedtob, Male Lye Maker
	Incredibly Muscular
	Clean-shaven hair and sideburns, long braided beard and moustache
	Can handle stress, loves to take charge, loves new and fresh ideas, dislikes rules
	Competent Metal Crafter, Talented Lye Maker
	Has a daughter, but no wife
Tobul	Morulsuvas, Female Child
	8 year old daughter of Urist Ostarmedtob
	Corpulent, straight-haired
	Overindulges, unassertive, rarely happy
Fikod	Amostrazes, Female Wax Worker
	Corpulent, splayed ears, clean-shaven head
	Rarely feels strong urges, can handle stress, assertive
	High Master Wax Worker, also butcher and milker
Mistem	Sazirelis, Female Surgeon
	Muscular and fat, straight-haired
	Candid and sincere, uncompromising, not compassionate, organized
	High Master Wound Dresser and Surgeon
	Skilled Engraver
Unib	Dumatnish, Male Potash Maker
	Sparse-haired, long sideburns, moustache, and beard
	Rarely discouraged, enjoys crowds, uncompromising
	Adequate Potash Maker
Dakost	Othilrovod, Female Woodcutter
	Muscular, short straight hair
	Depressed, overindulgent, assertive, likes helping others
	Talented Wood Cutter
Deler	Oslanbomrek, Female Armorer
	Average-sized with straight sparse hair
	Clam, not a risk-taker, uncompromising, without pity
	Novice at many skills, including Armorsmith

OOC: I had to use the new DFHack tweak fixmigrants plugin five times in this immigrant wave to fix stuck 'Trader' immigrants. Thanks to whoever created that!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **zomara0292** on **May 06, 2012, 02:14:54 pm**

I say, How is the work on my room comming along?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **StLeibowitz** on **May 06, 2012, 02:22:38 pm**

Journal of Saint, Entry 6

Stumbled into a former trader today. Asked if he had any more prickleberries, but he just looked at me and laughed. He explained that he decided to live here now, along with a few others. I assumed it wasn't because of the food. Lard Roast is an acquired taste. Guess these guys will have to acquire it.

That girl Cain was doing full-reconstruction surgery on is back up and working, and I'm still perplexed as to how the doctor could be so skilled and still leave another patient dying on the ground before noticing him. Anyways, the girl is kind of creepy; she seems to be fine with being more scar tissue than dwarf now, so I have avoided both speaking to her and her in general.

I don't go up to the surface a lot (willingly, at least), but I've heard talk of some kind of giant snake monster up above. I'm curious as to whether or not its venom would be on par with my special brew; on a related note, I hope some miner or someone finds a forgotten beast soon. I seem to be one of the few (if not the only) dwarves who knows of what inhabits the underworld, but I intend to avoid letting that slip out. Monster dust and extract tends towards the spectacular in terms of its effects on dwarven physiology, rendering poisoning into an art form, but I have no intention of being the poor schmuck who angers Bi Gpantaloons the Scary Monster of Pain with my digging!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 06, 2012, 02:27:50 pm**

Diary of me.
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
Hello diary. well, not much has happened, besides my making pots, raving about pots and corai running around about the goblin in his room and saying that he discovered that horseshoe crab blood is blue. nonsense! it is a well known and respected fact along the dwarves of Tomemcilob where i resided for a year before running away. also i have seen this goblin and he told me that among the members of his group are some who claim to live even lower that the dwarves! this is of course goblin propaganda but i shall look for some more bolts to practice with. just in case.

by the way, do we plan on breaching the HFS and releasing the clowns?
and also who do i worship?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **May 06, 2012, 02:36:58 pm**

Oh, i'd like to claim Urist Ostarmedtob! And, if it doesn't bother you, please, can you show me his and his daughter's personality screens?
I have some idea about how to make this personage.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 06, 2012, 02:40:30 pm**

Leib, our characters seem to be polar opposites, this will be fun.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 06, 2012, 03:13:54 pm**

what are my guys stats now? and also whats my name? i forgot :'(.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 06, 2012, 03:19:27 pm**

Quote from: zomara0292 on May 06, 2012, 02:14:54 pm
I say, How is the work on my room comming along?

It was stuck for a while at Step 1: Get Athra a pick. Now that he finally has one, I'll start him on the digging.

Quote from: Aseaheru on May 06, 2012, 02:27:50 pm
by the way, do we plan on breaching the HFS and releasing the clowns?

If I do release the clowns, it's going to be because I'm sick of the fortress and want to end it. We actually haven't even seen any of the adamantine spires so far. There's a lot on the map, we just haven't dug near enough it yet.

[quote
and also who do i worship?
[/quote]

Domas Egullolok the Wallpotdwarf worships nobody. That's actually kind of surprising, nearly all the dwarves have two or three gods they worship, but you have none.

Quote from: CountAlex on May 06, 2012, 02:36:58 pm
Oh, i'd like to claim Urist Ostarmedtob! And, if it doesn't bother you, please, can you show me his and his daughter's personality screens?

Your profile:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>

Urist Ostarmedtob, "Urist Buryblockade", Lye Maker

Urist Ostarmedtob has been quite content lately. He admired a fine Restraint lately.
He has one child: Tobul Pagedluster. He is a worshipper of Náshas Maroonochre and a casual worshipper of Stettad.
He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 2nd of Felsite in the year 56.
He has the appearance of somebody that is fifty-eight years old and is one of the first of his kind.
He is incredibly muscular. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. His free-lobed ears are extremely narrow. His lips are thin. His skin is peach. His eyes are rust.
He is mighty and quite quick to heal, but he is quick to tire and quite susceptible to disease.
Urist Ostarmedtob likes alunite, titanium, chrysocolla, the color plum, backpacks, large, serrated discs, umber hulks for their huge mandibles and giant ostriches for their giant eggs. When possible, he prefers to consume chicken and bumblebee mead. He absolutely detests purring maggots.
He has great intuition and very good focus, but he has a shortage of patience.
He can handle stress. He loves to take charge and direct activities. He loves new and fresh ideas. He dislikes contracts and regulations. He very rarely does more work than necessary. He runs his fingers through his hair when he's nervous. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Your skills:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Urist Ostarmedtob, Lye Maker
"Urist Buryblockade"

♂

Store Item in Bin
Novice Speardwarf
Novice Shield User
Novice Armor User
Novice Fighter
Novice Dodger
Competent Metal Crafter
Novice Mechanic
Talented Lye Maker
Novice Swimmer
Adequate Persuader

↓

Your daughter:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>

Tobul Mörulsuvas, "Tobul Pagedluster", Dwarven Child

Tobul Mörulsuvas has been quite content lately. She admired a splendid Bridge lately. She admired a fine tastefully arranged Seat lately.
She is the daughter of Urist Buryblockade. She is a worshipper of Adil the Flicker of Glowing and a worshipper of Stettad.
She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 2nd of Felsite in the year 56.
She is eight years old, born on the 1st of Galena in the year 48.
She is corpulent. Her hair is straight. Her very long hair is tied in a pony tail. Her somewhat tall ears are extremely narrow. Her head is somewhat short. Her rust eyes are slightly wide-set. Her hair is tan. Her skin is peach.
She is tough, but she is susceptible to disease, very weak and really slow to heal.
Tobul Mörulsuvas likes green marble, nickel, jelly opal, water buffalo leather, giant phantom spider silk, the color amber, altars, bolts, quivers and pegasi for their wings. When possible, she prefers to consume river spirits. She absolutely detests toads.
She has a great deal of patience, but she has little willpower, very bad analytical abilities and really poor focus.
She occasionally overindulges. She is unassertive. She is rarely happy or enthusiastic. She does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. She loves to defy convention. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She takes time when making decisions. When she becomes exasperated, she clicks her tongue. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Did you still want to be called 'Count'?

Here's everything on your dwarf:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 110 <46>

Domas Egullolok, "Domas Controlgranite", Wallpotdwarf

Domas Egullolok has been ecstatic lately. He had a wonderful drink lately. He slept in a fantastic bedroom recently. He took joy in slaughter lately. He ate a legendary meal lately. He had a truly decadent drink lately. He had a wonderful soapy bath recently. He admired a fine Floor Grate lately.

He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is a former member of The Lost Shields. He is a former member of The Standard of Auras. He is an enemy of The Moist Uice. He is an enemy of The Distinct Sins. He is the former mayor of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Slate in the year 52.

He has the appearance of somebody that is ninety-seven years old and is one of the first of his kind.

He is corpulent. His hair is extremely sparse. His very long sideburns are braided. His long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is braided. His very long hair is arranged in double braids. His rust eyes have large irises. His somewhat tall ears are slightly flattened. His hair is tan mixed with gray. His skin is peach.

He is quick to tire, very slow to heal and quite susceptible to disease.

Domas Egullolok likes garnierite, solid mercury, jelly opal, mangrove wood, gigantic squid leather, the color lemon, earrings, yaks for their shaggy hair, giant bark scorpions for their stinging tail and pig tails for their twisting stalks. When possible, he prefers to consume giant penguin, herring, horse cheese and fisher berry wine. He absolutely detests slugs.

He has a great sense of empathy, very good intuition, a natural ability with music and a good spatial sense, but he has a meager kinesthetic sense and very little patience.

He is organized. He has a sense of duty. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

One Kill

Ariava the Couple of Directing the ettin, d. 56

FPS: 100 <49>

Relationships of the Wallpotdwarf Domas Egullolok

Lagen Bulushsibrek, Dwarven Child

erith Thikutadag, Dwarven Child

Tun Absammafol, Dwarven Child

Rintar Ralrodin, Dwarven Child

'Geb' Mozibducin, countess

Passing Acquaintance

Passing Acquaintance

Passing Acquaintance

Passing Acquaintance

Passing Acquaintance

Domas Egullolok, Wallpotdwar

"Domas Controlgranite"

♂

Go to Individual Combat Drill

Master Marksdwarf

Novice Shield User

Novice Armor User <Rusty>

Novice Archer

Master Dodger

Talented Mason <Rusty>

Great Animal Caretaker <Rsty

Great Animal Dissector <Rsty

Dabbling Grower

Adequate Stone Crafter <Rsty

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 06, 2012, 03:28:11 pm**

I had a soapy bath recently? YAY!

isn't it freaky how people you pick on the forums are like you? Domas and me are almost identical excepting somethings. like scorpions. and like i don't need sleep much. other than that... whats in my bedroom? other than that

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

POTS POTS POTS POTS POTS POTS POTS POTS POTS MR. AND MISSES
POTTS AND FINALY P. O. T. S. !!!!!

I MUST START THE CULT OF POTS!
P.O.T.S.= Primary Other Transit Stop

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **May 06, 2012, 03:32:11 pm**

Great, thanks, and let name be "Count".
In some tastes similar to me-i like titanium and mead too :)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **May 06, 2012, 04:26:33 pm**

This is elf leather bounded book. Its studded with steel bands. It's encrusted with cat's eye. On the front side is image of adult and child dwarfes in charcoal and emerald dye. Dwarfes are holding hands.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Another one entry.

Must be end of Granite, but who cares. Now we moved to new place. Yesterday Tobul heard stories of some traders. They were in some forepost and decided to leave to it. She was so excited about their words and talked her words so quickly. Something about endless salt lake called "ocean" and some critters tamed there. She turned so different since the day it happened

It was pretty unexpected to see her doing it this way. She spoke mere a few words per last month so it was even more joyfully for me to hear her voice.

After short thinking i made a desicion. This palce is no better then any of dozen previous. Can't even remember just some of names. So, i took this shabby notebook, called daughter and left unsightly room.

Hope that place will finally help me to forget.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **JacenHanLovesLegos** on **May 06, 2012, 04:40:24 pm**

If there are war giant badgers left, I'd like a couple of them. Also how much SOAP do we have?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **May 06, 2012, 05:20:57 pm**

Did I have a mood yet?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **May 06, 2012, 05:58:07 pm**

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
We've finally arived. Traders who showed the way told me it's 2nd of Felsite. Whatever.
Tobul impatiently jumped and looked forward since morning. When we've seen curvy wall and heard some roaring she opened her eyes even wider and run ahead of the group to look at the forepost.
Maybe this new place is real chance for us. Since it happened we were moving from to place to place with weakening hope.
I used to perform different labors in previous mountainhomes. I was working mostly with lye though also made some simple things of metal scrap and strands-like toys or rings so i insisted to perform metaclrafter labor. The dwarf seemed to be in charge here has frowned, sighed and than said that they anyway need someone to work with metal crafts and i gonna get this job.
Daughter has come inside the fortress with interested look. Here are a lot of other kids so maybe she'll have some friend, finally.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 06, 2012, 06:03:50 pm**

16th of Felsite, 56

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
→A elven diplomat from Omo Nifi has arrived.

This time, the elven diplomat did not arrive in secret. The point had been made well enough with the first year, their agent proving to the dwarves that an assassin could get past all the defenses the dwarves could muster and strike at the center of their fortress. Now Amayi Omumawada, Elven Ambassador came openly, with the full regal beaing and pride befitting the most noble and lofty of the races. Giant lizards and thrips bowed in respect, and sparrows chirped overhead as he walked past. Surely, the wretched mud-loving dwarves could not help but to be impressed by such a display.

The dwarven fortress was an ugly blight on the land, an uneven stone wall which blocked the view of the ocean. Behind the wall Amayi could hear the trees, lamenting that their brothers had been murdered and that surely they were next. Amayi made his way along the wall, to the garish entrance gate, flanked with carved statues of stunted dwarven bodies. The paved floor was stained with dried blood of goblins and kobolds, and chipped where bolts had missed their targets.



At the entrance to the fortress, a pair of giant serpents had been cruelly chained in place.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Stray Giant Rattlesnake (*Trained*)

Stray Giant Black Mamba (*Trained*)

Was this a threat? Did they think to frighten the elves? If so, it was in vain. Amayi spoke a word in the high speech, and the creatures instantly calmed down, letting him pass.

He strode deeper into the fortress, unafraid of anything the dwarves had in store. Behind him, the elven caravan was just emerging from the forest.



24th of Felsite, 56

Deep underground Athra's secret project was finally starting. It had taken ages for him to get a pick. Over a year ago Cilob had promised him that he'd have one soon. Daenyth had made a batch of picks, but it turned out that there were quite a few prospective miners waiting for picks, and Athra was far enough down on the list that he'd had to wait for the next batch. Then Daenyth's leg had been smashed by an ettin, and it wasn't until Doctor Cain was finished stitching it back together that the next batch of picks had finally been finished.

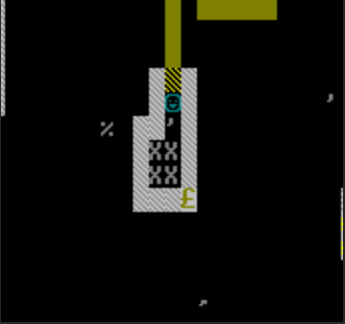
Now Athra was deep in the mines beneath the fortress. He had snuck a look at the survey charts of the caverns, and picked an obscure spot of rock, an area that had been ignored for having no useful minerals, and with no plans for official construction. Now he hefted his new copper pick, and swung it at the rock face for the first time.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Diorite chips flew as he bashed the wall with the pick. Sweat dripped down his brow, soaking into his beard. This was harder than it looked. The pick flew again and again, gradually widening the initial shallow hole into the start of a proper tunnel.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Meanwhile, back nearer the surface, Ral Mistemmeng was having a grand time reminiscing with her old friends. Eight former traders - three of them retired Liaisons like her - had all arrived together! They had spent hours drinking and exchanging gossip, Ral learning all about everything that had happened back home since she'd been there. She barely noticed Cilob yelling at her, until he actually walked over and grabbed her shoulder.

"Ral! The elves are here. All the goods are at the depot. You need to go trade with them now!"

"Phah, screw the elves. They've got crap for trade anyway."

"Look - just trade with them and get it over with! You can catch up with your friends later."

In the end, Cilob had to physically drag her away from the dining hall.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Ral Mistemmeng, manager cancels Attend Party: No floor space.

At the trading hall, a grumpy Ral met with the elves. Not only had she been dragged away from a party, but on the way up Geb had given her some strict instructions on what she was and wasn't allowed to trade them.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Mandates: Export of crossbows Prohibited
Export of floodgates Prohibited

As if she would ever let the elves have one of Geb's crossbows! An as for the floodgates - why would the elves even want one? Ral wasn't sure there even were any to trade in the fortress in the first place.

Ral looked over the meager goods the elves had brought. "Where's the lumber?"

The head elf trader scowled. "Lumber? We have not brought any. You dwarves have butchered enough of the trees of your land. Their corpses lie in the mud, unused. We will not bring any wood until you learn to respect it."

"Fine. I see you brought us some of your weak elven booze, then?" Ral indicated a stack of barrels the Elves had somehow convinced a donkey to carry.

"You'll find that a bit strong if you try to drink it. It's Gnomeblight."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Gnomeblight Barrel 1010* 34f
Gnomeblight Barrel 1010* 34f
Gnomeblight Barrel 1010* 34f
Gnomeblight Barrel 1010* 34f
Gnomeblight Barrel 1010* 34f
Gnomeblight Barrel 1010* 34f
Gnomeblight Barrel 1010* 37f

"That - what possibly possessed you to bring so much? We're nowhere near the mountains, there's not a gnome for a hundred miles around here! Did you at least bring cloth?"

"Of course, we have many bins of it. What have you to trade in exchange?"

"Ah, one of our chefs has prepared a meal just for you."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49> wild boar tallow roast [4]E
This is a stack of 4 wild boar tallow roast. The ingredients are exceptionally minced warthog tallow, exceptionally minced warthog tallow, superiorly minced wild boar tallow and exceptionally minced wild boar tallow.

One of the elves peered at the fatty blobs suspiciously. "Smells strange. What's in this?"

"Warthog bacon fried in wild boar fat. It's really, really good, but you want to save it till you get back home."

While Ral haggled with the elves over fat-fried-fat (with special ingredients nobody but Saint Iridkonos knew anything about), Jacen the Soap crusader was hard at work in his soap factory.

Some dwarves might have thought that the fortress had enough soap.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

giant bark scorpion soap
giant louse soap [5]
giant thrips soap [19]

Jacen knew better. You could never have too much soap. Tragically, he was almost out of lye.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

‘Jacen’ Sazirrúbal, Soap Crusader cancels Make soap from tallow: Needs lye-containing item.

And he knew the filthy non-soap-using elves hadn't brought any lye with them. The terrible possibility of running out of soap threatened.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 06, 2012, 06:04:56 pm**

Quote from: JacenHanLovesLegos on May 06, 2012, 04:40:24 pm
If there are any war giant badgers left, I'd like a couple of them.

We only have one war honey badger so far, no giant badgers of any type have shown up.

Quote from: simonthedwarf on May 06, 2012, 05:20:57 pm
Did I have a mood yet?

Not yet. What's taking you? We need some artifact armor.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Phones** on **May 06, 2012, 06:21:03 pm**

Do we currently have a jail? If we don't I request one to be built with my room, office and dining room on the same floor.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Quietust** on **May 06, 2012, 06:21:56 pm**

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 06, 2012, 06:03:50 pm
Now Athra was deep in the mines beneath the fortress. He had snuck a look at the survey charts of the **caravans**, and picked an obscure spot of rock, an area that had been ignored for having no useful minerals, and with no plans for official construction. Now he hefted his new copper pick, and swung it at the rock face for the first time.
What would the caravans know about the *caverns*? :)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 06, 2012, 06:32:04 pm**

Quote from: Phones on May 06, 2012, 06:21:03 pm
Do we currently have a jail? If we don't I request one to be built with my room, office and dining room on the same floor.

Already taken care of.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



‘Phones’ Delerled Numobok, c
“‘Phones’ Steelrack the Wind
Captain Of The Guard, ♂

Eat
Skilled Swordsdwarf
Novice Shield User (Rusty)
Novice Armor User
Adequate Fighter
Dabbling Wrestler
Dabbling Striker
Dabbling Kicker
Novice Dodger
Dabbling Misc. Object User
Dabbling Grower

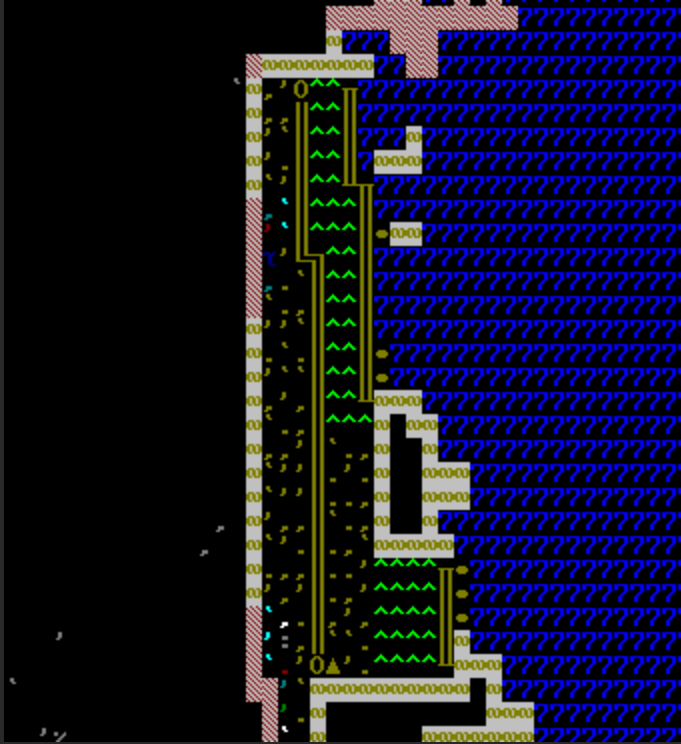
c: Combat **b**: Labor **m**: Misc
g:Gen **i**:Inv **p**:Prf **w**:Wnd **z**:St
ESC: Done

Here we see Phones eating in his personal dining room. Immediately next door is the goblin prisoner holding area, currently holding seven captured and stripped goblins waiting for transfer to Alpha Laboratories, and the jail, which has yet to see a prisoner as no crimes have yet been committed at Brightwater.

6th of Hematite, 56

A momentous day for Brightwater! After round the clock day-and-night work by the mechanics, the first ocean trap chamber is ready for use.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



A dwarf of no particular regard, who few know personally, is chosen to pull the lever.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

Dwarf Fortress

Idlers: 0

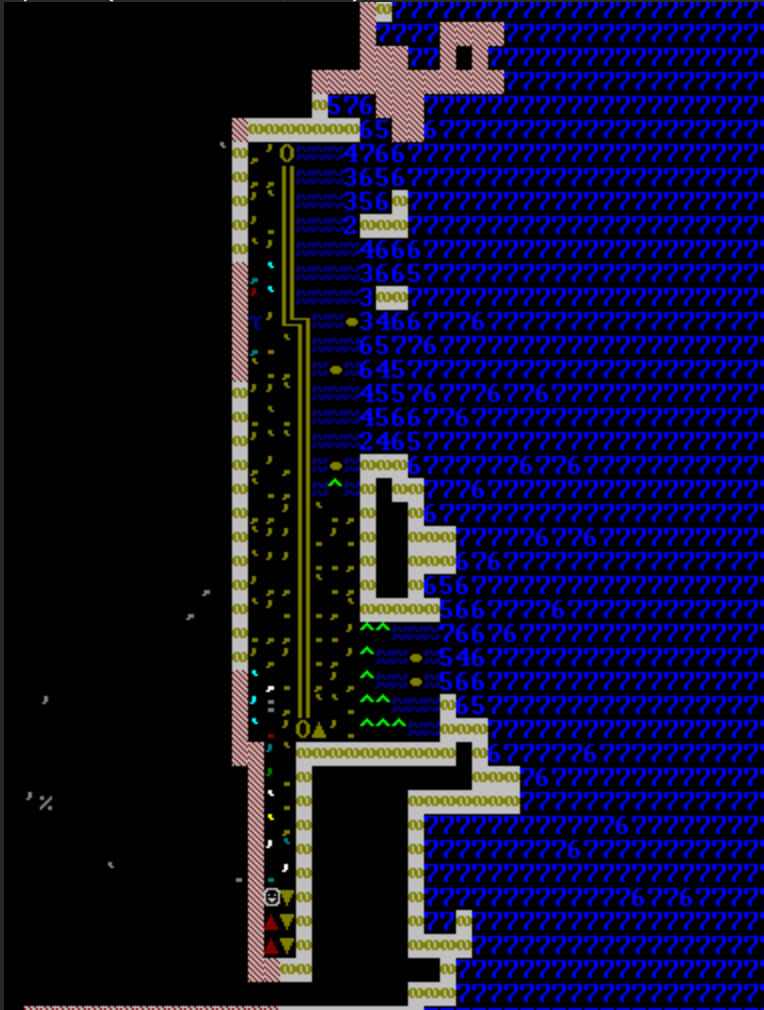
'Saint' Iridkonos, Monk erra
"Saint' Rhythmbress"
ø

Pull the Lever
Novice Siege Operator <Rusty
Dabbling Fighter
Dabbling Dodger
Grand Master Cook
Dabbling Grower
Dabbling Building Designer
Talented Potash Makr <U Rsty
Competent Pump Operator
Novice Swimmer <Rusty>
Adequate Persuader <Rusty>

c: Combat b: Labor m: Misc
g:Gen i:Inv p:Prf w:Wnd z:St
ESC: Done

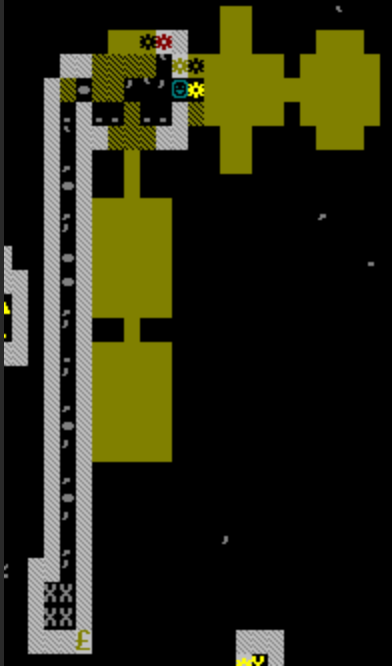
Water crashes into the trap. Hopefully, fish will wander in and be caught in the arrays of cage traps.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Meanwhile, deep underground, Athra continues digging. The other miners had made this seem so easy...

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 06, 2012, 06:39:23 pm**

Quote from: Quietust on May 06, 2012, 06:21:56 pm

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 06, 2012, 06:03:50 pm

Now Athra was deep in the mines beneath the fortress. He had snuck a look at the survey charts of the **caravans**, and picked an obscure spot of rock, an area that had been ignored for having no useful minerals, and with no plans for official construction. Now he hefted his new copper pick, and swung it at the rock face for the first time.

What would the caravans know about the *caverns*? :)

Curse you automatic spelling correction!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **May 06, 2012, 06:49:43 pm**

Have you tried assigning some preferential furniture to McWhale's hovel? I heard he likes that

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **May 06, 2012, 07:27:43 pm**

Oh dear... I don't think Ral is taking my orders about floodgates very seriously. I hope he realises why examples of fine mechanical engineering must not go to potential enemies. A dwarf-made floodgate isn't just a hinged door. They have precisely etched linking areas for that most wondrous of our engineering secrets, the mechanism.

Can he imagine the havok if an elf managed to make a mechanism? It's too horrible to consider!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Daenyth** on **May 06, 2012, 08:08:02 pm**

How have I been healing up? And my skills? Any relationship changes?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 06, 2012, 08:28:17 pm**

Quote from: Daenyth on May 06, 2012, 08:08:02 pm

How have I been healing up? And my skills? Any relationship changes?

Daenyth is still walking with a crutch, as his shattered right foot is still healing.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Idlers: 8

```
'Daenyth' Olinrodem, Potash Maker
""Daenyth' Tongspelt"

*cave spider silk dress*, Upper body
=rope reed fiber trousers=, Lower body
(cobalt cap), Head
(white copper shield), Left hand
(cave spider silk robe), Upper body
(«cobalt breastplate»), Upper body
(troll fur right glove), Right hand
(-steel short sword-), Right hand
(+«iron greaves»+), Lower body
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Right ankle
(cave spider silk cloth), Wrapped around Right ankle
=acacia splint=, Right foot
(palm crutch), Left hand
(troll fur left glove), Left hand
```

He is somehow still a Dabbling swordsdwarf, I'm not sure why he hasn't gotten more skill in it. Once he's healed I'll have to make sure he gets some practice against unarmed goblins.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
'Daenyth' Olinrodem, Potash
""Daenyth' Tongspelt"
♂

Drink
Dabbling Swordsdwarf
Novice Hammerdwarf (Rusty)
Novice Marksdwarf (Rusty)
Novice Shield User (Rusty)
Novice Armor User
Novice Fighter
Novice Archer (Rusty)
Dabbling Wrestler
Dabbling Striker
Dabbling Kicker
```

He does have two actual kills.

→The Kobold Thief misses The militia commander!
The militia commander charges at The Kobold Thief!
The Kobold Thief looks surprised by the ferocity of The militia commander's onslaught!
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the left foot with her {*steel war hammer*}, fracturing the bone!
The militia commander collides with The Kobold Thief!
The Kobold Thief is knocked over and tumbles backward!
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the right hand with her {*steel war hammer*}, shattering the bone!
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the right lower leg with her {*steel war hammer*}, jamming the bone through the right knee's muscle and shattering the right knee's bone!
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the lower body with her {*steel war hammer*}, chipping the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the right kidney through the <<small cave spider silk tunic>>!
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the left upper arm with her {*steel war hammer*}, fracturing the bone!
The Kobold Thief loses hold of the <<large silver dagger>>.
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the left upper leg with her {*steel war hammer*}, fracturing the bone through the <<small cave spider silk tunic>>!
The Kobold Thief is no longer stunned.
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the left foot with her {*steel war hammer*}, shattering the bone!
The militia commander strikes The Kobold Thief in the upper body with her {cobalt shield}, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the left lung through the <<small cave spider silk tunic>>!
The militia commander strikes The Kobold Thief in the lower body with her {cobalt shield}, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the stomach through the <<small cave spider silk tunic>>!
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the left lower arm with her {*steel war hammer*}, fracturing the bone!
The militia commander punches The Kobold Thief in the left foot with her left hand, shattering the bone!
The militia commander punches The Kobold Thief in the left lower arm with her right hand, shattering the bone!
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the left lower leg with her {*steel war hammer*}, fracturing the bone!
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the left upper leg with her {*steel war hammer*}, fracturing the bone through the <<small cave spider silk tunic>>!
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the left upper leg with her {*steel war hammer*}, fracturing the bone through the <<small cave spider silk tunic>>!
The militia commander punches The Kobold Thief in the lower body with her left hand, shattering the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the right kidney through the <<small cave spider silk tunic>>!
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the right upper arm with her {*steel war hammer*}, jamming the bone through the right shoulder's muscle and fracturing the right shoulder's bone!
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the left upper arm with her {*steel war hammer*}, shattering the bone!
The militia commander bashes The Kobold Thief in the head with her {*steel war hammer*}, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!
The Kobold Thief has been knocked unconscious!

Commander Fritz is not a merciful dwarf.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Poindexterity** on **May 06, 2012, 08:31:12 pm**

From the journal of Dex
It was Deduk's idea to come here. My wife always wanted our girl, Rigoth to be a great slayer of goblins, and when she heard of this brightwhatnot place, she jumped at the chance to bring us all here. I suggested a few other options not as far away or as infested with the inbred royal family, but Deduk would hear none of it. She's a very "my way or the highway" sorta girl. Maybe that's why i love her. who knows?
The walk was long, and the evidence that we weren't the first to try to make it here was everywhere along the way, but the size of the wall made me feel a bit less uneasy about the whole affair. We've been given a decent room, even though it isn't fully furnished. Not that we spend much time there anyways. Work has been keeping us busy, so much so that we haven't really seen much of eachother or Rigoth since we arrived. I do hope that young girl is making friends, but i gotta be honest. She sees even more of the wicked ways of this world than i do, and she's even worse at hiding it than i am. Maybe her mother is right and she IS destined to walk the way of the sword.

eh, back to work, life of the worker.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 06, 2012, 08:37:03 pm**

Cilob's Journal, 3rd of Malachite, 56

No sooner did the elves leave, than another group of migrants arrived, again led by former traders. Eight in total.

There are two dwarves who've been here before. Dodok Tholalath and Ezum Tatloshmosus, neither of which seems to have any significant skills outside of knowing the way back here. There's also a member of that sprawling family, a peasant named Item Sakrithdatan who seems to have no useful skills whatever. There's a married couple, Id Zegasen the metalcrafter and Zane Luzatedem the Mason. Then three more single dwarves: Rakust Niltosed the Blacksmith, Shem Limulalnis the Weaver, and Zan Itredsazir the Potash Maker.

I've attached details on all of them below.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Code: [\[Select\]](#)

Rakust Niltosed, Female Blacksmith	Average in size, sparse straight hair neatly combed
	Calm, friendly, relaxed, not a risk-taker
	Talented metalsmith
Zan Itredsazir, female Potash Maker	Fat, clean-shaven, scratchy voice
	Seeks short-term rewards. Very friendly. Avoids crowds
	Adequate Potash Maker
Ezum Tatloshmosus, Male Trader	Weak, sparse hair, neatly combed
	Can handle stress, never optimistic, likes helping others
	Few useful skills
Shem Limulalnis, Female Weaver	Skinny, long poly tail, clear voice
	Calm, reserved, unassertive, candid
	Talented weaver, Proficient Gem Setter
Item Sakrithdatan, Female Peasant	Part of the Grand Family
	Short, clean-shaven head
	Social, rarely feels urges, very friendly, well-grounded, conventional
	No skills whatsoever!
Id Zegasen, Male Metalcrafter	Married to Zane Luzatedem
	Fat, sparse straight hair, very long braided facial hair
	Reserved, doesn't express emotions, dislikes everyone
	High Master Metal Crafter
Zane Luzatedem, Female Mason	

Fat, medium hair
Rarely discouraged, compassionate, confident, procrastinator
Adequate Mason
Dodok Tholalath, Female Trader
Average-sized, sparse straight hair
Tense and jittery. Overindulges. Not a risk-taker
No significant skills

One other thing. On my way to train another of my beloved sparrows, I spotted a dwarf I didn't recall the name of, doing something very intense in a workshop. I'm sure it's nothing.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

‘Saint’ Iridkonos, Monk errant cancels Prepare Lavish Meal: Taken by mood.
‘Saint’ Iridkonos, Monk errant is taken by a fey mood!
An animal has become a Stray war Giant Sparrow.
→‘Saint’ Iridkonos has claimed a Craftsddwarf’s Workshop.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **exolyx** on **May 06, 2012, 09:03:24 pm**

Has my dwarf done anything interesting yet? (Other than have trouble deciding on his name.)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 06, 2012, 09:10:37 pm**

Quote from: exolyx on May 06, 2012, 09:03:24 pm
Has my dwarf done anything interesting yet? (Other than have trouble deciding on his name.)

Sadly, no. There hasn't been much call for medical staff lately, other than Daenyth who Cain ended up taking care of anyway.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Daenyth** on **May 06, 2012, 10:30:02 pm**

Thanks very much! Perhaps the elf lover could make some wooden training swords? Leave the goblin in his metal armor but take his weapon away and give me the training sword. It'll take ages for him to die.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **JacenHanLovesLegos** on **May 06, 2012, 10:55:49 pm**

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 06, 2012, 06:04:56 pm
Quote from: JacenHanLovesLegos on May 06, 2012, 04:40:24 pm
If there are any war giant badgers left, I'd like a couple of them.

We only have one war honey badger so far, no giant badgers of any type have shown up.

That'll do if it's still available.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sappho** on **May 07, 2012, 02:01:19 am**

I'll take Dodok the female trader if I may. Rename her Aira please. Have you hacked her into the fortress proper or will you let her hang around the edges of the map for now?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **BeserkNINJA** on **May 07, 2012, 04:18:42 am**

do you have a sheriff/ captain of the guard yet because if not id love to have Higginbottom become one.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **May 07, 2012, 04:32:37 am**

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
*Most be 12 of Malachite. First time for last seven years i began to watch calender.
This palce with it's permanent sound of waves above head made me almost forget about bad dreams every time i go sleep.
But one appeared again. Same as always.
She's left to surface. I play with Tobul and wait for her to get back. Daughter makes her first steps-she's already 1 year old, and i'm inbelivably happy. Suddenly alarm bell rings. I'm frightenly look up and hear cryes abou goblin ambush outside the walls of aboveground fortifications. Oh all dwarf Gods, i'm running as hell fast to the gates, blink of the bright sun and see few soldiers coming back through the gates. One is ingured, keeps one of arms with other, and there is arrow stuck in it. I rush to him asking if they've seen my wife outside but they just shake heads without any words. In panic i run outside and wake up at this time, covered with cold sweat.
Meeh. After it happened i was looking for two days any sign of her but found only her earring near ambush place.
After it i took my daughter and we left to find her mother, and we end up here for now.
I decided to stop searching and make best i can for daughter.*

OOC: Hope my dwarf will make something interesting to appear in reports.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 07, 2012, 07:59:22 am**

Quote from: JacenHanLovesLegos on May 06, 2012, 10:55:49 pm
Quote from: Sphalerite on May 06, 2012, 06:04:56 pm
Quote from: JacenHanLovesLegos on May 06, 2012, 04:40:24 pm
If there are any war giant badgers left, I'd like a couple of them.
We only have one war honey badger so far, no giant badgers of any type have shown up.
That'll do if it's still available.

Sorry, the honey badger has already been assigned to Weiss Ironcage. If we get another one you can have it.

Quote from: Sappho on May 07, 2012, 02:01:19 am
I'll take Dodok the female trader if I may. Rename her Aira please. Have you hacked her into the fortress proper or will you let her hang around the edges of the map for now?

All of the traders have been hacked into the fortress population with the new DFHack tweak fixmigrant function. Aira is yours, I'll put up a

profile when I get a chance.

Quote from: BeserkNINJA on May 07, 2012, 04:18:42 am

do you have a sheriff/ captain of the guard yet because if not id love to have Higginbottom become one.

Phones is already the Captain of the Guard.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **BeserkNINJA** on **May 07, 2012, 08:08:32 am**

kay can i be the hammerer instead?
if not can you put me in the guard squad please

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 07, 2012, 08:09:48 am**

Quote from: BeserkNINJA on May 07, 2012, 08:08:32 am

kay can i be the hammerer instead?
if not can you put me in the guard squad please

The position of Hammerer is open, so it's yours.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **May 07, 2012, 08:21:29 am**

This is brightwater, community of science, oceans and animal taming. We need information on the capture of sea life!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **BeserkNINJA** on **May 07, 2012, 09:12:51 am**

thanks

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **May 07, 2012, 02:43:25 pm**

I feel like I'm missing something, why does my dorf have the title of champion?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 07, 2012, 02:45:33 pm**

Quote from: Graknorke on May 07, 2012, 02:43:25 pm

I feel like I'm missing something, why does my dorf have the title of champion?

To celebrate (and make easier) being placed in your own squad in preparation for your upcoming expedition into the caverns.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **3man75** on **May 07, 2012, 02:58:25 pm**

Can i get dwarfed as a master fisher/ lab assistant for the good doctor? An if possible i would like to have my very own trained war sea beast for when i go fishing with. got to have protection when the kraken comes you know?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 07, 2012, 03:08:01 pm**

here's a idea: a matching zoo-aquarium containing all the beasts we have found along with the dreaded **P. O. T. S.**

i may just have to look at the plans a second time... ::)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Mrhappyface** on **May 07, 2012, 08:36:55 pm**

Can you dwarf me as a non crippled adult male? Any would do, just make it so he loves caverns.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **May 08, 2012, 03:50:30 pm**

Quote from: Mrhappyface on May 07, 2012, 08:36:55 pm

Can you dwarf me as a non crippled adult male? Any would do, just make it so he loves caverns.

Can I pre-emptively draft this guy?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Shinziril** on **May 08, 2012, 04:12:46 pm**

Quick note: if the Wallpotdwarf wants an accurate count of the pots in the fortress, they should be listed under "Tools" in the Stocks menu.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Mrhappyface** on **May 08, 2012, 04:58:04 pm**

Quote from: Graknorke on May 08, 2012, 03:50:30 pm

Quote from: Mrhappyface on May 07, 2012, 08:36:55 pm

Can you dwarf me as a non crippled adult male? Any would do, just make it so he loves caverns.

Can I pre-emptively draft this guy?

Sure. :P

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 08, 2012, 07:03:47 pm**

Quote from: Shinziril on May 08, 2012, 04:12:46 pm

Quick note: if the Wallpotdwarf wants an accurate count of the pots in the fortress, they should be listed under "Tools" in the Stocks menu.

yes. yes i do.
because pots are useful. even moreso when they are filled with *horseshoe crab pie*
(the nicest thing about masterwork is the pies and sausage.)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 08, 2012, 07:42:28 pm**

Quote from: Sappho on May 07, 2012, 02:01:19 am

I'll take Dodok the female trader if I may. Rename her Aira please. Have you hacked her into the fortress proper or will you let her hang around the edges of the map for now?

Here's Aira:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <46>

'Aira' Tholalãth, "'Aira' Deepbolts", Trader

'Aira' Tholalãth has been quite content lately. She admired a fine Restraint lately.
She is a worshipper of Bokbon Calmstills.
She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 3rd of Malachite in the year 56.
She has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-one years old and is one of the first of her kind.
She is average in size. Her extremely sparse hair is straight. Her very long hair is neatly combed. Her eyebrows are extremely sparse. Her somewhat short head is somewhat narrow. Her hair is tan. Her skin is peach. Her eyes are rust.
She is very slow to tire, but she is very flimsy.
'Aira' Tholalãth likes microcline, ferrochrome, yellow jasper, glumprong wood, helms, slabs, large gems, catapult parts, dogs for their loyalty and larches for their cones. When possible, she prefers to consume fisher berry wine, dwarven wheat flour and quarry bush leaves. She absolutely detests slugs.
She has an amazing memory, willpower and the ability to focus, but she has a questionable spatial sense and very bad intuition.
She is always tense and jittery. She occasionally overindulges. She is not a risk-taker. She does not have a great aesthetic sensitivity. She has a great awareness of her own emotions. She dislikes intellectual discussions. She is not easily moved to pity. She is disorganized. She finds rules confining. She talks to herself when she's thinking. She needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Quote from: 3man75 on May 07, 2012, 02:58:25 pm

Can i get dwarfed as a master fisher/ lab assistant for the good doctor? An if possible i would like to have my very own trained war sea beast for when i go fishing with. got to have protection when the kraken comes you know?

Our two most skilled Fisherdwarves, Mosus Mosusid and Dodok Amdomas, are both female. Mosus is Higginbottom III's wife, and Dodok is Graknorke's sister. Is either of those OK, or do you want me to grab someone else and make them start fishing from Novice?

I can't give you any trained war sea beast, we haven't caught any yet. I can offer you some lovely war giant sparrows however.

Quote from: Mrhappyface on May 07, 2012, 08:36:55 pm

Can you dwarf me as a non crippled adult male? Any would do, just make it so he loves caverns.

None of our dwarves are crippled. Well, Phones is a little, but he'll recover. I can offer you Id Zegasen:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <48>

Id Zegasën, "Id Tattoogravel", Metalcrafter

Id Zegasën has been quite content lately. He admired a fine Statue lately.
He is married to Zaneg Rubbedkeys. He is a dubious worshipper of Náshas Maroonochre and a worshipper of Bokbon Calmstills.
He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 3rd of Malachite in the year 56.
He has the appearance of somebody that is sixty-nine years old and is one of the first of his kind.
He is very fat. His quite sparse hair is incredibly straight. His very long sideburns are braided. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is braided. His long hair is neatly combed. He has a grating, raspy voice. His nose is upturned. His ears are extremely narrow. His rust eyes are slightly wide-set. His head is somewhat short. His hair is tan. His skin is peach.
He is indefatigable and tough, but he is very slow to heal.
Id Zegasën likes basalt, iron, rhodolite, entwood, giant gila monster leather, chinchilla bone, slave orc, chains, chickens for their clucking and oaks for their acorns. When possible, he prefers to consume yellow bullhead, prickly berries and fisher berry wine. He absolutely detests flies.
He has an amazing spatial sense, a sharp intellect and good creativity.
He doesn't often experience strong cravings or urges. He is somewhat reserved. He tends not to openly express emotions. He dislikes intellectual discussions. He doesn't like to compromise with others. He becomes very rigid when he's angry. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Do you have a preference for a name? Oh, and chose a weapon. Graknorke is drafting you for his adventure.

Quote from: Aseaheru on May 08, 2012, 07:03:47 pm

Quote from: Shinziril on May 08, 2012, 04:12:46 pm

Quick note: if the Wallpotdwarf wants an accurate count of the pots in the fortress, they should be listed under "Tools" in the Stocks menu.

yes. yes i do.
because pots are useful. even moreso when they are filled with *horseshoe crab pie*

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

large conglomerate pots [25]

large phyllite pots [2]

NEED MORE POTS!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Mrhappyface** on **May 08, 2012, 07:52:53 pm**

Name him Happythoughts. Give him a spear please.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **3man75** on **May 08, 2012, 07:55:51 pm**

If you can find some random dwarf would be fun at least my character can be like
"...so this is what the queen wanted? to just sit here and wait for armok knows how long?!"

an yes i think a giant sparrow would be nice. It'll be great having bored conversations with
a bird and the 2 nice ladies over yonder at the pier...lol jk dwarves WOULD NEVER STEAL EACH OTHERS
WIVES!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 08, 2012, 07:59:15 pm**

Ok. You want a name, or should I just call him 3man75?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **3man75** on **May 08, 2012, 08:08:11 pm**

let his name be "Boss Man" who has the dream of one day owning his very own house next the ocean just like
his beloved queen probally wanted. If possible just house with standard things nothing to bad about a dwarf living outside right?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 08, 2012, 08:10:10 pm**

Quote from: 3man75 on May 08, 2012, 08:08:11 pm

let his name be "Boss Man" who has the dream of one day owning his very own house next the ocean just like
his beloved queen probally wanted. If possible just house with standard things nothing to bad about a dwarf living outside right?

I'm sure nothing bad could possibly come from that.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49> 'Boss Man' Gimsigun, "'Boss Man' Twisttour", Fisherdoctor

'Boss Man' Gimsigun has been quite content lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He has been tired lately.
He is a worshipper of Adil the Flicker of Glowing.
He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 2nd of Felsite in the year 56.
He has the appearance of somebody that is sixty-seven years old and is one of the first of his kind.
He is fat. His eyes are rust. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is neatly combed. His very long hair is tied in a pony tail. His somewhat tall ears are somewhat narrow. His skin is peach. His nose is slightly hooked.
He is agile, but he is slow to heal.
'Boss Man' Gimsigun likes schist, ferrochrome, pink garnet, grates, flasks and pines for their needles. When possible, he prefers to consume marlin, black sea bass and bumblebee mead. He absolutely detests oysters.
He has very good creativity and a sharp intellect, but he has a little difficulty with words.
He can handle stress. He has a fertile imagination. He is open-minded to new ideas. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.
A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **3man75** on **May 08, 2012, 08:13:23 pm**

Beautiful and thanks for the quick response friend! :) :) :)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 08, 2012, 08:59:21 pm**

Events of Malachite, year 56

Saint Iridkonos, Monk Errant, had produced a very strange instrument.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49> Okon Sid, "The Burden of Charring", a larch piccolo

This is a larch piccolo. All crafts dwarfship is of the highest quality. It is studded with iron and encircled with bands of cave spider silk and giant thrips chitin. This object menaces with spikes of rhinoceros tough bone.
On the item is an image of Ral Dwellinglashed the dwarf and dwarves in larch. Ral Dwellinglashed is surrounded by the dwarves. The artwork relates to the ascension of the dwarf Ral Dwellinglashed to the position of queen of The Imperial Pick in 5.
On the item is an image of Kivish Masteredceilings the dwarf and dwarves in palm. Kivish Masteredceilings is surrounded by the dwarves. The artwork relates to the ascension of the dwarf Kivish Masteredceilings to the position of king of The Imperial Pick in 1.
On the item is an image of a famished slave dark elf in iron.
On the item is an image of The Burden of Charring the larch piccolo in rhinoceros hide.
On the item is an image of a glowing pentagram in giant sparrow bone.

It bore images of both of the rulers of the dwarven civilization where he currently resided, as well as an image of itself, and several darker images which the local dwarves would not recognize. It would not be a good idea to let anyone else examine it closely. He would have to put it away somewhere safe and secret.

In her royal quarters, Geb was meeting with the Elven ambassador, if you could call it a meeting. While this elf wasn't as threatening as the one who had appeared last year, he passed no opportunity to speak down to the dwarves.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

We elves are partial in particular to the trees in the forests surrounding your lands. Although we are loathe to spare a single branch to your senseless slaughter, we are willing to ask that you cap your tree-fells at one hundred until we next meet. I will try to return next year as I am able.

'Geb' Mozibducin:

a - We can grant this request. Let's discuss the specifics, though...

b - We cannot stop production just because of your quaint sensibilities.

Sneering at how the dwarves 'embraced the mud' - Ha, as if there was a speck of mud in Geb's quarters! Still, there wasn't much point in arguing with the elf's demands. There weren't even a hundred trees left uncut on the surface.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

We can part with at most 117trees, butcher.

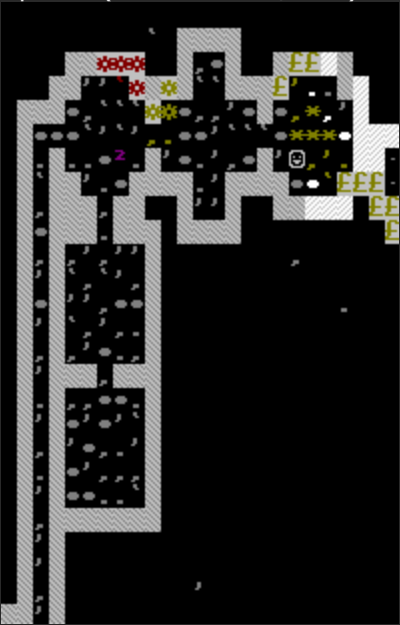
‘Geb’ Mozibducim:

a - We can abide by this. Let us work toward mutual co-existence.

b - Our needs exceed your allowances. Relax. They’re only trees.

Deeper underground Athra had finally finished digging out the space for his personal, self-made quarters.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



It had taken a lot longer than he'd originally estimated, and he'd hit an unexpected vein of cassiterite while digging. He'd sneak those nuggets down to the smelter ore stockpile later.

Now, he needed privacy. A few stone doors to close off the passage to the stairs, and to close off the rooms from each other.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Meanwhile, the dwarf who called himself only 'Boss Man' was marveling at the convenience of the hospital layout. He could fish out of the aquifer, and keep an eye on the patients at the same time!

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Now, he was pretty sure he'd seen a turtle under the well. Just a little longer and he'd have it.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **ObeseHelmet** on **May 08, 2012, 09:11:06 pm**

Journal of "ObeseHelmet," Elf-Obsessed Semi-Speardwarf Entry 2

Well journal, here you are again. Why did Geb have to be so anti-elf in her dealings with the elves? Their requests were so reasonable. But dwarves will never really learn to respect nature. Although I have to admit, dwarven wood items are still far preferable to the nature-damned metal crafts that dwarvenkind insists on specializing in.

I also have a humble request to Cilob, or Geb, or whoever the HFS is granting requests these days.

I WANT A CAGED ELF IN MY BEDROOM. Figure that one out, morality!*

And that "Saint" guy is really starting to freak me out. Depictions of dwarves, a "glowing pentagram," and worst of all, A FAMISHED DARK SLAVE ELF?! NATURE DAMN IT, IN IRON?! You can't try to tell me that artifact isn't completely unnerving.

Praise the trees, stop the digging, and keep your erössbows trained on Saint,
ObeseHelmet

*ooc: Yes, that's blasphemy, but that's kind of the point.
And sorry if this is incomprehensible but after all it's 10:11 at night....

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Jarod Cain** on **May 09, 2012, 12:20:29 am**

Chief Medical Officer's Log, Brightwater, Cain

It seems to me that the rest of the fortress is slowly starting to lose their minds. Why earlier I found one of my new assistants attempting to fish from the well. I made the time to take him aside and gently explain to him the necessities of proper sanitation and cleanliness. I will not tolerate filth in my hospital.

As usual, sublimely overjoyed I am me.
Cain

OOC: Just out of curiosity, what are my dwarf's stats in things? Also, if I don't have one yet, can I get a personal training room so Cain can learn wrestling and dodging?
-J-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Poindexterity** on **May 09, 2012, 03:47:11 am**

From the journal of Dex:
After a few months i feel like I've finally started settling in here in brightwhatever. The girls seem happy enough on the odd occasion that we see one another and work has been fine. I rather enjoy being the "reserve squad" as i've taken to calling myself. It's quite fun waking up every morning and not knowing what I'll be doing. Usually it's hauling, but whatever. It's something new everyday and that's what's important.

I just found out today what the actual purpose of this fort is. I'd assumed it was some sort of military post or something, since Deduk thought it would be the best place for Rigoth to learn the way of the sword. But it's not. Believe it or not, but the queen herself actually commissioned some animal trainer to come here and capture sea creatures. His name is Cilob and after asking around, it turns out he's not just some animal trainer, but truly the stuff of legends. Ever since I read that human book about a massive sea creature called a walrus i've dreamed of having one for a friend. I never actually thought it would amount to more than a dream, but it seems this might eventually be the place to do such a thing. woo hoo!

But if this isnt a military post, why the blazes did Deduk want to come here?

Eh, back to work.

OOC, would ya please notify me if i, my wife, or daughter get any friends or if any of our relatives migrate?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **empfan** on **May 09, 2012, 06:33:59 am**

Hey Sphalerite, mind adding my dwarf into the military as a wrestler? It seems you have most of the animal training taken care of anyways :-\

Also, can I see my character's stats and relationships?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **May 09, 2012, 07:05:18 am**

Once I have a Mood I would like to have you build a lighthouse, sphalerite. And I think McWhale would like to live in the top.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Quietust** on **May 09, 2012, 07:57:59 am**

Making enough requests, people? Geez...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **JacenHanLovesLegos** on **May 09, 2012, 09:45:21 am**

Could I have a look at my dwarfs thoughts and kill list?

Spoiler: Journal of Jacen the Soap Crusader (click to show/hide)
Entry 1

Those fools administrating this place have no idea of the importance of SOAP. SOAP is a treasured resource, to be harnessed to it's full potential, allowing soldiers to fight over and over again! And yet, we have fewer than a hundred bars here! Journal, it be my goal, nay, my destiny to create more SOAP than any dwarf has ever done!* Now where did Cilob store the tallow...

*The dwarven record is 18

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 09, 2012, 12:52:46 pm**

I'd like to see Corai's stats and relationships.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **May 09, 2012, 01:39:18 pm**

Quote from: JacenHanLovesLegos on May 09, 2012, 09:45:21 am
Could I have a look at my dwarfs thoughts and kill list?

I'd like to ask the same, Sphalerite, if you don't mind.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **3man75** on **May 09, 2012, 01:51:21 pm**

Well this is just stupid first those "master" fishers of a secret spot for me.
An when i get there what happens i talked to my fricking hand 3 times of my life story Until
i saw this turtle at my "spot". It was about to bite on my bait until the doctor pulls me aside and
startles the turtle away. He asks me about sanity and whether or not i need some rest. FOOOOOL!
It is by the queens desires that we are here and come on you just took away what i have wanted
for what felt like a eternity of waiting. It is at this point that i have decided that the first fish i get im going to slap
the doctor across his baby face! On a better note i heard that my request for a sparrow might come along
it seems though like everyone has one these days.

Till next time,

Yours turly the boss.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **May 09, 2012, 02:13:19 pm**

While we're at it, could I please see my dwarf's equipment list for his brave voyage into the caverns? I'm assuming full leather, and a weapon of choice.

If the next update bears no relevance to him, I'll write a journal entry on the most fearful and hateful of beasts; the horseshoe crab.

Spoiler: Relevant image (click to show/hide)



according to the Encyclopedia of Deadly Creatures, mudhorseshoe crabs can only feel hatred.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **May 09, 2012, 03:48:09 pm**

Quote from: Quietust on May 09, 2012, 07:57:59 am
Making enough requests, people? Geez...

There's something going wrong when the baroness is the dwarf making the fewest demands.

Perhaps the hard working nobility ought to start arranging unfortunate accidents among the uppity peasants...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 09, 2012, 06:07:20 pm**

Quote from: Jarod Cain on May 09, 2012, 12:20:29 am
Just out of curiosity, what are my dwarf's stats in things?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (47)‘Cain’ Mesirled, “‘Cain’ Showeredrack”, chief medical dwarf

‘Cain’ Mesirled has been happy lately. He admired own fine Seat lately. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Cage lately. He slept in a fantastic bedroom recently. He talked with a friend lately. He admired a fine Container lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He was nauseated by the sun lately. He is romantically involved with ‘Phenix’ Soldwhip. He is a worshipper of Stettad and a worshipper of ícum the Gladness of Trusting. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is the chief medical dwarf of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 1st of Granite in the year 51. He has the appearance of somebody that is sixty-four years old and is one of the first of his kind. He is fat. His rust eyes are slightly sunken. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His medium-length beard is neatly combed. His hair is clean-shaven. He has a clear voice. His somewhat tall ears are somewhat narrow. His skin is peach. ‘Cain’ Mesirled likes wolframite, electrum, blue jade, gizzard stones and bolts. When possible, he prefers to consume guppy and mead. He absolutely detests blood gnats. He has great intuition and a great feel for social relationships, but he has little natural inclination toward music and poor spatial senses. He is somewhat reserved. He is assertive. He likes to try new things. He is compassionate. He dislikes contracts and regulations. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

‘Cain’ Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
“‘Cain’ Showeredrack”
Creator of Lisattathur, ♂

No Job

Skilled Grower

Legendary Stone Crafter

Dabbling Building Designer

Competent Wound Dresser

Proficient Diagnostician

Novice Surgeon (Rusty)

Adequate Bone Doctor (Rusty)

Competent Suturer

Skilled Persuader

Skilled Negotiator

Skilled Persuader

Skilled Negotiator

Skilled Judge of Intent

Skilled Intimidator

Skilled Comedian

Skilled Flatterer

Skilled Consoler

Skilled Pacifier

Dabbling Observer

Quote from: JacenHanLovesLegos on May 09, 2012, 09:45:21 am

Could I have a look at my dwarfs thoughts and kill list?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (47)‘Jacen’ Sazirrúbal, “‘Jacen’ Bridgegills”, Soap Crusader

‘Jacen’ Sazirrúbal has been quite content lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He admired a fine Container lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He sustained minor injuries recently. He is an ardent worshipper of Bokbon Calmstills and a dubious worshipper of As Copperrock. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He is an enemy of The Moist Uice. He is an enemy of Gulufrilgis. He is an enemy of The Distinct Sins. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Malachite in the year 52. He has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-three years old and is one of the first of his kind. He is corpulent. His very long sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is neatly combed. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. He has a very clear voice. His somewhat tall ears are somewhat narrow. His skin is peach. His right upper arm bears a very small dent. His left hand bears a very short straight scar. His eyes are rust. He is quite durable, but he is slow to heal. ‘Jacen’ Sazirrúbal likes anglesite, arsenical bronze, crystal opal, pine wood, impala hoof, hatch covers and mules for their stubbornness. When possible, he prefers to consume gutter cruor and Longland flour. He absolutely detests moon snails. He has a lot of willpower, a sharp intellect, a great memory, a good feel for social relationships and a good kinesthetic sense, but he has a shortage of patience and a very bad sense of empathy. He has an incredibly calm demeanor. He occasionally overindulges. He can handle stress. He is very friendly. He is assertive. He is relaxed. He tends not to openly express emotions. He is candid and sincere in dealings with others. He does not feel effective in life. He doesn’t go out of his way to do more work than necessary. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He is getting used to tragedy.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

FPS: 100 (48)The Kills of ‘Jacen’ Sazirrúbal

Three Notable Kills

Smunstu Releasedmonstrous the goblin, d. 53
Jlububleersnus the kobold, d. 53
Drifidaymbus the kobold, d. 54

One Other Kill

One giant armadillo sow (♂) in Brightwater

FPS: 100 (48)Relationships of the Soap Crusader ‘Jacen’ Sazirrúbal	
Bokbon Betanisan	Deity
As Gusilid	Deity
Rivish Iösedaláth, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Datan Gusilnokgol, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Likot Aláthneth, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Aban Berthortith, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Zefon Kikrostsokan, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Rigóth Tishaktobul, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance

‘Jacen’ Sazirrúbal, Soap Crusader
“‘Jacen’ Bridgegills”
♂

Store Owned Item

Adequate Axedwarf

Dabbling Shield User

Adequate Armor User (Rusty)

Skilled Fighter

Dabbling Wrestler

Adequate Biter (Rusty)

Dabbling Striker

Dabbling Kicker

Adequate Dodger

Talented Wood Cutter (U Rusty)

Competent Mason (Rusty)

Competent Wood Crafter (Rusty)

Dabbling Lye Maker

Adequate Soaper

Novice Swimmer (Rusty)

Dabbling Persuader

Novice Negotiator (Rusty)

Dabbling Judge of Intent

Novice Liar (Rusty)

Dabbling Intimidator

Quote from: Corai on May 09, 2012, 12:52:46 pm

I'd like to see Corai's stats and relationships.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (47)

‘CoraiUnki’ Litastavuz, “‘CoraiUnki’ Torchmines”, Carpenter

‘CoraiUnki’ Litastavuz has been ecstatic lately. He ate a legendary meal lately. He slept in a fantastic bedroom recently. He had a fine drink lately. He had a wonderful drink lately. He gave somebody food lately. He has been satisfied at work lately. He admired own fine Cage lately. He admired a fine Door lately. He admired a fine tastefully arranged Statue lately.

He is romantically involved with ‘Fishybang’ Mirroredashes. He is a worshipper of Stettad and a faithful worshipper of Ustuth Blanketsafety.

He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 1st of Granite in the year 51.

He has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-eight years old and is one of the first of his kind.

His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. His upturned nose is extremely long. He is average in size. His ears are extremely narrow. His skin is peach. His eyes are rust.

He is incredibly tough, but he is clumsy.

‘CoraiUnki’ Litastavuz likes native mithril, black bronze, white chalcedony, the color carmine and traction benches. When possible, he prefers to consume chub, dwarven cheese, strawberry wine, whip vine flour, plump helmet spawn and quarry bush leaves. He absolutely detests cave spiders.

He has a meager ability with social relationships, an iffy sense for music, poor analytical abilities, poor creativity and a really bad memory.

He rarely feels discouraged. He makes friends quickly. He is trusting. He dislikes confrontations. He doesn’t go out of his way to do more work than necessary. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

‘Fishybang’ ònulibruk, Engraver	Lover
Stettad	Deity
Ustuth Lålekast	Deity
Rovod Athellibad, war Cavy Boar (Tame)	Pet
Rimtar Tangathvucar, war Cavy Boar (Tame)	Pet
Cilob Amudaban, Founder	Friend
‘Cain’ Mesirled, chief medical dwarf	Friend
‘Argel’ Dodókzalud, Farmer	Friend
‘Will Tuna’ Edëmkadôl, Farmer	Friend
‘Phenix’ Esdorbomrek, Miner	Long-term Acquaintance
Udib Unâldumat, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
‘Geb’ Mozibducim, countess	Passing Acquaintance
Ilral Kinemäs, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Tun Absammafol, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Sarvesh Delerâm, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
‘Kylin’ Dolekendok, Assistant Doctor	Passing Acquaintance

‘CoraiUnki’ Litastavuz, Carpenter

“‘CoraiUnki’ Torchmines”

Creator of Larenosz, ♂

Drink

Great Wood Cutter

Legendary Carpenter

Dabbling Trapper

Dabbling Grower

Professional Herbalist

Novice Persuader

Novice Negotiator

Novice Judge of Intent

Novice Conversationalist

Novice Comedian

Quote from: CountAlex on May 09, 2012, 01:39:18 pm

I'd like to ask the same, Sphalerite, if you don't mind.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (49)

‘Count’ Ostarmedtob, “‘Count’ Buryblockade”, Lye Maker

‘Count’ Ostarmedtob has been quite content lately. He had a nice bath recently. He slept in a fantastic bedroom recently. He has been tired lately. He admired a fine Restraint lately.

He has one child: Tobul Pagedluster. He is a worshipper of Náshas Maroonochre and a casual worshipper of Stettad.

He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 2nd of Felsite in the year 56.

He has the appearance of somebody that is fifty-eight years old and is one of the first of his kind.

He is incredibly muscular. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His long beard is arranged in double braids. His hair is clean-shaven. His free-lobed ears are extremely narrow. His lips are thin. His skin is peach. His eyes are rust.

He is mighty and quite quick to heal, but he is quick to tire and quite susceptible to disease.

‘Count’ Ostarmedtob likes alunite, titanium, chrysocolla, the color plum, backpacks, large, serrated discs, umber hulks for their huge mandibles and giant ostriches for their giant eggs. When possible, he prefers to consume chicken and humbebee mead. He absolutely detests purring maggots.

He has great intuition and very good focus, but he has a shortage of patience.

He can handle stress. He loves to take charge and direct activities. He loves new and fresh ideas. He dislikes contracts and regulations. He very rarely does more work than necessary. He runs his fingers through his hair when he’s nervous. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Tobul Mürulsuvas, Dwarven Child	Only Daughter
Náshas Shashdonnokim	Deity
Stettad	Deity
‘Count’ Ostarmedtob, Lye Maker	
“‘Count’ Buryblockade”	
♂	
Construct Building	
Novice Speardwarf	
Novice Shield User	
Novice Armor User	
Novice Fighter	
Novice Dodger	
Competent Metal Crafter	
Novice Mechanic	
Talented Lye Maker	
Novice Swimmer	
Adequate Persuader	

Quote from: Graknorke on May 09, 2012, 02:13:19 pm

While we're at it, could I please see my dwarf's equipment list for his brave voyage into the caverns? I'm assuming full leather, and a weapon of choice.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

‘Graknorke’ Kadolfeb, champion

“‘Graknorke’ Hatchetarrow”

≡rope reed fiber tunic≡, Upper body

x<«giant cave spider chitin robe»>x, Upper body

≡water buffalo leather shield≡, Right hand

piranha leather shoe, Right foot

water buffalo leather shoe, Left foot

≡rope reed fiber robe≡, Upper body

<cave spider silk quiver>, Upper body

x<cave crocodile leather trousers>x, Lower body

-rope reed fiber trousers-, Lower body

<cobalt steel crossbow>, Left hand

x≡cow leather right glove≡x, Right hand

x≡yak leather leftt glove≡x, Left hand

x<alpaca wool right glove>x, Right hand

x<troll fur left glove>x, Left hand

I'll have to apologize to everyone for not having the time to actually do much with the fortress at the moment. This week had been and continues to be very busy with family and social obligations, so I may not actually be able to do anything but very minor updates until this weekend.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 09, 2012, 06:14:49 pm**

May i join Graknorke in the caverns? after all, he may go missing.
also, who do i know agean?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Poindexterity** on **May 09, 2012, 06:19:15 pm**

Quote from: Aseaheru on May 09, 2012, 06:14:49 pm

May i join Graknorke in the caverns? after all, he may go missing.
also, who do i know agean?

if there's room, I'd love to join Granorke and Domas as well. outfit me however the captain sees fit. but after the expedition, i'd like to go back to civilian life.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 09, 2012, 06:30:52 pm**

im Domas. AseaHeru is more of a title.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Poindexterity** on **May 09, 2012, 07:25:04 pm**

Quote from: Aseaheru on May 09, 2012, 06:30:52 pm

im Domas. AseaHeru is more of a title.

sorry, im horrible with names. nice to meet ya.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 09, 2012, 07:56:32 pm**

I'd like to be part of the expedition too. After all, I gotta convince dem cavern-lovahs there noddin' but filthy hell holes.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **May 10, 2012, 11:02:21 am**

Quote from: Corai on May 09, 2012, 07:56:32 pm

I'd like to be part of the expedition too. After all, I gotta convince dem cavern-lovahs there noddin' but filthy hell holes.

And ill be the worried girlfriend who then yells at him for being a fool when he gets back, storms off, and doesent talk to him for a week
:P

Also sorry i havent been on stuff happend.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 10, 2012, 03:02:28 pm**

Quote from: Poindexterity on May 09, 2012, 07:25:04 pm

Quote from: Aseaheru on May 09, 2012, 06:30:52 pm

im Domas. AseaHeru is more of a title.

sorry, im horrible with names. nice to meet ya.

likewise.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **May 10, 2012, 03:27:26 pm**

Corai and Fishybang are going at it ? You better get them checked at the hospital

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **3man75** on **May 10, 2012, 04:35:13 pm**

All they need is some omega 3 from my turtle...however i thought i was the only
doctor assistant around here ill just have to arrange a accident of the fishy kind!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **May 11, 2012, 11:31:02 am**

Quote from: 3man75 on May 10, 2012, 04:35:13 pm

All they need is some omega 3 from my turtle...however i thought i was the only
doctor assistant around here ill just have to arrange a accident of the fishy kind!

Remind me if i get hurt not to let you do anything to me :o
Anyway Could i get a giant sparrow or 2 for protection?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **May 11, 2012, 02:18:45 pm**

Upon entering the dining hall, it is hard not to notice the lone hanging in the room. Taking a loo[k] at it would reveal it to be a public notice.

a note found on a poster stuck together from discarded scraps of leather

Fellow dwarves, did you know that beneath our feet is a huge habitat that we dwarves have a right to inhabit; and yet our ruling class have so far refused us access, but now the situation has changed and I am of the firm belief that we can start exploring this mighty network of caverns and fulfill our natural calling. As the leader of this initial exploration; I shall be the one who arranges this with our overseer and baroness to come to a suitable conclusion where we can truly begin our expedition. The riches waiting are immense; from mineral, botanical and animal wealth; there is

*a huge new world below us sparking with possibilities. Names may be signed on the empty space provided.
All I can say for now is; let us strike the earth!*

Graknorke, Champion of BrightWater

scratched onto the poster is a Graknorke rendition of forgotten beasts and dwarves. The forgotten beasts are embracing the dwarves.

Looking further down the wall would reveal a variety of carved responses; ranging from the encouraging, the cautious, the enthusiastic and the insulting. One thing in particular is eye-catching though, being of a quality far above the others. It looks very similar to the one etched in the poster but looking closely will reveal one crucial difference.

Carved into the wall is a Corai rendition of forgotten beats and dwarves. The dwarves are walking. The forgotten beasts are laughing.

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming
Post by: Poindexterity on May 11, 2012, 02:41:17 pm

Quote from: Graknorke on May 11, 2012, 02:18:45 pm

Fellow dwarves, did you know that beneath our feet is a huge habitat that we dwarves have a right to inhabit; and yet our ruling class have so far refused us access, but now the situation has changed and I am of the firm belief that we can start exploring this mighty network of caverns and fulfill our natural calling. As the leader of this initial exploration; I shall be the one who arranges this with our overseer and baroness to come to a suitable conclusion where we can truly begin our expedition. The riches waiting are immense; from mineral, botanical and animal wealth; there is a huge new world below us sparking with possibilities. Names may be signed on the empty space provided.
All I can say for now is; let us strike the earth!

Graknorke, Champion of BrightWater
scratched onto the poster is a Graknorke rendition of forgotten beasts and dwarves. The forgotten beasts are embracing the dwarves.

hastily scrawled in the space provided "DEX"

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming
Post by: Quietust on May 11, 2012, 03:09:38 pm

Quote from: Graknorke on May 11, 2012, 02:18:45 pm

The forgotten beasts are embracing the dwarves.

You misspelled "striking down".

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming
Post by: Graknorke on May 12, 2012, 01:45:03 am

Quote from: Quietust on May 11, 2012, 03:09:38 pm

Quote from: Graknorke on May 11, 2012, 02:18:45 pm

The forgotten beasts are embracing the dwarves.

You misspelled "striking down".

But our wonderful cave friends would NEVER do something like that to us! They are waiting to throw us a welcoming party and everything; they told me! Some of them will turn up late though... shame.

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming
Post by: Poindexterity on May 12, 2012, 03:53:42 am

Quote from: Graknorke on May 12, 2012, 01:45:03 am

Quote from: Quietust on May 11, 2012, 03:09:38 pm

Quote from: Graknorke on May 11, 2012, 02:18:45 pm

The forgotten beasts are embracing the dwarves.

You misspelled "striking down".

But our wonderful cave friends would NEVER do something like that to us! They are waiting to throw us a welcoming party and everything; they told me! Some of them will turn up late though... shame.

Wait, the intent is to make friends with the creatures of the underworld?
Well, i wont swing at anything that doesnt act hostile, but i dont aim to make my wife a widow down there.

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming
Post by: Sphalerite on May 12, 2012, 12:38:51 pm

It turns out that getting 5 dwarves to do something together is surprisingly difficult. I order them to station to a point, and maybe three show up, while the other two are drinking or sleeping. Then one of the other two shows up, and then one of the first three is hungry, or goes to sleep, or decides to replace his crossbow with a better one. The expedition is still happening, but one or more of the dwarves might get left behind for part of it.

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming
Post by: Aseaheru on May 12, 2012, 01:26:55 pm

As long as its not me.
how bout several groups descending? or just shove them in a burrow...

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming
Post by: Poindexterity on May 12, 2012, 01:57:03 pm

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 12, 2012, 12:38:51 pm

It turns out that getting 5 dwarves to do something together is surprisingly difficult. I order them to station to a point, and maybe three show up, while the other two are drinking or sleeping. Then one of the other two shows up, and then one of the first three is hungry, or goes to sleep, or decides to replace his crossbow with a better one. The expedition is still happening, but one or more of the dwarves might get left behind for part of it.

i dont mind getting left behind. i think it'd be quite funny.

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming
Post by: Aseaheru on May 12, 2012, 02:14:02 pm

i really dont care as long as im there.

BTW, can we mod in a repeating crossbow requiring insubordinate ammounts of parts but being massively overpowered? i mean like using several mechanisms, some leather, iron straps, bone and whatever else you can think of. oh, and containers holding 100 bolts before requiring reloading. dwarven machine-guns. or compressed air cannon.

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming
Post by: Quietust on May 12, 2012, 03:46:24 pm

Quote from: Aseaheru on May 12, 2012, 02:14:02 pm
BTW, can we mod in a repeating crossbow requiring insubordinate ammounts of parts but being massively overpowered? i mean like using several mechanisms, some leather, iron straps, bone and whatever else you can think of. oh, and containers holding 100 bolts before requiring reloading. dwarven machine-guns. or compressed air cannon.

1. Why?
2. No - it's not possible to mod new weapons into an existing game.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **May 12, 2012, 04:10:49 pm**

While not a mindreader, I would assume it would be so that Geb could realize her dream of replicating that crossbow.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **May 12, 2012, 06:16:46 pm**

Enable meat cleavers! Give it to all chefs!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 12, 2012, 09:13:20 pm**

Late summer, year 56

The table really wasn't very comfortable.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Athra shifted position, trying to find a comfortable position. He had been working in his private chambers for weeks, chiseling the few large chunks of stone he'd managed to carve out of the rock into usable furniture. The first few doors he'd made were crude, but served the purpose of closing the passage to his rooms, and blocking the rooms off from each other. He'd managed to build the rest of the items he needed - tables and chairs, cabinets and chests, and even a few statues - and had put a few pieces in place before exhaustion overtook him.

The first night in his new quarters wasn't going as well as he'd like. He turned over again. No way around it, he was going to have to head up to the surface for some logs and build himself a bed.

Up in her quarters, Geb watched the human ambassador leave. Self-important bastard in his purple clothing, who insisted on being referred to as 'law-giver'. She'd heard tales from her mother that the humans, known by all the dwarves to be not all that bright, would sometimes be tricked by a demon escaped from the underworld. The demon would fool the humans into thinking it was a god, or messenger from the god or something, and they would make it their ruler. They'd tend to take on impressive titles like 'master' or 'law-giver' or 'holy flame' or whatever.

The diplomat who had just left was not one of those. He was merely a human who acted as if everyone should worship him. He hadn't actually made any demands or trade agreements - just waltzed in, introduced himself, made some comments on the architecture, then left.

On the next evening, Athra slept a far more restful sleep, in a bed he had made himself. The carpentry was crude, far inferior to CoraiUnki's, but as the legendary carpenter was busy on some secret project, nobody had even noticed as Athra took some lumber and made a bed for himself.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

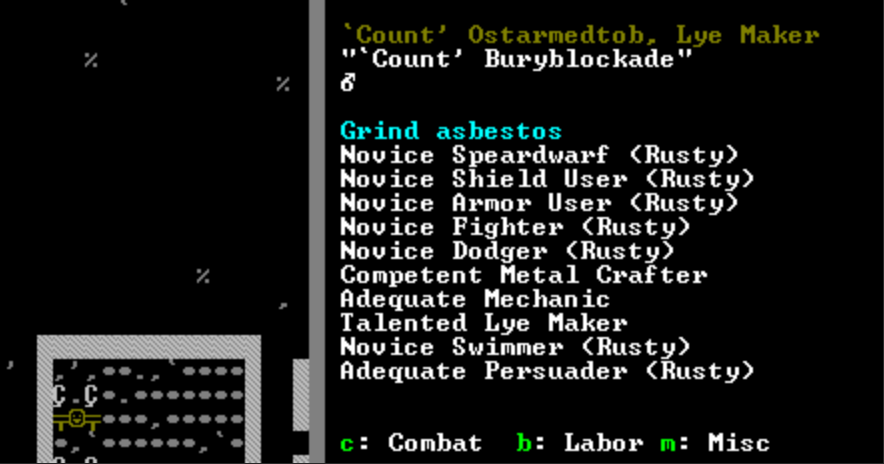


Alpha Laboratories research notes:

While extending an exploratory mineshaft the mining team reported an unusual mineral discovery. Initial reports that the miners had discovered a vein of the rare and coveted Adamantine were proven false after examination of the stones, and attributed to over-enthusiasm on the part of the miners. The stone, labeled 'Chrysotile', has a fibrous structure similar to Adamantine, but the rock fibers are brittle and cannot be removed as continuous strands.

The resemblance of the extracted fibers to wool suggests that it may be possible to spin them into thread instead. As the fibers do not need to be removed as intact strands, a method has been devised to crush the rocks instead. This should release the fibers quickly and easily in mass.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Once a sufficient quantity of crushed fiber is available, we will experiment with forming it into thread.

What this place needs, Athra thought, is a bit of polish. It's a lovely suite, but the rock will need to be properly smoothed if I'm going to really be proud of this place.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Like every step of the project so far, the going was slow, the work being far more difficult than the other dwarves had made it look. Athra persevered.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 12, 2012, 09:18:06 pm**

I love being a legendary carpenter!

PS: Graknorke, can I have a battle-axe as my weapon? I assume your the leader of the expedition, and thus decides who gets what.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 12, 2012, 10:08:25 pm**

The events of 14th Timber, 56

The fortress guard were on high alert. Well, most of them were. A few had been siphoned off for some secret mission in the caverns, some exploration party that Champion Graknorke was putting together. The rest of them were at the fortress entrance.

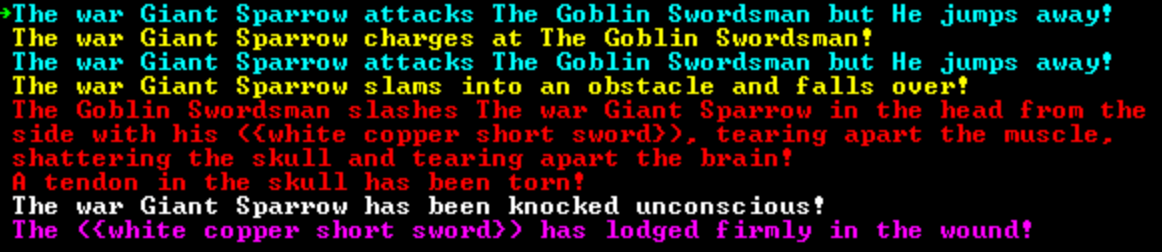
A group of goblins - Swords-goblins, led by their whip-wielding master - had already shown up at the entrance.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



They had already managed to kill a Giant Sparrow that had been patrolling the entrance. The poor creature had managed to sound the alarm with a fierce chirping, before being cut down by one of the goblins.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The entire group of goblins had then immediately charged into the cage traps set out to catch wild animals, and had been captured to the last goblin.

The military commanders of Brightwater were not fools. They had seen the goblin tactic of sacrificing the first wave on the cage traps, then ambushing the dwarves who went out to retrieve the cages. They sent the military out first - keeping them close to the wall, while the marksdwarves were ordered up behind the fortifications to cover them.

Ash the marksdwarf had been assigned to the northern fortifications. He shielded his eyes against the glare, once again envying the militia commander for her famous artifact crossbow with the amazing polarized gemstone optics, and looked out for movement.

Something stirred in the forest. Something walking through the woods towards the fortress walls. He carefully sighted along his weapon, trying to make out the shape approaching. Quickly he realized it wasn't a goblin. Goblins didn't approach singly and without trying to hide like this figure was.

"Liaison from the mountainhomes, approaching from the north" he called down to the other soldiers.

He turned his attention away from the liaison, scanning back through the woods, and then spotted the goblins. They were hiding in the forest, in camouflaged cloaks, and were right between the liaison and the fortress entrance.

"Goblins! Six of them, north of the wall, in the path of the liaison!", he called down. "Quick, get their attention or the liaison's dead!"

Ash stepped out onto the walkway, and fired at the goblins. They turned his way, looking away from the liaison, and opened fire.

Maybe this wasn't such a great idea, thought ash, as the arrows flew towards him. One grazed his left hand, ripping flesh and splattering blood. He ignored the pain, firing back. His shot pierced a goblin's chest. The goblin staggered and wheezed in pain, but was still able to return fire. This shot struck Ash directly in the head, piercing his brain.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→The flying <<red brass arrow>> strikes The Marksdwarf in the third finger, left hand, tearing apart the fat through the <pig tail fiber left glove>!
The flying <≡wild boar bone bolt≡> strikes The Goblin Bowman in the upper body, tearing the muscle and tearing the left lung through the <<<iron breastplate>>>!
The Goblin Bowman is having trouble breathing!
The flying <<red brass arrow>> strikes The Marksdwarf in the head, tearing the muscle, fracturing the skull and tearing the brain!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
The Marksdwarf has been knocked unconscious!

Ash slumped backwards, collapsing onto the stone surface of the wall.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→‘Ash’ Tobulkulin, Marksdwarf has been found dead.

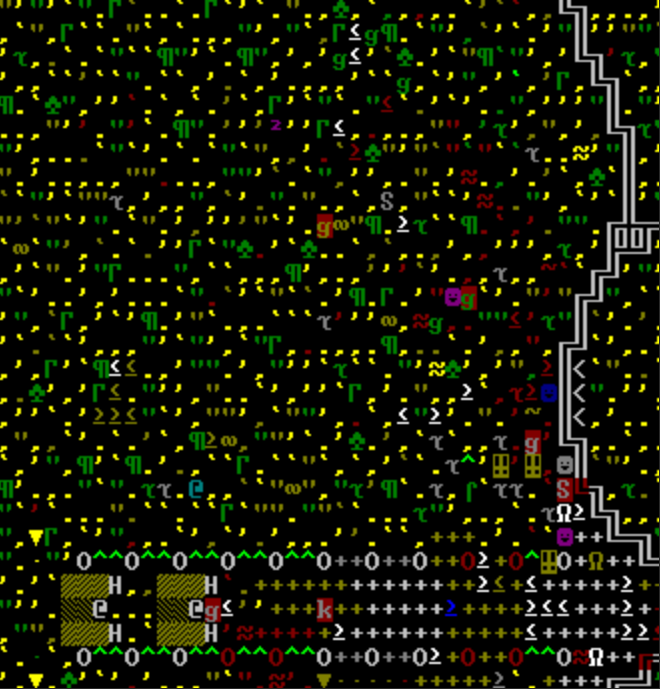
On the ground, Fritz the military commander charged heedlessly into the group of goblins. The goblin leader had fallen quickly before her hammer, offering little effective resistance as Fritz broke his limbs before smashing his skull.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The militia commander bashes The Goblin Lasher in the head with her <*steel war hammer*>, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle and tearing the upper spine’s nervous tissue!
→The militia commander bashes The Goblin Lasher in the head with her <*steel war hammer*>, bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!

After downing the leader, she charged into the group of bow-wielding goblins, Higginbottom III behind her.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



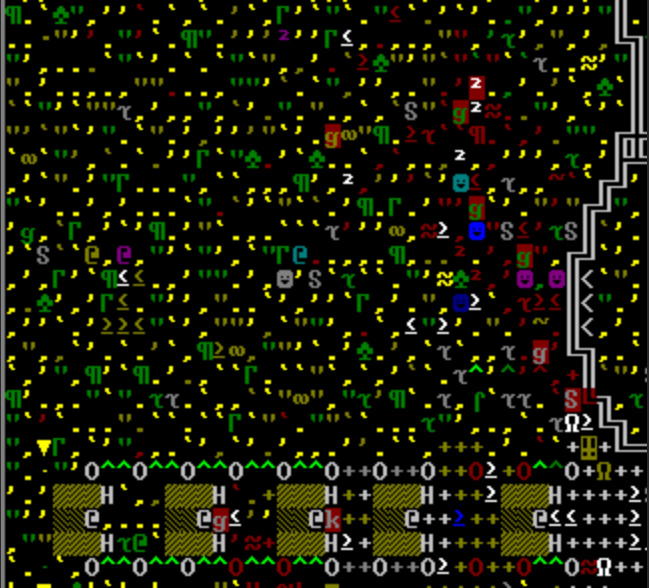
She then saw the goblin with the bow take a hit from Ash, and then return fire, killing her fellow soldier. She screamed and charged, landing a blow that shattered the goblin's arm. The goblin attempted to return fire, Fritz effortlessly batting the arrow aside, before landing another blow that crushed the goblin's skull.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The militia commander bashes The Goblin Bowman in the left upper arm with her <*steel war hammer*>, fracturing the bone through the <<giant cave spider silk robe>>!
The militia commander blocks The flying <<iron arrow>>!
The militia commander charges at The Goblin Bowman!
The Goblin Bowman looks surprised by the ferocity of The militia commander’s onslaught!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Bowman in the head with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the skin and bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!
The Goblin Bowman has been knocked unconscious!
The militia commander collides with The Goblin Bowman!
→The Goblin Bowman is knocked over and tumbles backward!

The other bow-goblins, having heard tales about the ferocity and cruelty of this dwarf in particular, turned and ran. They were most dismayed to meed soldiers coming from the other direction, the dwarven caravan having arrived at this moment. Hearing the commotion, caravan guards had come running to help.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Fritz, meanwhile, had knocked down one more goblin archer, and as was her style was killing it slowly and painfully, smashing each limb before finishing it off.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
The militia commander strikes The Goblin Bowman in the right lower leg
with her <cobalt shield>, jamming the bone through the right knee's
muscle and shattering the right knee's bone!
The militia commander punches The Goblin Bowman in the left lower leg
with her left hand, bruising the bone through the <<coyoteskin
trousers>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Bowman in the left upper leg with
her <*steel war hammer*>, fracturing the bone through the <<coyoteskin
trousers>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Bowman in the left lower leg with
her <*steel war hammer*>, shattering the bone through the <<coyoteskin
trousers>>!
The militia commander kicks The Goblin Bowman in the left lower leg with
her left foot, bruising the bone through the <<coyoteskin trousers>>!
→The militia commander bashes The Goblin Bowman in the head with her
<*steel war hammer*>, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle and
bruising the upper spine's nervous tissue!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Bowman in the right upper arm
with her <*steel war hammer*>, shattering the bone through the <<giant
```

Far below, in the caverns, five dwarves had gathered for a daring adventure.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Graknorke the champion, who had insisted on making a trip into the caverns, had convinced Phenix to carve the gateway. Refusing to risk the safety of the fortress, Phenix had insisted on making a closable gateway, so the passage to the caverns could be sealed off safely. Graknorke had chafed at the delay, but had taken the time to gather companions. Rather than one of Geb's masterful bone crossbows, Graknorke had chosen to take one brought by a goblin. Made from a strange, heavy metal, it was less accurate, but should prove far more effective if used as a hammer.

Happythoughts had been conscripted into the trip almost as soon as he had arrived. He gripped his arsenical bronze spear and waited for Graknorke to take the lead.

Domas the Wallpotdwarf had left his usual crossbow behind for this mission, instead taking a fine steel sword that Daenyth had made.

Dex, who had little to no military experience, was also carrying one of Daenyth's swords. He was starting to question the impulse that had made him sign up for this trip. He didn't want to leave his wife a widow, but Graknorke had assured him the trip would be safe.

And then there was CoraiUnki, who insisted loudly to everyone who would listen that this trip was a terrible idea. He was carrying a new battle-axe. This was, of course, not the same axe he used to cut down trees, as no decent dwarf would use the same axe for both tree-cutting and military use.

Along with them came two giant war sparrows, and one of Corai's pet war cavies. It remained to be seen which of them would prove more useful.

"This world we will explore is one that few dwarves have ever seen!" spoke Graknorke, "But it is one that we must explore and make ours, as is our right as dwarves!" He signaled for the lever to be pulled, to open the gate. "Go forth, and see our strange new world!"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The five dwarves, and three animals, spread out into a strange maze of twisty caverns. Cave moss covered the ground, and plants - some familiar, some not - grew everywhere. Domas the Wallpotdwarf stopped to examine a strange blue mushroom. The caves were hot - a magma pool being not far away - but the fungus was chill to the touch, with frost on its surface.

"We should be right above the magma smelter now" said Graknorke. "The magma pipe is to the south. Looks like the ground slopes down to the north, we'll head that way."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The ground sloped down, into a cavern lake. The water was dark, and had a faint musty smell, like something had died and rotted away long ago. Above them, fissures in the cavern, and odd acoustics, suggested a vertical passage, as if the roof was much higher above here than elsewhere.

"No way around the lake. What now?" asked Domas.

"I think there was a passage to the south-east, around the magma pit. We'll head back that way." replied Graknorke.

They made their way through the narrow, slimy passage Graknorke had spotted, and then came down to an opening by the magma pipe.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



"Look across the magma, you can see the platform and pump for the smelters." said Graknorke.

"Don't go near the magma!" screamed Corai. "There are magma-monsters in it! Remember what happened to Rakust?"

Graknorke shrugged. "Unexplored caverns are to the east, anyway. Let's see what's over there."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The caverns were twisty and damp, but seemed unoccupied. They hadn't seen a single creature so far, just more plants. Ahead, there seemed to be an opening of some type, a clearing among the twisty caverns.

Happythoughts peered through the gloom. "I think something's moving over there. Some kind of creature. Can anyone make it out?"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Forgotten Beast Spos has come! A towering feathered newt. It has a spiral shell and it has a gaunt appearance. Its fuchsia feathers are fluffed-out. Beware its noxious secretions!

Press Enter to close window

Corai screamed.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Corai** on **May 12, 2012, 10:36:15 pm**

"Secretions"

So, it's feces? BRING IT ON. Im downing this Girly shell-newt!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 12, 2012, 10:44:16 pm**

I'm just trying to picture a towering feathered newt with a spiral shell. That's a very anatomically mixed-up creature.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Corai** on **May 12, 2012, 10:46:18 pm**

I love how you make all other forts seem lazy in the character-writing, it seems that you capture our insanity well.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **exolyx** on **May 12, 2012, 10:50:35 pm**

If they don't all die, my character may be able to do something! (I'm so optimistic, ain't I?)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Triskelli** on **May 12, 2012, 11:01:10 pm**

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 12, 2012, 10:44:16 pm

I'm just trying to picture a towering feathered newt with a spiral shell. That's a very anatomically mixed-up creature.

Think of it more like a turtle's shell... Ooh, or a double-spiral shell with two openings.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Graknorke** on **May 13, 2012, 04:55:14 am**

Oh hey, the welcoming party arrived.
Wait, no. Stop.. No Spos, we can't be hugging right now, we're busy on the lookout for dangerous things.... I'm being serious now, CUT THAT OUT.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **BeserkNINJA** on **May 13, 2012, 05:24:55 am**

just a quick question here, every time a fight breaks out it sound like all of Higginbottoms kills get stolen by another dwarf.....

so could you post his kill list and inventory please

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **empfan** on **May 13, 2012, 11:03:56 am**

Catch it! We can use it for training, and maybe some arena fun!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **ObeseHelmet** on **May 13, 2012, 11:24:49 am**

Quote from: empfan on May 13, 2012, 11:03:56 am

Catch it! We can use it for training, and maybe some arena fun!

(ooc) If only we could breed it...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 13, 2012, 01:07:52 pm**

I bet you wish i brought along my crossbow... can i have both next time? ???
pity i cant bring along a massivlyoverpoweredbow-bow. :(

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **FritzPL** on **May 13, 2012, 02:19:16 pm**

I forgot about this fort after I got dorfed. Today I remembered it, saw this page as the first one and **shouted and screamed at my mother** to buggeroff me as I read this entire thread. I have to add this to my favs.

Could you show me Fritz's description, relationships and kills screen, please?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 13, 2012, 02:21:24 pm**

Corai turns to Graknorke, slaps him, and screams that its a predator, that eats dwarves. He then proceeds to hide behind his axe in the fetal position.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Ashsaber** on **May 13, 2012, 09:18:55 pm**

I find my sudden and utter demise extremely amusing.

Requesting Ash #2.
Skills: Marksman, preferably from a migrant wave.
Custom Job: Professional Red Shirt.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 13, 2012, 09:48:03 pm**

The cavern expedition, continued.

Corai screamed. Graknorke tried to ignore him, trying to make out the shape moving in the distance. Happythoughts raised his spear and charged across the cavern floor at it.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



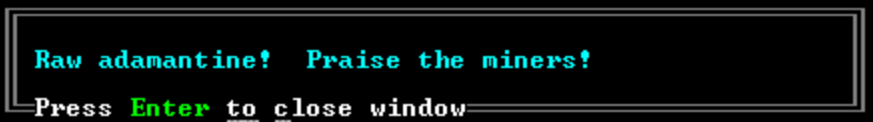
By the time they arrived where the creature had been glimpsed, there was nothing. Only a faint, foul smell, of some lingering toxic secretion, remained.

"Now see what you've done?" snapped Graknorke. "You've scared it off. Just when we were about to make contact."

"Just as well. Might have been dangerous." mused Dex.

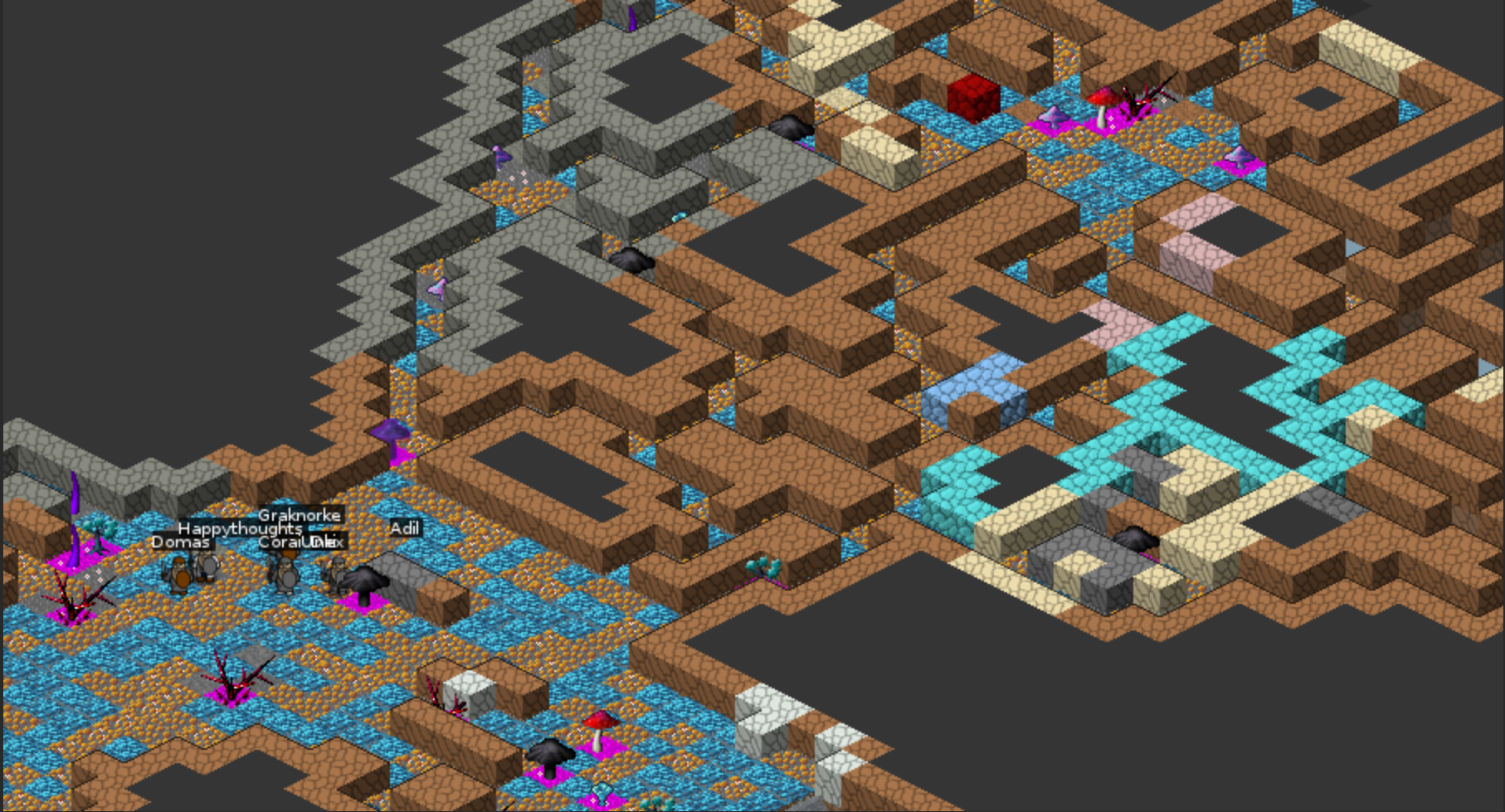
Happythoughts was paying them no attention, staring off at something glittering further in the distance. "Is that what I think it may be? Down here after all?"

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The threat of the vanished monster forgotten for the moment, the five dwarves made their way deeper into the caverns, following the fascinating blue glow. Just past where they had seen the monster the caverns narrowed into another maze of twisty caverns, but these threaded past a rich vein of the most valuable mineral known to dwarvenkind.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Veins of tetrahedrite and hematite, and clusters of morion and lapis lazuli flanked the adamantine column. Those would ordinarily have represented a rich mineral wealth by themselves, but they were insignificant in value compared to it.

"We should report this to the fortress. Geb will want to know." said Dex.

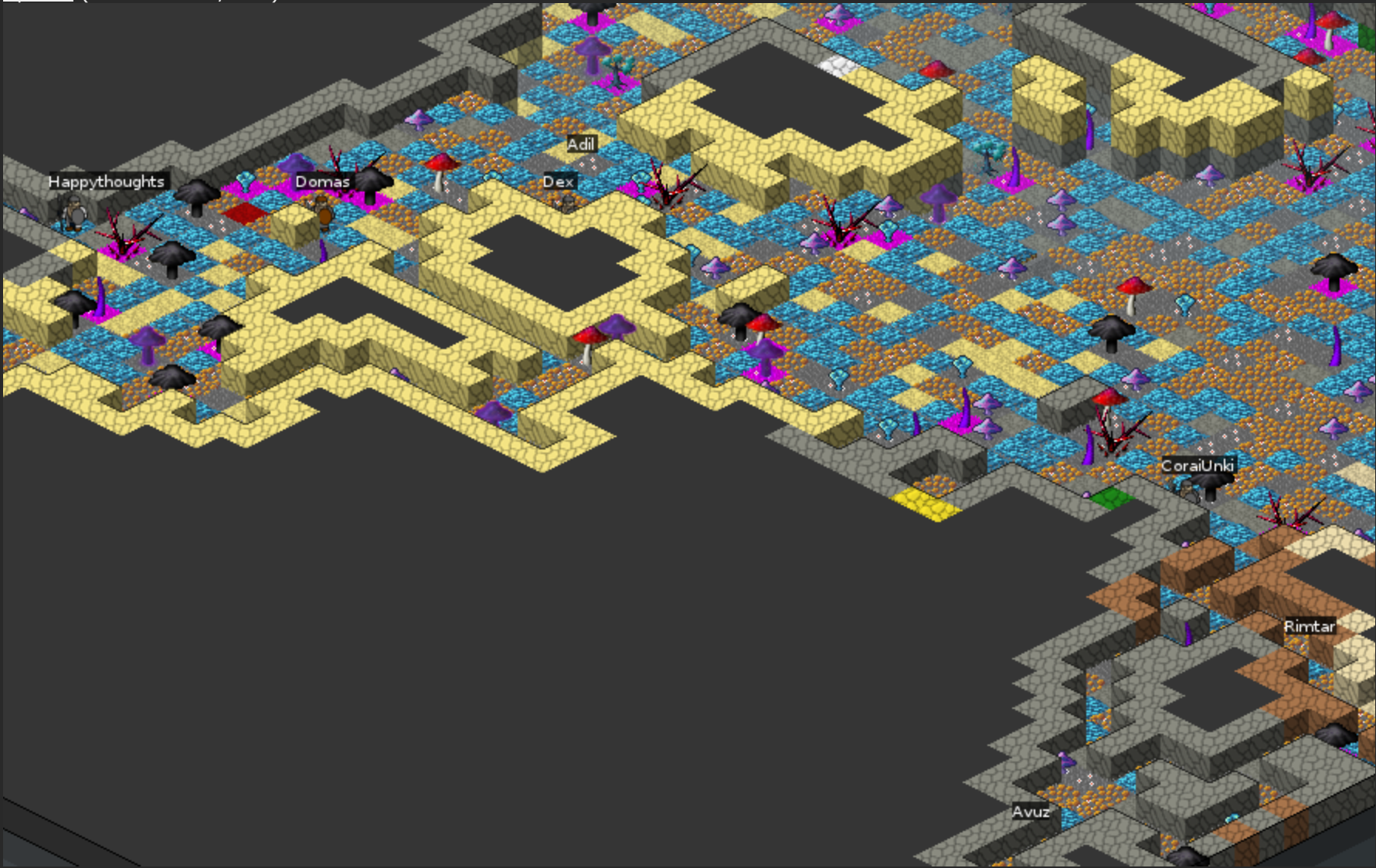
"No! It's dangerous, if you mine the adamantine the demons will come out and kill everyone!" screamed Corai.

"Perhaps that thing we saw was guarding this?" mused the Wallpotdwarf.

Graknorke pulled out his map, made a few marks on it. "According to this, we should be due east of the lake now. We can circle around the north side of it, explore around there, and then return to the cavern gate from the north-west.

The five dwarves headed off, after a few last longing looks at the adamantine pillars. Graknorke took the lead, followed by Happythoughts, Domas the Wallpotdwarf, and Dex. CoraiUnki trailed far in the rear, muttering to himself, trying to figure out a way to stop the others from telling the rest of the fortress. Behind him trailed his loyal war cavy, stopping now and then to nibble on the cavern moss.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Graknorke, noticing that the group was getting split up, came to a stop on a slight rise. Ahead, the ground sloped back down around the northern shore of the cavern lake.

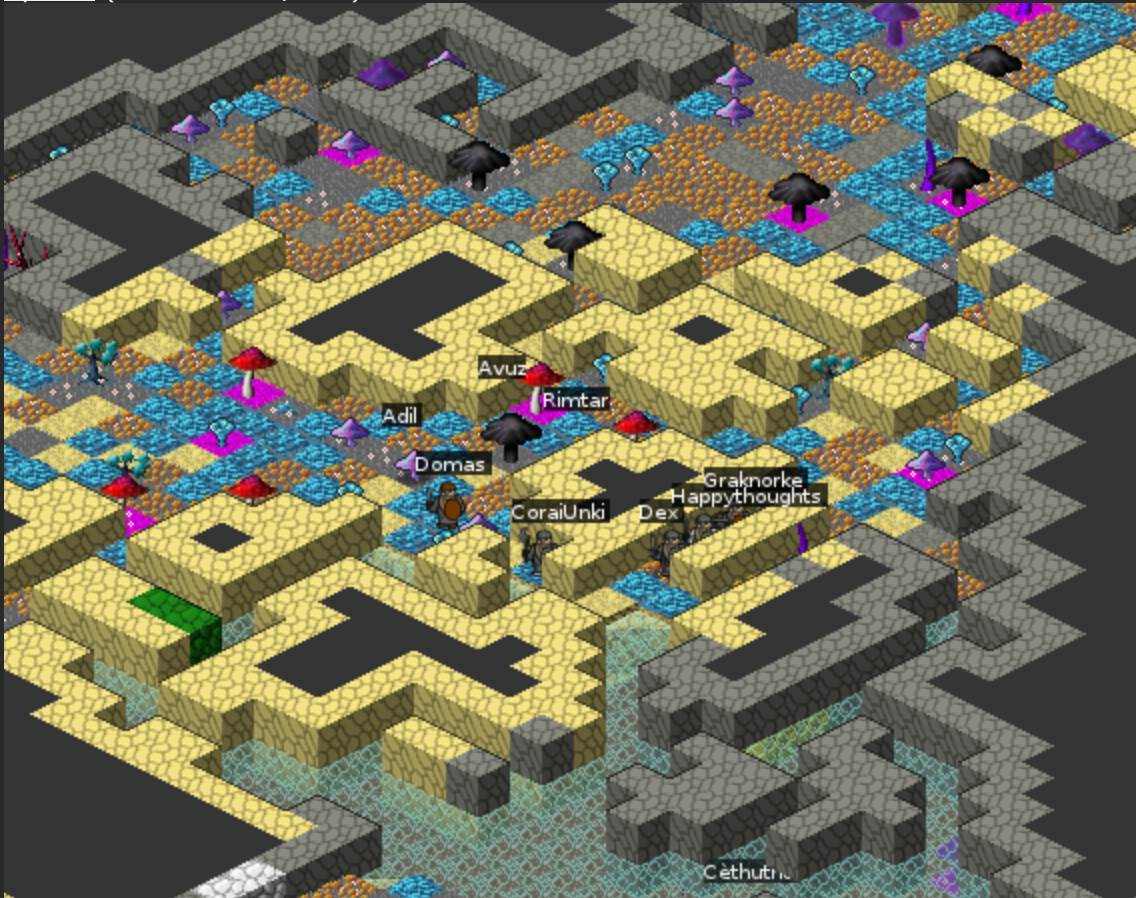
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



He looked over his four companions. All of them were getting tired, and showing signs of thirst. The meager rations they had brought along had long since been consumed during the long walk. He wasn't sure that any of them should try drinking from the cavern lake yet.

"Ok, this should be enough exploration for now. Just a short walk to go and we'll be back at the magma forges."

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



The passages around the north-west side of the lake were also narrow and twisty, but soon the familiar sight of Phenix's masterful stonework was visible as they approached the open gate. Dex stepped through, glad to be back safely inside. Domas the Wallpotdwarf was thinking he'd like to return to making pots. Graknorke took one last look at the magnificent caverns, promising himself he'd return soon, as he walked over the smooth rock floor at the gateway.

The surface of the cavern lake rippled, as something crossed it just under the surface.

Corai still trailed in the rear, ideas stuggling to form in his head. *Have to stop Cilob from finding out. He's too much of a risk-taker, he'll insist on mining the adamantine, and then we're all dead.*

Water sloshed and gurgled as a giant white blob crawled up onto the shore.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <41>	Cèthutha Licesicetha Theÿiseciriko Thepani
A gigantic blob composed of snow. It has an enormous shell and it has a bloated body.	

A formless, bloated mass of snow, crusted with a shell of ice, rose out of the water. It was as if the very cavern lake itself had taken affront at the intrusion of the dwarves, and formed a monster of ice and snow to strike at them. Corai was directly in its path.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)



Corai saw it. For a moment he was terrified beyond reason, then instinct kicked in and he charged at it, axe raised.

His first blow struck it squarely, shattering its shell of ice. Shards of ice and snow cascaded down the slope back into the water. Unfortunately for him, the remaining ice mass seemed only to be more nimble with the shell gone. It somehow managed to dodge his next blow, then lunged at him. He dodged the clumsy mass twice, then slipped on the wet ground. The horrible snow-monster lunged again and crushed him against the wall of the cavern.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
→The Recruit attacks The Forgotten Beast but It jumps away!
The Recruit hacks The Forgotten Beast in the shell with his <-iron battle
axe-> and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The Recruit misses The Forgotten Beast!
The Forgotten Beast counterstrikes!
The Forgotten Beast misses The Recruit!
The Forgotten Beast charges at The Recruit!
The Forgotten Beast misses The Recruit!
The Forgotten Beast collides with The Recruit!
The Recruit is knocked over and tumbles backward!
The Forgotten Beast pushes The Recruit in the upper body, shattering the
skin and bruising the muscle and shattering the middle spine's bone
through the <<arsenical bronze breastplate>>)!
The Forgotten Beast pushes The Recruit in the right upper arm, shattering
the bone through the <troll fur robe>)!
The Recruit loses hold of the <white copper shield>.
The Recruit is no longer stunned.
The Forgotten Beast pushes The Recruit in the upper body, shattering the
skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the left lung through the
<<arsenical bronze breastplate>>)!
→The Forgotten Beast pushes The Recruit in the lower body, shattering the
skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the guts through the
<<arsenical bronze breastplate>>)!
The Forgotten Beast pushes The Recruit in the right lower leg, shattering
the skin and bruising the muscle through the <troll fur robe>)!
```

He raised his shield-arm, trying to ward off the monster. The sheer weight of the thing crushed his arm back, snapping the bone, and then bore down on him, squeezing the breath from his lungs.

Corai's loyal war cavy charged to his defense, nipping at the mass of animated snow crushing the life from him. A pseudopod of snow brushed it aside effortlessly.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
The war Cavy Boar misses The Forgotten Beast!
The Forgotten Beast counterstrikes!
The Forgotten Beast misses The war Cavy Boar!
The war Cavy Boar misses The Forgotten Beast!
The Forgotten Beast counterstrikes!
→The Forgotten Beast pushes The war Cavy Boar in the third left rear toe,
shattering the nail!
```

Happythoughts had been just about to re-enter the fortress gate when he heard Corai's scream. He charged down the slope towards the edge of the lake where they were fighting. He lunged with his arsenical bronze spear, trying to stab the monster without accidentally hitting Corai. Twice he missed. The third time he scored a direct hit on the thing's center.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
→The Marksdwarf misses The Forgotten Beast!
The Marksdwarf misses The Forgotten Beast!
The Forgotten Beast counterstrikes!
The Forgotten Beast misses The Marksdwarf!
The Marksdwarf stabs The Forgotten Beast in the body with his <arsenical
bronze spear>, breaking away the tissue!
```

The snow-blob shuddered, then exploded, showering the cavern floor with slush.

Happythoughts bent down to check on Corai. The carpenter was badly injured, unconscious but alive. "Come on, Corai. We'll get you to Doctor Cain, he'll fix you up."

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 13, 2012, 09:54:04 pm**

I am so win, I got owned by one of the most pathetic monsters in the game. Mind if you train me to Adequate Axedwarf after this?

PS: Cain, if you ignore me like you did the other guy, I will return as a ghost, with a knife, and do some of my own surgery on your phallus!

Edit:

The dwarf carrying Corai to Cain began to notice that Corai was mumbling about demons and adamanite, and War Cavies.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **May 13, 2012, 10:09:47 pm**

The spine injury seems lethal. I suggest we do what Corai would have wanted, to be pitted down a 15 z level drop

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 13, 2012, 10:12:21 pm**

Its not lethal if its middle spine, I am fine as long as my upper-spine is alright. Middle = cripple, upper = Lungs are dead.

Edit

15 Z level pit? Thats not very nice!

Slap!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Daenyth** on **May 13, 2012, 10:17:22 pm**

Oh no! Not Corai!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 13, 2012, 10:28:02 pm**

Well, if I DO end up dieing from this, can my War Cavy be buried with me?

Diary of Cuddles the War Cavy

```
Scratch ScratchScratch ScratchScratch ScratchScratch ScratchScratch ScratchScratch ScratchScratch  
ScratchScratch ScratchScratch Scratch...
```

-TRANSLATION-

Well, Corai got horribly injured by some giant slime thingy, I shouldnt had let him go on this expedition! I am gonna have to find Graknorke and see what I can do to get revenge. I heard dwarfs value there beards, maybe they taste good!

Love, Cuddles.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Poindexterity** on **May 13, 2012, 10:29:44 pm**

OOC: did i gain any relationships at all with any of the other 4 who went down?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Shinziril** on **May 14, 2012, 01:19:32 am**

Actually, the spine injury doesn't seem to have injured the nervous tissue, despite the severe bone fracture. Corai should be just fine, although healing will take a while.

In the real world you'd have to be very careful to ensure that no further spinal damage occurred while moving him with an injury like that, but in Dwarf Fortress that isn't a problem.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **FritzPL** on **May 14, 2012, 01:45:30 am**

When minecarts come, we'll use them as wheelchairs.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **May 14, 2012, 01:47:48 am**

a letter found etched on the floor by Corai's bed

You see Corai? This is what happens when you label yourself as their enemy. They waltz right up out of wherever they were to try and kill you. You may well have ruined diplomatic relationships with the ancient cave dwellers. FOREVER.

On the other hand it was my expedition so it's my job to take care of you, even if it is only the doctor who can directly help.

Maybe I could ask some miners to quickly get some of that adamantine and use the thread to close up some of your wounds? You DID help to find it after all.

Don't die on my hands, and try to stay away from the caverns in future. I don't think you'll be welcome.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **May 14, 2012, 01:51:42 am**

Can we catapult him to the hospital?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **May 14, 2012, 07:53:04 am**

The first I heard about this cave exploration thing was when Erush started begging for permission to work on adamantine cloth.

I do wish people would warn me before doing this sort of thing. I heard the screams and unearthly howls of rage echoing up from the depths of course, but I assumed it was just ordinary alpha labs business. When you live in a fort full of animals, animal trainers, mad scientists and Coraj, you get used to hearing terrifying screams.

I suppose the team gets some credit for not leading anything dangerous back into the fort, and I can't deny that they've found incredible wealth down there. Still, I'm not happy that they kept this a secret. We've already had a death in the military this year. We don't need more.

So no, Erush, you can't work with adamantine cloth just yet. Go play with that asbestos stuff instead.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Mrhappyface** on **May 14, 2012, 08:59:10 am**

Awesome! Can you make it so that I'm concerned about Corai?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **May 14, 2012, 10:56:01 am**

Quote from: Graknorke on May 14, 2012, 01:47:48 am

a letter found etched on the floor by Corai's bed

You see Corai? This is what happens when you label yourself as their enemy. They waltz right up out of wherever they were to try and kill you. You may well have ruined diplomatic relationships with the ancient cave dwellers. FOREVER.

On the other hand it was my expedition so it's my job to take care of you, even if it is only the doctor who can directly help.

Maybe I could ask some miners to quickly get some of that adamantine and use the thread to close up some of your wounds? You DID help to find it after all.

Don't die on my hands, and try to stay away from the caverns in future. I don't think you'll be welcome.

Fishybang was checking on corai when she saw a letter when she opened it up she froze in rage. She knows corai hates the blue metal. And now this guy is saying he ruined diplomatic relations with those beasts? She was going to have a visit, a very plesent visit.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Maxmurder** on **May 14, 2012, 10:57:04 am**

An exerpt from Maxmurder's journal:

'ADAMANTINE! Phenix just told me the expidition in the caverns found adamantine! I dont get excited about much these days but this is incredible. I can just imagine swining my pick into that blue metal... digging myself a little burrow and being surrounded by the sacred metal. Hopefully some is designated for mining! Some say that digging it brings bad luck... Phooey! Superstisious elven talk if you ask me!'

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Daenyth** on **May 14, 2012, 01:28:17 pm**

I've always wanted to make weapons of the legendary bluemetal. I hope I get the chance.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 14, 2012, 01:29:16 pm**

A good friend is horribly hurt

:)

Be glad you found hell

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Poindexterity** on **May 14, 2012, 01:49:53 pm**

A letter found in dex's quarters the morning of the expedition

Dearest Deduk,

I know you're going to be angry about this, but I've volunteered to join the expedition into the caverns with a few others. Everyone assures me that it's perfectly safe, but i've still been issued a sword and shield. I should be back in a week or two, assuming everything goes as planned. I will miss you and Rigoth terribly while i am away, but i feel i need to do this. Since we've arrived here, I've felt restless, like there was something not quite right with me. I'm not sure if this expedition will fix the feeling, but i've got to try something. If i don't make it back, let Rigoth know i died a hero, as that's probably a better story for a sword-dwarf to grow up with than what actually happened. I love you both very much.

-Dex

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **exolyx** on **May 14, 2012, 01:59:14 pm**

I wonder if I'm going to be drafted into helping... (please do not, I repeat, do not represent my dwarf as a smug jerk.)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **May 14, 2012, 02:32:03 pm**

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Timber,15.

Things are going to be better. This fortress is place for me and daughter to stay.

Here is pretty brave and professional gurds so i can feel calm about Tobul. However, i don't let her go outside curtains or close to water.

Once i let my wife go far and it twisted our lives Armok knows how strong.

At least, now i can think about all what happened without this freezivg fire in veins and head.

This journal, huh. It's presented by her. It's cover made of some strange light leather-one of leatherworkers told me dat's elf's leather.

Can't say it bother me. And this picture my daughter made-i attached it to...

(In this place breaks off, then keeps in hasty manner)

Oh, here just was some noice in corridors. DAMN! Here are some rumors and wishperings about adamantine! For the safety of my only daughter!

I should immideatly go to whoever in charge here, baroness or that guy surrounded by beasts and say they should never ever touch this blue curse of dwarfkind!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 14, 2012, 07:59:42 pm**

A letter found at Geb's office the morning of the expedition.

I have gone with four other dwarves to the caverns, i'm hoping to convince them that this is not a good idea. If I dont come back, tell Fishybang I died to a cave blob or something.

Cuddles, Corai.

Cuddles, Cuddles the war cavy.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Mrhappyface** on **May 14, 2012, 08:28:57 pm**

Can you make it so that I'm a smelter/strand extractor? I want to see that my discovery of adamantine is put to good use.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 14, 2012, 08:33:42 pm**

I would like you not to mine any candy until I get un-crippled, I'd like to be at the front of the charge when you unleash the demons by accident. With Graknorke going "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Triskelli** on **May 14, 2012, 09:28:26 pm**

Any plans to update the fort to the newest version? We need wheelbarrows to cart out as much adamantine as we possibly can!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 14, 2012, 09:29:06 pm**

New item, we cant put it down.

Again, I want to lead the fight if demons are freed. >.>

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Jarod Cain** on **May 14, 2012, 11:27:18 pm**

Chief Medical Officer's Log, Brightwater, Cain

Apparently some damned fools decided to breach the caverns and begin an "exploration expedition." There's a reason why it was sealed away in the first place by Cilob and the others. Now, Corai has been brought to me injured. After diagnosing him, I've placed him on the traction table. Fortunately we can heal his wounds, worst case scenario I will have to do a spinal transplant and that will need the Fortress Leadership's approval.

This along with rumors of adamantine have caused a general uproar. For now, I need to get everyone out of my medical facility that is not supposed to be here so I can work on my patient in peace.

Irritated.
Cain

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **May 15, 2012, 04:12:04 am**

Can you assign a dining table in the hospital for mcwhale so I can enjoy some sparrow roast while watching the surgery? Also I'm the wrong spinal type for a transplant.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 15, 2012, 07:50:49 am**

Quote from: BeserkNINJA on May 13, 2012, 05:24:55 am
just a quick question here, every time a fight breaks out it sound like all of Higginbottoms kills get stolen by another dwarf.....

Yeah, it's hard to get a kill with a morningstar, when all the other dwarves either have swords or Fritz with her insane hammer skill. I'll try to get you some more alone time with a goblin or two.

Quote
so could you post his kill list and inventory please

Will do tonight when I have access to the game file again.

Quote from: FritzPL on May 13, 2012, 02:19:16 pm
Could you show me Fritz's description, relationships and kills screen, please?

I'll try to get that put up tonight.

Quote from: Ashsaber on May 13, 2012, 09:18:55 pm
I find my sudden and utter demise extremely amusing.

Yeah, it was surprising. The rest of the soldiers handled the goblins no problem, then I look over and Ash is dead from a single headshot. Sometimes the goblin archer rolls a critical hit.

Quote from: Mrhappyface on May 14, 2012, 08:28:57 pm
Can you make it so that I'm a smelter/strand extractor? I want to see that my discovery of adamantine is put to good use.

I offer no guarantees that the adamantine will be harvested anytime soon.

Quote from: Triskelli on May 14, 2012, 09:28:26 pm
Any plans to update the fort to the newest version? We need wheelbarrows to cart out as much adamantine as we possibly can!

Not immediately, there are enough gameplay changes and hilarious bugs in 34.08 that I'm keeping the fort on the current version for now.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 15, 2012, 03:07:39 pm**

Can i keep my sword? and if we do decide to mine the heaven metal than can we build a massively-complex defense system containing a obsidian caster?

also i might have domas start to worship arm-ok

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 15, 2012, 08:36:04 pm**

Quote from: BeserkNINJA on May 13, 2012, 05:24:55 am

so could you post his kill list and inventory please

Here you go:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

'Higginbottom III' Unibbomrek, hammerer

"'Higginbottom III' Ragwhipped"

<cobalt shield>, Right hand

≡steel helm≡, Head

≡rope reed fiber tunic≡, Upper body

≡rope reed fiber robe≡, Upper body

steel mail shirt, Upper body

steel left gauntlet, Left hand

≡steel right gauntlet≡, Right hand

≡steel high boot≡, Right foot

≡steel high boot≡, Left foot

≡steel greaves≡, Lower body

<cobalt flail>, Left hand

One Notable Kill

Zealotfamines the giant louse, d. 52

One Other Kill

One crab <♀> in Brightwater

You have some of the nicest armor in the entire fortress. You also have a flail, which I believe is what you requested as a weapon. I suspect that flails aren't good at killing, although they are useful for causing bleeding and pain, so you tend to cripple targets which someone else can then come along and kill.

Quote from: FritzPL on May 13, 2012, 02:19:16 pm

Could you show me Fritz's description, relationships and kills screen, please?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 104 <49>

'Fritz' Cattendoren ltredglt, "'Frtz' Chnnldmnds th Bff Thrt", mlt cmndr

'Fritz' Cattendoren ltredgelut has been happy lately. She slept in a very good bedroom recently. She was grumbling about long patrol duty lately. She has been annoyed by flies. She has been satisfied at work lately. She took joy in slaughter lately. She is a dubious worshipper of icum the Gladness of Trusting. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is a former member of The Lost Shields. She is a former member of The Praised Turquoise. She is a former member of The Relic of Burying. She is a former member of The Bodices of Tightness. She is an enemy of Gulufrilgis. She is an enemy of The Moist Uice. She is an enemy of The Ruthlessness of Dreading. She is an enemy of The Limp Seducer. She is an enemy of The Distinct Sins. She is the militia commander of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 8th of Malachite in the year 51. She has the appearance of somebody that is one hundred forty years old and is one of the first of her kind. She is incredibly muscular. Her free-lobed tall ears are extremely narrow. Her rust eyes are slightly wide-set. Her hair is quite sparse. Her very long hair is neatly combed. Her head is somewhat short. Her hair is white mixed with gray. Her skin is peach. Her upper body bears the marks of old wounds, including a huge dent. Her lower body bears a dent. Her right upper arm bears the marks of old wounds, including a huge dent. Her lower lip bears a huge dent. Her ears are slightly flattened. She is mighty, incredibly quick to heal, very agile and tough. 'Fritz' Cattendoren ltredgelut likes bituminous coal, sponge zirconium, thorianite, maple wood, giant anaconda leather, badger tooth, the color aqua, mittens, scepters, horses for their strength and albatrosses for their large wings. When possible, she prefers to consume hungry head, mead and goat's milk. She absolutely detests purring maggots. She has an unbreakable will, a very good sense of the position of her own body and a good feel for social relationships, but she has poor analytical abilities, bad intuition, little natural inclination toward music and a really bad memory. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. She doesn't really care about anything anymore.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

FPS: 100 <49>

Relationships of the militia commander 'Fritz' Cattendoren ltredgelut

icum Ankin Gamil	Deity
Exhtān Mekathral, Drake <Tame>	Pet
Likot Taronatis, war Giant Sparrow <Tame>	Pet
Urvad Godenteshkad, war Giant Sparrow <≡Trained≡>	Pet
Rakust Amithtulon, mayor	Friend
Thob Asēnushil, Planter	Friend
'CoraiUnki' Litastavuz, Carpenter	Passing Acquaintance
Zulban Mafoldesis, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Lor Rakusttunam, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Kel Kadolgēbar, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Logem Buhnusatīs, Peasant	Passing Acquaintance
Kivish Tōsedalāth, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance

Twenty-Four Notable Kills

Pudusteelbus the kobold, d. 51

Atu Hellgraves the goblin, d. 51

Bāx Doomedclutch the goblin, d. 51

Em Malignedlung the goblin, d. 52

Belepi the minotaur, d. 52

Sragus the kobold, d. 52

Atu Menaceveil the goblin, d. 53

Lidod Cloaksucker the Frothy-Outrage of Lancing the minotaur, d. 53

Ngokang Slothvile the goblin, d. 53

Stozu Malignedbalanced the goblin, d. 53

Stosbûb Brasshell the goblin, d. 53

Zolak Horrorpriced the human, d. 53

Bāx Scourgedog the goblin, d. 53

Osnun Hellthrow the goblin, d. 53

Throstreetbis the kobold, d. 55

Zolak Thiefshoot the goblin, d. 55

Nguslu Frostyhells the goblin, d. 55

Stozu Monsterwallowed the goblin, d. 55

Song Legendflies the goblin, d. 55

Strokofothlugis the kobold, d. 56

Stosbûb Slunktick the goblin, d. 56

Nako Raineddemon the goblin, d. 56

Utes Badfrightened the goblin, d. 56

Bāx Plaguetail the goblin, d. 56

Seventeen Other Kills

Three bobcats <♂> in Mellowglisten

Six elves <♂> in Mellowglisten

One bobcat <♀> in Mellowglisten

One giant sparrow <♂> in Brightwater

One warthog <♀> in Brightwater

Two giant sparrows <♀> in Brightwater

One giant gray langur <♀> in Brightwater

One honey badger <♂> in Brightwater

One giant bark scorpion <♀> in Brightwater

Fritz is a murder machine. Even though she seems to prefer killing goblins slowly, breaking each of their limbs in turn before killing them, she still manages to get a lot of kills.

Quote from: Poindexterity on May 13, 2012, 10:29:44 pm

OOC: did i gain any relationships at all with any of the other 4 who went down?

Strangely, no.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>		Relationships of the Miner ‘Dex’ CeroIkonos	
Deduk Kadôlstâkud, Mason		Wife	
Rigôth Tishaktobul, Dwarven Child		Only Daughter	
Guthstak Okaggodumzekrim		Deity	
Ber		Deity	
Logem Rulushsibrek, Dwarven Child		Passing Acquaintance	
Ral Mistêmmeng, manager		Passing Acquaintance	
‘Cain’ Mesirled, chief medical dwarf		Passing Acquaintance	

I guess soldiers don't socialize when on duty? At least you're familiar with Doctor Cain.

Quote from: Ashsaber on May 13, 2012, 09:18:55 pm

Requesting Ash #2. Skills: Marksman, preferably from a migrant wave. Custom Job: Professional Red Shirt.
--

Good timing, the latest migrant wave had a Ranger just ready for you.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>	‘Ash #2’ Olinlolum, “‘Ash #2’ Tongswood”, Professional Red Shirt
‘Ash #2’ Olinlolum has been happy lately. He ate a legendary meal lately. He had a nice bath recently. He has been annoyed by flies. He has been satisfied at work lately. He is a dubious worshipper of Stettad and a worshipper of Adil the Flicker of Glowing. He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 14th of Sandstone in the year 56. He has the appearance of somebody that is eighty-eight years old and is one of the first of his kind. His very short sideburns are neatly combed. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is braided. His very long hair is tied in a pony tail. He is average in size. His slightly wide-set rust eyes have very large irises. His ears are somewhat narrow. His peach skin is wrinkled. His hair is tan with flecks of gray. He is agile, but he is extremely quick to tire. ‘Ash #2’ Olinlolum likes skarn, white gold, levin opal, porcupine bone, the color mauve taupe, scepters, toy boats, sheep for their wool and giraffes for their long necks. When possible, he prefers to consume reindeer, rainbow trout, sunshine, reindeer’s milk, sun berry seeds and quarry bush leaves. He absolutely detests fire snakes. He has a shortage of patience, meager creativity and little natural inclination toward music. He can handle stress. He is very friendly. He tends to avoid crowds. He is immodest. He is completely disorganized. He needs alcohol to get through the working day. He does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.	

Cilob's Journal - aftermath of the expedition

I just now found out. One of our new dwarves, against all caution and on nobody's orders, decided to mount an expedition to explore the caverns. Good for them, I say! Sometime you just need to take a bold risk to get something done. It's been too long that the caverns have been lying there unexplored, I would have done it myself if I hadn't been so busy with my animals.

Oh, it does seem that Corai got a bit hurt, after tangling with some giant blob monster. Cain's had a look at him, and says that the injuries aren't as bad as they look.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

upper body, skin Torn open	Needs setting Smashed apart
middle spine, bone Needs setting Smashed apart	right upper arm, skin Torn open
right upper arm, skin Torn open	right upper arm, bone Needs setting Smashed apart
right upper arm, bone Needs setting Smashed apart	upper body, skin Torn open
upper body, skin Torn open	lower body, skin Torn open
lower body, skin Torn open	right lower leg, skin Torn open

He's got some broken bones, but Cain says the nerves are all intact, so he should heal completely. And lucky for him, there's no sign of infection, and the creature that attacked him didn't seem to have any kind of venom. No permanent harm done, ha ha! His treatment should be straightforward.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

upper body Needs cleaning
lower body Needs cleaning
right upper arm Needs cleaning
Needs sutures
Needs setting
Needs dressing
Needs immobilization
right lower leg Needs cleaning
middle spine Needs sutures
Needs setting
Needs dressing

Cain's been having to chase out onlookers and well-wishers, even one dwarf who tried to set up a table and chair so he could sit and watch while eating! I know they call it an operating theater, but that doesn't mean they're putting on a show for everyone.

Now, the real news of the expedition, other than a few minor issues with the cavern creatures, is the adamantine. I wish we could have kept it a secret, but that Graknorke was proclaiming to everyone what he'd found. I have mixed feelings about it. There's a real wealth of it down there, enough to completely change everything for this fortress, but I fear that mining it would distract from the real goal of this fortress: taming amazing giant creatures!

So I have some relief that Geb is not calling for mining it immediately. She outranks me, of course - I may be the Dungeon Master, but she's a Duchess now.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→Shinarel and the surrounding lands have been made a duchy.

There aren't many that can countermand her order.

We have sent the latest selection of tame animals off to the mountainhomes. I overheard Ral speaking to the traders, saying something about a 'barrel of monkeys'.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Contents:

- Stray Gray Langur Child <-Trained->
- Stray Gray Langur Child <-Trained->
- Stray Giant Gray Langur Child <+Trained+>
- Stray Giant Gray Langur Child <+Trained+>
- Stray Giant Gray Langur Child <+Trained+>
- Stray Gray Langur Child <Trained>
- Stray Gray Langur Child <Trained>
- Stray Gray Langur <-Trained->
- Stray Gray Langur <*Trained*>
- Stray Gray Langur <Semi-Wild>
- Stray Gray Langur <+Trained+>
- Stray Gray Langur <+Trained+>
- Stray Gray Langur <+Trained+>
- Stray Gray Langur <-Trained->

I told her that was silly, you can't put monkeys in a barrel without killing them first. She insists that every child in the mountainhomes will want one of these as a pet. I told her to not be so sure - I have a new animal project that may make them all change their mind once I've tamed it.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <45>

Stray Giant Hamster <≡Trained≡>

A large creature the shape of a hamster.

She is enormous yet skinny. Her hair is mottled white and brown. Her skin is tan. Her eyes are black.

I just need to get a male, and then see if we can breed them in captivity. But still, I need to remember why we are really here. The giant sparrows, the monkeys, and the giant hamsters are really just a by-catch of our main operation. The Queen sent me here to catch monsters from the ocean. And we have.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



<orca <δ> cage <lead>>

Cage Trap

Muddy conglomerate Cavern F1

Salt water [7/7]

A dusting of mud

Inside Dark Subterranean

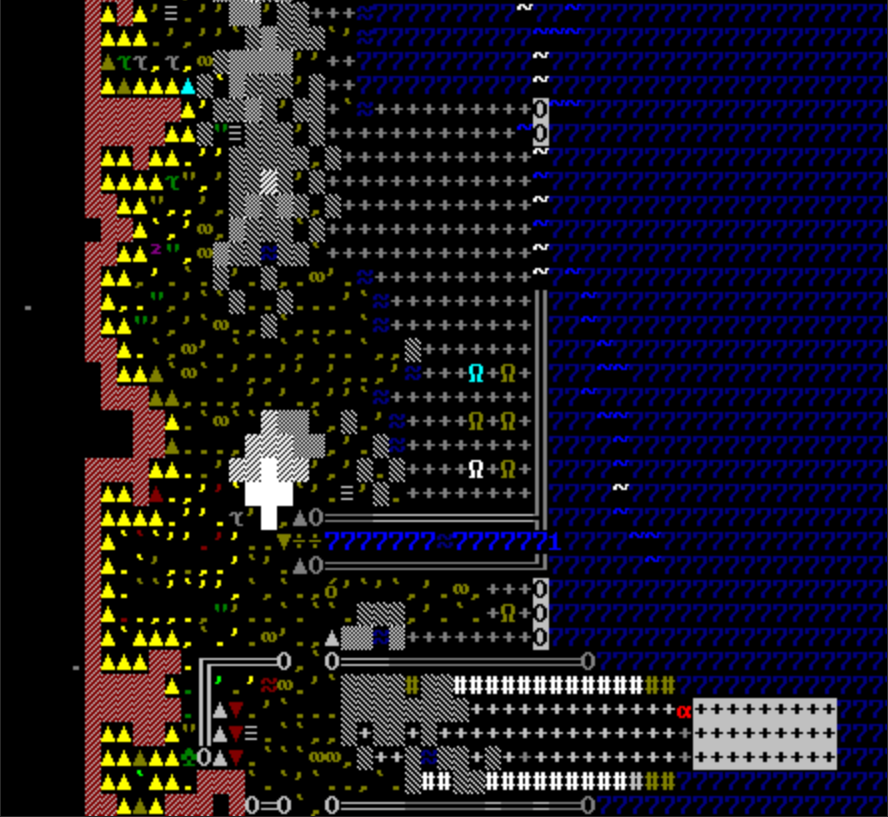
Enter: View

f: Forbid d: Dump m: Melt

ESC: Done +←→/: Scroll

Quietust's trap-chamber worked, the whale was lured in and caught in the aquatic animal-traps. The seal-gate seems to be working properly, and we have the pump working to drain the water from the chamber now.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Soon, we will find out if it is possible to tame the monsters of the deep. And even if they cannot be tamed, there are many uses we can put them to.

Throughout all the excitement, Athra continues to quietly work on his private quarters...

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Poindexterity** on **May 15, 2012, 11:26:39 pm**

So far, this is the best online RPG i've ever played, and i REALLY don't believe that was your intention with this thread. If, no, WHEN i start to treat this thread too much like one, lemme know and I'll back off.

I apologize in advance.

and on that note...

what labor have i been mostly doing with all those labors enabled?
Have Deduk or Rigoth done anything interesting?
Wouldja mind drafting Rigoth once she's old enough, giving her a scimitar, kinda light armor, and no shield? (the sword is a demanding mistress and can permit no outside affairs.)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **peregarrett** on **May 16, 2012, 04:11:50 am**

Reading this from the first. Can I get a mechanic, named Gar?

Also, IIRC to catch ocean animals you need glass cages instead of metal/wooden ones, or your captive will die as it pulled out of water... Maybe you should leave 3/7 water level there?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 16, 2012, 07:17:08 am**

Quote from: peregarrett on May 16, 2012, 04:11:50 am
Also, IIRC to catch ocean animals you need glass cages instead of metal/wooden ones, or your captive will die as it pulled out of water... Maybe you should leave 3/7 water level there?

Nope. The material which a cage is made of does not matter at all for its ability to hold a creature out of water. Trust me, I've tested this extensively. The orca are showing no signs of air-drowning, even though the water level in the chambers is below 3/7 now.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **BeserkNINJA** on **May 16, 2012, 07:19:57 am**

if its not too late can Higginbottom be swapped to a mace or axe? preferably mace in the hopes he can get more kills

oh and im glad the trap chamber worked would be cool to have a shark tank in Higginbottom's room

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Geb** on **May 16, 2012, 08:09:27 am**

The game is easy to play when you know the rules. I've done a lot of research about the laws of nobility, and so by now I know quite well what it takes to advance your position in society.

Traditionally, to become a duchess you need to perform a great service to the crown, as well as being wealthy enough to equip and maintain a body of armed soldiers. Of course, it's the duty of the monarch to decide how great the "great service" has to be. To advance, you also have to know your modern history. Nowadays, a "great service" just means a big gift, so a huge offering of weaponry to the mountainhomes proves both the loyalty and the ability to maintain an army, all in one go.

So I advance, so Brightwater gains in status. We're a duchy now.

You may ask, what was the point of all this?

Again, law and tradition. In the old days, you needed direct oversight of the king to even think about touching adamantine. Now? A high enough ranked noble can approve its use. A duchess, for example...

I will suggest preparing a tiny stock of wafers, to be stored in case anybody has a moment of creative genius.

- - -

edit - Is that other forgotten beast blocking easy access to the ore? Fighting past it seems risky...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 16, 2012, 03:22:33 pm**

Are we updating this thing to minecarts?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 16, 2012, 03:30:36 pm**

Quote from: Aseaheru on May 16, 2012, 03:22:33 pm
Are we updating this thing to minecarts?

Not anytime soon. I'd have to completely rebalance all my custom metal mods for the new mineral drop rates, and there are some bugs in the current release I'd like to see fixed before upgrading.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 16, 2012, 03:44:20 pm**

ah. ok.
hows the heaven-metal going?

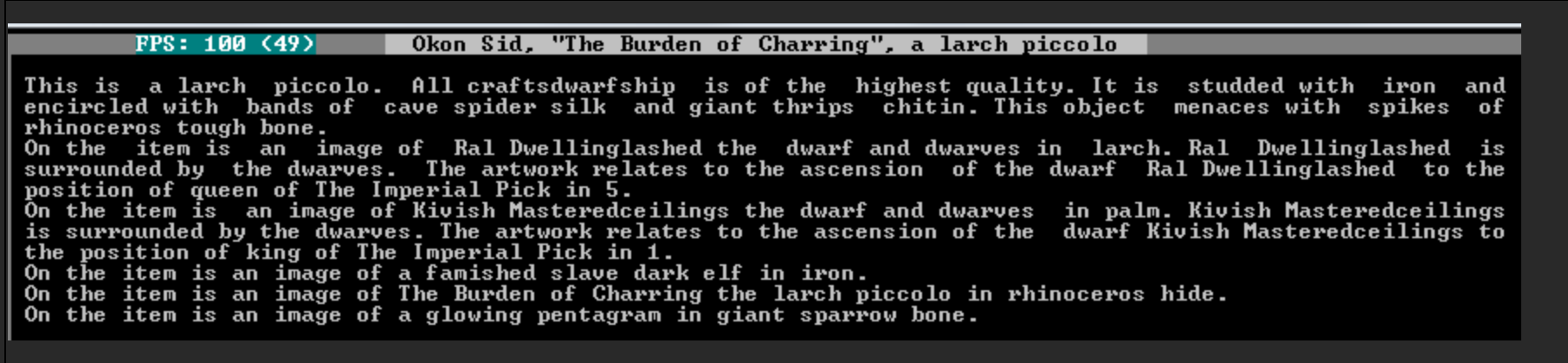
Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **May 16, 2012, 04:04:27 pm**

About the metals-has my dwarf already made some metal crafts or still hauling-and-stuff worker?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **StLeibowitz** on **May 16, 2012, 06:52:47 pm**

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
Well, I'm back from the realm of testing. Time to write a catch-up journal! Also,

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 08, 2012, 08:59:21 pm



Hell yeah, Saint built a satanic Piccolo of Summoning! Tremble, cave dwellers, before its uselessness! TREMBLE!

Journal of Saint, entry 7

Ran out of space on the last set of stone tablets, and I wasn't high enough on the priority list to receive new ones. This is outrageous! I am the sole chef in this salty mudhole capable of producing lard roasts so fine, even ELVES would purchase them! I am a cornerstone of what passes for an economy in this duchy! Yet somehow, they couldn't find it in their stony little hearts to provide me with rocks on which to carve runes. Were I not such a loyal and even-tempered fellow, certain bean-counters would find an interesting new flavor in their lard (note to self: when will they realize my secret ingredients for the production of lard roasts are just (here, the runes have been scratched away) and liberal application of (more scratching))

Some dwarf - Garock? Garnock? - led an expedition into the underworld recently. Fools scared away the only potentially useful dweller of the deep (I feel we will be seeing him again soon) and found a giant living snowball in its place. The thing managed to somehow crush that damned elf-loving Corai, who seems to somehow have enough presence of mind left after being nearly rolled over to death to want to keep the adamantine vein they found a secret (note: mix something to help him shut up while asleep - and awake, perhaps? Maybe some extracts of the fungal trees I saw down in the caverns). Can't say I disagree. Cilob is too reckless; that duchess is even worse, and I discovered she wants to excavate a store of wafers (note: remove shoes when "investigating" others' quarters - that was too close.). I've seen what the Adamantine Fever can do to a dwarf, and if we start mining the stuff the miners will not be able to stop. Maybe speak with that recluse down below about caving in the area around the vein, just to keep it intact.

No record of my stay here could be complete without mention of my masterwork, though! Many of the others looked puzzled about the designs I chose to etch into it, some even remarking on my fertile imagination, but with the combind travel experience of two lives on two worlds I know better. My attempt at Troglodyte Runemaster work seemed spectacularly successful, but only a certain piece performed by a master musician should be able to release the spirit I trapped in the pentacle.

I fear my grasp on this reality is slipping, though. Some nights, I have dreams far realer than should be possible, that seem interminable. Whatever the cause, I hope I can at least base my consciousness in this realm - Brightwater has become far too interesting of a fortress to leave...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **FritzPL** on **May 18, 2012, 12:10:05 am**

refresh

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Dante** on **May 18, 2012, 06:21:10 am**

Posting to watch.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 18, 2012, 07:37:45 pm**

Niceness

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **May 19, 2012, 08:05:58 am**

You should make it a goal to make sacrifice siegers to the sea life. I tried to have war whales once, but it didn't work out so well.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 19, 2012, 12:38:34 pm**

do swordfish make good sword users? :P

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 19, 2012, 12:41:43 pm**

Hows the candy? Got any taffy made yet? Or gummy-worms?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 19, 2012, 12:45:30 pm**

what kind of candy? the metal kind or the cavity kind?

on another note,
GUMMYWOMS

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 19, 2012, 11:39:31 pm**

The aftermath of the expedition...

Corai's injuries, severe though they seemed at first, were dealt with by Doctor Cain in record time. Months of treating Rakush had left the doctor with great experience in cleaning and closing wounds. Corai never showed any signs of infection, being cleaned with Jacen's finest giant thrips soap within moments of reaching the hospital. One broken bone did present a novel challenge to the doctor.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
24th Moonstone, 56: Had middle spine set
- 'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf

The delicate job was performed expertly, with no injury to the nervous tissue. Corai walked out of the hospital with no loss of feeling or motor control. His first act was, of course, to grab a good stiff drink.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
A screenshot from the game Dwarf Fortress. On the left is a map showing a complex of buildings and terrain. On the right is a character's skill list for 'CoraiUnki' Litastavuz, a carp. The skills listed are: Drink, Dabbling Axedwarf, Dabbling Shield User, Dabbling Armor User, Dabbling Fighter, Dabbling Wrestler, Dabbling Dodger, Great Wood Cutter, Legendary Carpenter, Dabbling Trapper, and Dabbling Grower. Below the skills are some status indicators: c: Combat, b: Labor, m: Misc, g: Gen, i: Inv, p: Prf, w: Wnd, z: St, and ESC: Done.

His second act was to grab an axe and run around warning against the dangers of the depths to anyone who would listen. Unfortunately for Corai, most of the longer-term residents had developed strong mental blocks against his voice. His warnings went mostly unheeded.

Which is not to say that there were no precautions taken at all.

In the weeks following the expedition, Cilob met with an anonymous mason, with an unusual request. Make me a door, he asked. Make it with whatever decorations, spikes of this and bands of that, that you like. On this door, put images of the most terrifying and unpleasant things, images that will keep any dwarf from wanting to look inside it. But most of all, and this is the important thing, build me a door that will keep back the monsters of the deeps.

The mason complied, of course. Through fey means he couldn't describe and could never reproduce, he made a door that would be impervious to even the most horrible demon or forgotten beast. And on the door, to keep the curious as bay, he made the image of some horrid monsters he had heard described in a story one. And then, between the harrier brutes, for those who were not scared away by demons, he made the image of an elf.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
FPS: 112 <49>
Arrosduz, "Throwsmeared", a diorite door
This is a diorite door. All craftsmdwarfship is of the highest quality. It is decorated with giant cave spider silk. This object is adorned with hanging rings of acacia and menaces with spikes of amazonite, fine pewter and warthog leather. On the item is an image of gizzard stones in diorite. On the item is an image of a elf in warthog leather. On the item is an image of two harrier brutes in warthog leather.

Erush Fatheggut, Genius Clothsdwarf, was increasingly disappointed in this 'asbestos' cloth. At first he had been fascinated. A thread derived from stone, like the fabled Adamantine, but made from a common stone rather than the pillars of hell. To be the first dwarf to make a masterpiece from this material was just the kind of thing he couldn't resist.

When his beloved Geb told him about it, he had rushed down to Alpha Labs, to the asbestos loom, where crushed stone was being made into thread. He had endured the irritating fibers drifting through the air as he watched the loom at work.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
Asbestos Loom
diorite [B]
rope reed fiber bag
-rope reed fiber bag-
asbestos thread TSK
rope reed fiber bag
asbestos thread TSK
+rope reed fiber bag+
asbestos thread
(«*pikeskin bag*»)
asbestos thread

As soon as enough thread was ready, he had taken a spool of the asbestos up to his personal loom to weave it into cloth.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Erush Fatheggut, clothesdwar
"Erush Sackgullies"
Creator of Remilul Limulkal.

Weave Thread into Cloth
Adequate Fish Cleaner (Rusty)
Proficient Weaver
Legendary Clothier
Dabbling Grower
Skilled Wood Burner (U Rusty)
Novice Persuader
Novice Negotiator
Novice Judge of Intent
Novice Intimidator
Novice Conversationalist

Loom

conglomerate [B]
asbestos cloth TSK
asbestos thread TSK

But gradually, as he wove enough cloth to start trying to weave it, his enthusiasm began to wane. The resulting weave of asbestos fibers was heavy, scratchy, and brittle. It lacked the strength of pig tails, the smoothness of silk, or the warmth of wool. It was too stiff to be made into gloves or pants, too heavy for a decent shirt. The only strength it had was being nearly impervious to heat or flame - though even there it was not quite as durable as adamantine was said to be. Perhaps if someone needed fireproof mittens it would do, but otherwise he could see little use for the material.

Eventually he tired of trying to make anything useful of it. Setting aside the asbestos cloth and thread, he turned back to more productive work.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Erush Fatheggut has created a masterpiece!

FPS: 100 <47> *giant cave spider silk right glove*

This is a masterful giant cave spider silk right glove created by Erush Fatheggut. It is made from giant cave spider silk cloth.

Athra's quarters gleamed, at least as well as anything could gleam in the darkness this far beneath the surface. The diorite walls and floors had been polished smooth, with streaks of cassiterite and white marble running across the bedroom, and clusters of smoky quartz and red zircon glittering in the walls of the dining room and foyer.

It was still a little plain. The walls needed decoration. He reached into his trousers pocket and pulled out the simple stone and metal chisels he'd made.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



'Athra' Udibenôr, Miner
"Athra' Syrupblue"
8

Detail Wall
Adequate Miner (Rusty)
Dabbling Carpenter
Adequate Engraver
Adequate Mason (Rusty)
Novice Grower (Rusty)
Talented Persuader
Talented Negotiator
Talented Judge of Intent
Talented Intimidator
Talented Comedian

c: Combat b: Labor m: Misc
g:Gen i:Inv p:Prf w:Wnd z:St
ESC: Done

Now was the time he could really get creative.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Engraved on the wall is a well-designed image of burning staircases by 'Athra' Udibenôr.

... and just let his mind wander.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Engraved on the wall is a well-designed image of two desecrated altars by 'Athra' Udibenôr.

End of year address. Cilob stands on a cage in the dining room, addressing the handful of dwarves who bothered to attend.

"My fellow dwarves! I can't tell you how glad I am to see you all here. We have had an eventful year, and it pleases me to see so many of you alive and uninjured."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

City Shinarel, "Brightwater" FPS: 100 <42> 1st Granite, 57, Early Spring

Animals	Kitchen	Stone	Stocks	Health	Justice
---------	---------	-------	--------	--------	---------

Created Wealth: 2142942* Population: 112

Weapons: 67713*

Armor and Garb: 191091*

Furniture: 266990*

Other Objects: 819673*

Architecture: 379833*

Displayed: 261085*

Held/Worn: 156557*

Imported Wealth: 334369*

Exported Wealth: 338152*

Food Stores: 8176

Meat 401 Seeds 1192

Fish 31 Drink 3266

Plant 396 Other 2890

Miners 7

Woodworkers 5

Stoneworkers 8

Rangers 6

Metalsmiths 6

Jewelers 1

Craftsdwarves 7

Nobles/Admins 12

Peasants 7

Dwarven Childrn 29

Fishery Workers 5

Farmers 16

Engineers 3

Trained Animals A 89

Other Animals A 128

Axedwarves None

Axe Lords None

Swordsdwarves None

Swordmasters None

Macedwarves None

Mace Lords None

Hammerdwarves None

Hammer Lords None

Spearwarves None

Spearmasters None

Marksdwarves None

Elite Mrksdwrvs None

Wrestlers None

Elite Wrestlers None

Recruit/Others None

"Tragically, we did have one death this year. Ash the Marksdwarf, who gave his life to defend against an attack by goblins earlier this

year. Fortunately, one of our new immigrants has stepped up to take his place, as soon as he can get his gear together."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Ash #2' Olinlolum, Professional Red Shirt cancels Pickup Equipment: Equipment mismatch.

"I'm sure you all have heard about the wonderful expedition that our Champion Graknorke and four others took into the caverns this year. Now, I know it's impossible to keep the news of the Adamantine from all of you. I have been asked by many of you if any of it has been mined yet, or if not, how soon will it be? Well, I have to say that it's Geb's decision first of all. And I can ssure you, neither her or I intend to do anything that would endanger the fortress and everyone who lives within it."

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



"Besides which, this isn't a mining fortress. Oh, we might have mineral wealth here in abundance, but we mine it only to help with the primary task of this fortress. Catching and taming exotic animals - especially those from the ocean."

Cilob gestures down at the cage he is standing on, a cage which is implausibly stuffed full of orca whale.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Orca <♂> Cage <lead>
<orca <♂> cage <lead>> [B]

"I haven't yet figured out how to tame this thing, and I'm not even sure it's going to be possible. Don't ask me how it's managing to breathe in this thing, either. But even if it can't be tamed, there are methods I've developed to breed hostile aquatic creatures - assuming we can catch a female."

"And there are females out there - I saw a pod swimming past just the other day. Many more creatures in the depths, too. Quietust's trap-chamber is filled up and working again, we hope to have a second one finished in the upcoming year, and as our fisherdwarves can tell you the fishing pier is working quite well. We've started work on a second pier down south. So I hope everyone here likes seafood - though with the way the giant sparrows have been breeding, there's plenty else available if you don't."

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming
Post by: Corai on May 19, 2012, 11:45:19 pm

Woohoo! Im not dead!

Cain, you keep your manlihood for now. >.> <.< >.>.

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming
Post by: Poindexterity on May 20, 2012, 05:00:11 am

What labor have i mostly been doing since i got back?

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming
Post by: Aseaheru on May 20, 2012, 01:00:25 pm

muhaha!

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming
Post by: Sphalerite on May 20, 2012, 08:14:52 pm

Quote from: Poindexterity on May 20, 2012, 05:00:11 am
What labor have i mostly been doing since i got back?

A little mining, a little masonry, a few minor hauling jobs ... and a bit of labor for a top secret research project at Alpha Labs.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Just don't drink any.

Title: Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming
Post by: Jarod Cain on May 20, 2012, 11:35:38 pm

Ah mercury, sweetest of the transition metals.
-J-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **dirkdragonslayer** on **May 21, 2012, 07:02:01 am**

i've read this from the start, its great. can you get me a list of dorfs or childrens.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **StLeibowitz** on **May 21, 2012, 05:58:18 pm**

Journal of Saint, entry 8

I've taken to wandering the hallways of Brightwater at night. It keeps the lapses I experience in sleep, the interminable dreams and periods of conscious blackness, relegated to the nether regions of my memory. Often, I grow bored of my night patrols, and then must find new ways to stave off sleep. Many forget to lock their rooms while asleep (or awake, for that matter), and I can slip in to peruse records and familiarize myself with potential hiding places, should the fortress fall. There is one room I have been unable to enter, however; the domain of Athra Syrupblue.

In my insomniac wanderings, tonight I stumbled across the door to his chambers. To my surprise, it was open a crack; dim light spilled from the gap between frame and stone. I recalled the earlier meeting, the one where Cilob had condemned us to our doom by all but announcing we would be mining the accursed metal soon; the EL and duchess had to be stopped, and soon, if Brightwater were to survive. I pushed open the door.

Inside, Athra was etching designs into the walls of his spacious complex, images that could only have been inspired by foreknowledge of what would happen if the vein was breached - desecrated altars, flaming architecture - and I was encouraged; perhaps he already had his own plans! Regardless, I spoke with him, outlining his part in the plan - since he already posessed experience in mining, causing a cave-in or three to slow the progress of the pro-adamantine crowd should be easy! Maybe even erect a few walls, to direct a deep-dweller or two to stand as sentinels over the adamantium, warding off dwarven ambitions. He gave no response, and I'm not sure whether he would play his part, but at least he has been made aware of the dangers.

addendum: As I was passing the entrance to the caverns, I heard rustling in the depths of the darkness. I will investigate further at a later date.

We're brewing *what*? I hope that brew never goes anywhere near my dorf...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **May 21, 2012, 06:57:23 pm**

Journal of Fishybang, new entry 1

Well hi journal after i found out someone was reading my old journal i had to through it into the ocean, And i just got time to get another. Anyway a few nights ago i woke up to the strangest noise, Shuffling in my room! I didnt move incase it was a goblin or kobold, after a few minuits I herd my door creep open and then close. Thats when i grabed my shelf and swung but there was nobody there and nothing gone, it was the weirdest thing. Anyway now im going to ask around to see if anyone else has been hearing the same things, ill get to the bottem of this.

OCC: Hey sphalerite can i see my stats and friends?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **zomara0292** on **May 21, 2012, 07:24:22 pm**

Spoiler: There was a strangely crafted parchment tacked to Cilob's door. it was not made of cloth, nor leather, nor any soft material. It is finely crafted, and made of a gray stone. The words are well crafted using a red gem. It menaces with spikes of a white gem. it is bound tight with bands of a copper colored stone. (click to show/hide)
Quote from: Note left on Cilob's office door

Warning. There is danger underground. I will not tell why I know this, but, I will give you a wise recommendation. Air locks. Multiple seals to keep out strange and horrible beast that we can handle. There should be two per level. each one open and closed by levers located on the level above. trust me ans save my life. Don't, and condemn me to a slow death.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **zomara0292** on **May 21, 2012, 07:27:41 pm**

When looking around, Athra noticed that he was missing a few things. Some stones from him digging out his first room, some gems he had happened to find in his dig, and a copper ore he was going to use in a project. "Meh." He sighed, shaking it off as another strange event, and went back to drawing things into the wall. Things he saw in his dreams.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Poindexterity** on **May 21, 2012, 08:14:53 pm**

From the journal of Dex

-Wow, that was some LUCK! Not only did we not get devoured down there, but we found adamantine! Surely, i thought as we walked back up the stairs, all the adoration from my fellow dwarves will make Deduk forget about how angry she is that i left without consulting her. Well, as it turns out, there was NO adoration to come. I'm still just as nameless and faceless as i was before this expedition. The good news is that Deduk didn't even notice I was gone. The letter was right where i left it. Is that good news? My own wife doesn't give a rats ass about my whereabouts. Sometimes I think she only married me to fulfill her dreams of having a great swordsdwarf for a child. Eh, back to work. I don't know if im supposed to talk about what's going on down in alpha lab, but they ALWAYS make sure my gloves are in tip top shape when I'm working down there.

Hi diary! Me and Cuddles, my pet cavy, went on a expedition to the caverns! I only went so I could convice them not to go, but then I ended up going with them. And also, caverns are worse then I thought. We saw some...thing when we first arrived, then we found the fabled bluemetal. I actually considered murder to avoid them from telling the rest of the fort, but I couldnt do it. But now Cilob and Geb knows about it, Geb has far to much respect for Cilob to turn down a request for mining it, and Cilob is insane. I also spent some time in the hospital, I got attacked. People have been giving me odd-faces recently, especially the ones that are open-minded about digging that demon metal. I need to find other people against mining bluemetal.

-Love, Corai.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **exolyx** on **May 21, 2012, 09:34:17 pm**

I might as well write something.

-journal of Kylin#1-

Since everyone seems to be writing these ~~diaries~~ journals, I might as well make my own as well. I've been watching doctor Cain work, it's certainly fascinating. I don't even understand how he fixed up that spine, but other than that I've been contemplating the adamantine that was recently discovered. I've heard of it before from books and legends. I hope one day I can see it for myself, The majestic blue spire, the precious metal shining with unknown light from beyond, the incredible stiffness. I wonder what it feels like, I suspect it would feel cold, as if that is required for it to exist. But these are just simple speculations. I suppose that will conclude this ~~diary~~ journal entry for today.

It's a journal, not a diary, I swear.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **wsoxfan** on **May 21, 2012, 11:31:59 pm**

I just caught up with this, could you dorf me as an animal trainer? I want a crack at training a whale. 8) I enjoy the fortresses that aren't purely militarily based.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **May 22, 2012, 05:27:44 am**

Entry in Count's dairy, without date.
Okay, i have a little plan what to do next. As soon as duchess or dungeon master do not even think to avoid of any contact with this blue death, i have to stop being so passive. First, i'd visit this dwarf Corai as he lately was there and he one o a very few sane people here. Well, this kobold lover at least some popular here and it will be easier to reach others minds and lobby prohibition or restriction on adamantine development. Second, i'll demand to have some mail or cuirass and sword and train to use it! I gotta be prepared, for the sake of my daughter! This time i don't let things happen by themself!

OOC:So, if it's possible, i ask to give my dwarf some armor and sword and put him to active/training state without schedule(as i remember responsible dwarfes in this state anyway train by themself time to time).

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Quietust** on **May 22, 2012, 01:37:38 pm**

Journal entry, year 58

Cilob's trap chamber design has turned out to be just as effective as I had expected - a whale the size of an elephant is an excellent first catch. I'm looking forward to setting up the next trap chamber, and I've been thinking up some potential improvements to the overall design.

For the next chamber, though, I hope Cilob will remember to have the mechanisms and cages stockpiled right next to the building sites - walking all the way to the furniture stockpiles and back is tiring. If the others would be willing to contribute a small bit of their time bringing the mechanisms and cages to me in advance, I could get the next set of traps built and loaded in a fraction of the time.

(after all, I *am* impatient and quick to tire, and I don't like doing more work than necessary)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **ObeseHelmet** on **May 22, 2012, 03:38:51 pm**

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 19, 2012, 11:39:31 pm
And then, between the harrier brutes, for those who were not scared away by demons, he made the image of an elf.

In character: *NOOO! BLASPHEMY!*

OOC: What? Why would an elf scare anyone? They are armed with wood. Good luck getting killed by that even if you tried.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **zomara0292** on **May 22, 2012, 04:12:08 pm**

Quote from: ObeseHelmet on May 22, 2012, 03:38:51 pm
Quote from: Sphalerite on May 19, 2012, 11:39:31 pm
And then, between the harrier brutes, for those who were not scared away by demons, he made the image of an elf.

In character: *NOOO! BLASPHEMY!*

OOC: What? Why would an elf scare anyone? They are armed with wood. Good luck getting killed by that even if you tried.
I have killed a human as an elf, with a wooden sword. and may splinters. many many splinters.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **May 22, 2012, 05:08:19 pm**

Just FYI Fishybang hates adamantine for what it did to corai.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 22, 2012, 07:28:56 pm**

Quote from: zomara0292 on May 22, 2012, 04:12:08 pm
Quote from: ObeseHelmet on May 22, 2012, 03:38:51 pm
Quote from: Sphalerite on May 19, 2012, 11:39:31 pm
And then, between the harrier brutes, for those who were not scared away by demons, he made the image of an elf.

In character: *NOOO! BLASPHEMY!*

OOC: What? Why would an elf scare anyone? They are armed with wood. Good luck getting killed by that even if you tried.
I have killed a human as an elf, with a wooden sword. and may splinters. many many splinters.

Once, in kobold camp, one crippled elf with a wooden spear downed thirty kobolds before getting a head-shot from a bowbold.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 22, 2012, 08:55:59 pm**

Quote from: dirkdragonslayer on May 21, 2012, 07:02:01 am

I've read this from the start, its great. can you get me a list of dorfs or childrens.

All of them? Okay:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Code: [Select]

Founing seven:
Phenix Esdorbomrek, Miner (claimed by Phenixmirage)
Cain Mesirled, Chief Medical Dwarf (claimed by Jaron Cain)
CoraiUnki Litastavux, Carpenter (claimed by Corai)
Fishybang Onulibruk, Engraver (claimed by Fishybang)
Cilob Amudaban, Founder (claimed by Sphalerite)
Will_Tuna Edemkadol, Farmer (claimed by Will_Tuna)
Argel Dodokzalud, Farmer (claimed by Argenflirth)

The Family:

Children of General Reg (not present) and King Kivish (not present, deceased):
Fath Laratis, Female Miner
Wife of Quietust Keludar
Udil Inethtiles, deceased

Children of Nish Lolordallith (not present) and Onul Rimtarvush (not present):
Cog Agasob, Female Miner
Wife of Rovod Berdanurist
Maxmurder Ellesttekkud, Male Miner (Claimed by Maxmurder)
Husband of Mafol Serurdim
ObeseHelmet Zuntirlimar, Male Herbalist (Claimed by ObeseHelmet)
Husband of Stukos Avuzzedot
Urdim Uzolmonang, Male Farmer
Husband of Avuz Amkinetur
Etur Lorbuket, deceased

Children of Il Rulnil (not present, deceased) and (Melbil Ilraltolun, deceased)
Quietust Keludar, Male Mechanic (claimed by Quietust)
Husband of Fath Laratis
Stukos Avuzzedot, Female Mechanic
Wife of ObeseHelmet Zuntirlimar

Children of Fikod Othiledem (not present) and Melbil Ozorushrir (not present)
Avuz Amkinetur, Female Mason
Wife of Urdim Uzolmonang
Dodok Amdomas, Female Fisherddwarf
Graknorke Kadolfeb, Male Mason (claimed by Graknorke)
Item Sakrithdatan, Female Peasant

Children of Stukost Avuzzedot and ObeseHelmet Zuntirlimar:
Mafol Serurdim, Female Miner
Wife of Risen Ellesttekkud
Rovod Berdanurist, Male Mason
Husband of Cog Agasob
Mosus Mosusid, Female Fisherddwarf
Wife of Higginbottom III Unibbomrek
Kylin Dolekendok, Male Farmer (claimed by exolyx)
Husband of Etur Toolquick (deceased)

Udil Delerorshar, Female Farmer
Wife of Domas Tobulkulin
Alath Athellogem, Female Militia Captain
Wife of Dastot Flaggate (deceased)
Obok Shigosineth, Male Child
Zefon Kikrostsokan, Female Peasant
Kivish Tosedalath, Female Child
Erith Thikutadag, Male Child
Zasit Cilobsolon, Male Baby

Children of Cog Agasob and Rovod Berdanurist:
Thob Asenushil, Female Farmer
Rakust Amithtulon, Female Mayor
Mestthos Oddombecor, Female Child
Athra Udibenor, Male Miner (claimed by zomara0292)
Rakust Gesisfikod, Female Child/eternal medical patient
Cog Itebkadol, Female Baby

Children of Mafol Serurdim and Risen Ellesttekkud:
Logem Bubnusatis, Male Peasant
Likot Alathneth, Female Child
Datan Gusilnokgol, Male Child
Lor Rakusttumam, Female Child
Sibrek Desisathel, Male Child

Children of Fath Laratis and Quietust Keludar:
Higginbottom III Unibbomrek, Male Mason (claimed by BeserkNINJA)
Husband of Mosus Mosusid
Zulban Mafoldesis, Female Child
Phones Delerled, Male Captain Of The Guard (claimed by Phones)
Rimtar Ralrodin, Female Child
Aban Berthorthith, Male Child
Amost Athelarak, Male Baby
plus four others not present at Brightwater

Children of Higginbottom III Unibbomrek and Mosus Mosusid:
Erush Fatheggut, Male Clothesdwarf
Lover of Geb Mozibducem
Rachel Itebozka, Female Gem Cutter (claimed by dhokarena56)
Ash Tobulkulin, Male Marksddwarf (claimed by Ashsaber)
Husband of Udil Delerorshar
Sigun Uzolamas, Female Mason
Dumat Rutodshorast, Male Child
Ilral Kinemas, Female Child
Udil Vushavuz, Female Child
Logem Rulushsibrek, Male Child
Stukos Iluloltar, Female Child

Children of Avuz Amkinetur and Urdim Uzolmonang:
Goden Geberith, Male Peasant
Sarvesh Deleram, Female Child
Kel Kadolgebar, Female Child
Bomrek Likotkegeth, Female Baby
Udib Unaldumat, Male Child

Children of Etur Lorbuket (deceased) and Bomrek Dolkendok:
Adil Uzololin, Male Child
Tulon Taranvabok, Female Child
Rith Letmoskib, Female Child
Sigun Komanmedtob, Female Peasant

Child of Udil Delerorshar and Domas Tobulkulin:
Tun Absammafol, Male Child

Child of Alath Athellogem and Dastot Solonidod (not present, deceased)
Geb Mozibducem, Baroness (claimed by Geb)
Lover of Erush Fatheggut

Not part of the Family:
Dex Cerolkonos, Male Miner (claimed by Pointdexterity)
Husband of Deduk Kadolstakud
Deduk Kadolstakud, Female Mason
Wife of ZaneG Cerolkonos
Fritz Cattendoren Itredgelut, Female Militia Commander (claimed by FritzPL)
Ral Mistemmeng, Female Manager
Domas Egullok, Wallpotdwarf (claimed by Aseaheru)
Alkemia Athammedtob, Animal Caretaker (claimed by Alkhemia)
Simon McWhale Stukosgasol, Armorer (claimed by simonthedwarf)

Saint Tridkonos, Monk Errant (claimed by StLeibowitz)
Weiss Ironcage Tanuzol, Planter (claimed by empfan)
Daenyth Olinrodem, Hammerdwarf (claimed by Daenyth)
Jacen Sazirrubal, Soap Crusader (claimed by JacenHanLovesLegos)
Ceilan Enasrigoth, Swordsdwarf (claimed by Pandemix)
Va'al Oddomnazom, Recruit (claimed by Lupusater)
Vucar Adaskeskal, Female Beekeeper
Iteb Ralukurdim, Female Animal Trainer
Iden Ushulmomuz, Female Hunter
Moldath Imushilun, Male Trader
Amost Areltun, Male Trader
Boss Man Gimsigun, Male Trader (claimed by 3man75)
Zefon Kivishkegeth, Male Trader
Iteth Tathurrall, Female Trader
Kulet Asobamkol, Female Planter
Deler Kubukud, Female Peasant
Avuz Udeshdastot, Male Siege Operator
Kadol Solamlogem, Male Woodcrafter
Count Ostarmedtob, Male Lye Maker (claimed by CountAlex)
Fikod Amostrazes, Female Wax Worker
Mistem Sazirelis, Female Surgeon
Unib Dumatnish, Male Potash Maker
Dakost Othilrovod, Female Woodcutter
Deler Oslanbomrek, Female Armorer
Rakust Niltosed, female Blacksmith
Zan Itredsazir, female Potash Maker
Ezum Tatloshmosus, Male Trader
Shem Limulalnis, Female Weaver
Happythoughts Zegasen, Male Metalcrafter (claimed by MrHappyface)
Zaneg Luzatedem, Female Mason
Aira Tholalath, Female Trader (claimed by Sappho)
Id Othoslorbam, Male Clothier
Etur Okiloddom, Female Fish Cleaner
Erib Bersterus, Female Fish Cleaner
Athel Amemsazir, Female Trader
Nil Keldakost, female Tanner
Erib Olinlolum, male Ranger
As Geshuddeleth, Male Animal Dissector

Child of Zaneg Cerolkonos and Deduk Kadolstakud:
Rigoth Tishaktobul, Female Child

Child of Urist Ostarmedtob:
Tobul Morulsuvas, Female Child

Quote from: Fishybang on May 21, 2012, 06:57:23 pm

OCC: Hey sphalerite can i see my stats and friends?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 105 <49>

'Fishybang' ònulibruk has been quite content lately. She was irritated by the sun lately. She slept in a great bedroom recently. She has been satisfied at work lately. She has complained of hunger lately. She had a fine drink lately.
She is romantically involved with 'CoraiUnki' Torchmines. She is a worshipper of Guthstak the Bloated Mucous Snot and a casual worshipper of Ber.
She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 1st of Granite in the year 51.
She has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-nine years old and is one of the first of her kind.
She is weak. Her rust eyes have very large irises. Her hair is clean-shaven. Her somewhat tall ears are somewhat narrow. Her skin is peach.
She is indefatigable and agile, but she is very weak.
'Fishybang' ònulibruk likes selenite, black bronze, bone opal, green glass, beak dog leather, ibex horn, battle axes, armor stands, cows for their haunting moos, emu men for their inquisitive nature and blade weed for their stiff, triangular leaves. When possible, she prefers to consume scup and whip wine. She absolutely detests mosquitos.
She has a boundless creative imagination, great analytical abilities and very good intuition, but she has a questionable spatial sense, an iffy sense for music, a little difficulty with words, a very bad sense of empathy and really poor focus.
She is often nervous. She appreciates art and natural beauty. She tends not to openly express emotions. She is open-minded to new ideas. She is trusting. She is candid and sincere in dealings with others. She inhales sharply when she is angry. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

'Fishybang' ònulibruk, Engraver
"'Fishybang' Mirroredashes"
Creator of Fathalis Otsus Orrun, ♀

Drink
Adequate Miner
Legendary Engraver
Skilled Mason <U Rusty>
Dabbling Grower
Talented Mechanic
Competent Building Designer <Rusty>
Novice Persuader <Rusty>
Novice Negotiator
Novice Judge of Intent <Rusty>
Novice Intimidator <Rusty>
Competent Building Designer <Rusty>
Novice Persuader <Rusty>
Novice Negotiator
Novice Judge of Intent <Rusty>
Novice Intimidator <Rusty>
Novice Conversationalist <Rusty>
Novice Comedian
Novice Consoler <Rusty>
Novice Pacifier <Rusty>

FPS: 100 <49>

Relationships of the Engraver 'Fishybang' ònulibruk

'CoraiUnki' Litastavuz, Carpenter
Guthstak Okaggodumzekrim
Ber
Logem Uolaltobul, war Giant Sparrow <Tame>
Feb Tulonusen, war Giant Sparrow <Tame>
Cilob Amudaban, Founder
'Cain' Mesirled, chief medical dwarf
'Argel' Dodókkalud, Farmer
'Phenix' Esdorbomrek, Miner
'Will Tuna' Edèmkadôl, Farmer
èrith Thîkutadag, Dwarven Child
Logem Rulushsibrek, Dwarven Child
Zaneg Luzatedëm, Mason
Uucar Adaskeskal, Beekeeper
Kulet Asobamkol, Planter
Moldath Imushilun, Trader

Lover
Deity
Deity
Pet
Pet
Friend
Friend
Friend
Friend
Long-term Acquaintance
Passing Acquaintance
Passing Acquaintance
Passing Acquaintance
Passing Acquaintance
Passing Acquaintance
Passing Acquaintance

Datan Gusilnokgol, Dwarven Child
Rigòth Tishaktobul, Dwarven Child

Passing Acquaintance
Passing Acquaintance

Quote from: wsoxfan on May 21, 2012, 11:31:59 pm

I just caught up with this, could you dorf me as an animal trainer? I want a crack at training a whale. 8) I enjoy the fortresses that aren't purely militarily based.

Do you care about the gender? I can give you Iteb Ralukurdim, female, former outpost liaison and animal trainer.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Ahsaber** on **May 22, 2012, 09:57:54 pm**

So red shirt I can't even get my gear together. Awesome. :D

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **wsoxfan** on **May 22, 2012, 11:15:26 pm**

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 22, 2012, 08:55:59 pm

Quote from: wsoxfan on May 21, 2012, 11:31:59 pm

I just caught up with this, could you dorf me as an animal trainer? I want a crack at training a whale. 8) I enjoy the fortresses that aren't purely militarily based.

Do you care about the gender? I can give you Iteb Ralukurdim, female, former outpost liaison and animal trainer.

Not at all. I'll take Iteb, could you rename her to Iteb McSock?
(don't look at me like that. Everyone knows that Socks are the dwarfiest items every made).

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **StLeibowitz** on **May 23, 2012, 05:05:11 pm**

What're Saint's stats looking like right now? Friends, abilities, occupation...any mining or mechanical experience, in particular?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrnGold** on **May 23, 2012, 09:59:38 pm**

I started reading a few days ago. Try not to spoil anything, but...are there dwarves that haven't been claimed, and if so, which ones? A dwarf who was born in Brightwater but is an adult or near it would be ideal, if one exists. Other than that...someone who hasn't been claimed, ideally without too much interesting about them (except royal lineage, that'd probably be neat, although of course not needed), so I can try and create his/her personality out of whole cloth.

If it's not too much trouble, I'd like a short list of any remaining dwarves, with name and a sentence or two describing skills, preferences, etc. Thanks if you do, Sphalerite!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 24, 2012, 02:58:06 am**

I vote that Erush is set aside and unable to be dorfed, he integrated into the fortress's story so far. Plus the name is flipping epic.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 25, 2012, 02:50:29 pm**

may i see my dwarves stats, thoughts, etc?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 25, 2012, 03:02:14 pm**

My apologies for not having had time to work on the fortress this week, some emergency life stuff came up that has been keeping me completely occupied. I should be able to get back to it this weekend.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Dermonster** on **May 25, 2012, 03:03:06 pm**

Can I get a dwarf, perchance?

I don't really care what, as long as his name is Derm and he has a position that gets mentioned often.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrnGold** on **May 25, 2012, 03:33:27 pm**

Quote from: Sphalerite on May 25, 2012, 03:02:14 pm

My apologies for not having had time to work on the fortress this week, some emergency life stuff came up that has been keeping me completely occupied. I should be able to get back to it this weekend.

It's completely understandable.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **May 25, 2012, 03:41:49 pm**

Quote from: Corai on May 24, 2012, 02:58:06 am

I vote that Erush is set aside and unable to be dorfed, he integrated into the fortress's story so far. Plus the name is flipping epic.

I second this motion!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Daenyth** on **May 25, 2012, 06:11:27 pm**

Quote from: Graknorke on May 25, 2012, 03:41:49 pm

Quote from: Corai on May 24, 2012, 02:58:06 am

I vote that Erush is set aside and unable to be dorfed, he integrated into the fortress's story so far. Plus the name is flipping epic.

I second this motion!

Thirded

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **zomara0292** on **May 25, 2012, 06:16:27 pm**

Quote from: Daenyth on May 25, 2012, 06:11:27 pm

Quote from: Graknorke on May 25, 2012, 03:41:49 pm

Quote from: Corai on May 24, 2012, 02:58:06 am

I vote that Erush is set aside and unable to be dorfed, he integrated into the fortress's story so far. Plus the name is flipping epic.

I second this motion!

Thirded
fourthed, because he is my friend.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrmgold** on **May 25, 2012, 10:36:44 pm**

Finally got caught up!

...Who's Erush, by the way?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **May 26, 2012, 01:37:51 pm**

I request to be married to Erush. If we are both male, I request a sex change.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 26, 2012, 03:04:53 pm**

Quote from: wsoxfan on May 22, 2012, 11:15:26 pm
Not at all. I'll take Iteb, could you rename her to Iteb McSock?

Okay. Here you go.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <47>

'Iteb McSock' Râlukurdim, "'Iteb McSock' Hailedtower", Animal Trainer

'Iteb McSock' Râlukurdim has been happy lately. She has been annoyed by flies. She slept in a fantastic bedroom recently. She had a wonderful drink lately. She received water recently. She has been tired lately. She has been satisfied at work lately.
She is a faithful worshipper of Bokbon Calmstills.
She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She is the former outpost liaison of The Imperial Pick. She arrived at Shinarel on the 2nd of Felsite in the year 56.
She has the appearance of somebody that is seventy-two years old and is one of the first of her kind.
She is fat. She has a scratchy voice. Her wide-set sunken rust eyes have large irises. Her eyebrows are quite sparse. Her hair is tan. Her medium-length hair is neatly combed. Her skin is peach. Her ears are somewhat splayed out.
She is very agile, but she is slow to heal and weak.
'Iteb McSock' Râlukurdim likes slade, arsenic fumes, clear zircon, acacia wood, longfin mako shark tooth, figurines and bogeymen for their terror-inspiring antics. When possible, she prefers to consume spotted ratfish and dwarven beer. She absolutely detests bark scorpions.
She has a lot of willpower, a sharp intellect, a feel for music and a way with words, but she has an iffy memory and poor spatial senses.
She rarely feels discouraged. She doesn't handle stress well. She likes to try new things. She prefers stability and security to ambiguity and disorder. She is trusting. She is willing to compromise with others. She is modest. She is confident. She winks during conversations. She begins to talk more slowly when she's angry. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She does not mind being outdoors, at least for a time.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Quote from: StLeibowitz on May 23, 2012, 05:05:11 pm
What're Saint's stats looking like right now? Friends, abilities, occupation...any mining or mechanical experience, in particular?

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <47>

'Saint' Iridkonos, "'Saint' Rhythnbrass", Monk errant

'Saint' Iridkonos has been quite content lately. He slept in a very good bedroom recently. He has been annoyed by flies. He has been satisfied at work lately.
He is a worshipper of Ber and a worshipper of Bisek Perplexknots.
He is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. He is a member of The Humid Silver. He arrived at Shinarel on the 26th of Malachite in the year 52.
He has the appearance of somebody that is eighty years old and is one of the first of his kind.
He is weak and skinny. His sideburns are clean-shaven. His very long moustache is arranged in double braids. His very long beard is braided. His hair is clean-shaven. His extremely narrow ears are splayed out. His rust eyes are slightly wide-set. His ears are somewhat tall. His peach skin is slightly wrinkled.
He is very slow to tire, quick to heal and rarely sick, but he is weak.
'Saint' Iridkonos likes black marble, black wolfram, demantoid, chub bone, crossbows, chains and sheep for their wool. When possible, he prefers to consume yak and gutter cruor. He absolutely detests toads.
He has a very good feel for social relationships, but he has poor empathy, poor spatial senses and next to no willpower.
He can handle stress. He admires tradition. He is not easily moved to pity. He very rarely does more work than necessary. He often does the first thing that comes to mind. He clicks his tongue repeatedly when he's annoyed. He laughs very loudly whenever he's nervous. He needs alcohol to get through the working day.

A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

FPS: 100 <48>

Relationships of the Monk errant 'Saint' Iridkonos

Ber	Deity
Bisek Sherikoth	Deity
ûshrîr Azmolêzum, Blue Peahen <Tame>	Pet
Kivish Tôsedalâth, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Bomrek Likotkegeth, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Rakust Gesisfikod, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
SibreK Desisathel, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance
Udil Delerorshar, Farmer	Passing Acquaintance
Uucar Adaskeskal, Beekeeper	Passing Acquaintance
Zefon Kikrostsokan, Peasant	Passing Acquaintance
êrith Thîkutadag, Dwarven Child	Passing Acquaintance

'Saint' Iridkonos, Monk errant
"'Saint' Rhythnbrass"
Creator of Ôkon Sid, ♂

Prepare Lavish Meal
Novice Siege Operator <Rusty>
Dabbling Fighter
Dabbling Dodger
Legendary Cook
Dabbling Grower
Legendary Wood Crafter
Dabbling Building Designer
Talented Potash Maker <U Rusty>
Competent Pump Operator <Rusty>
Novice Swimmer <Rusty>

Adequate Persuader (Rusty) ↑
Competent Negotiator (Rusty)
Novice Judge of Intent (Rusty)
Novice Liar (Rusty)
Adequate Intimidator (Rusty)
Adequate Conversationalist (Rusty)
Adequate Comedian (Rusty)
Novice Flatterer (Rusty)
Novice Consoler (Rusty)
Adequate Pacifier (Rusty)
Novice Judge of Intent (Rusty) ↑
Novice Liar (Rusty)
Adequate Intimidator (Rusty)
Adequate Conversationalist (Rusty)
Adequate Comedian (Rusty)
Novice Flatterer (Rusty)
Novice Consoler (Rusty)
Adequate Pacifier (Rusty)
Dabbling Observer

No close friends, although a bunch of people kind of know you. No mining or mechanical experience, did you want me to start you in those skills? You are one of the best cooks in the fortress now, thanks to all those tallow roasts.

Quote from: GreatWyrnGold on May 23, 2012, 09:59:38 pm

If it's not too much trouble, I'd like a short list of any remaining dwarves, with name and a sentence or two describing skills, preferences, etc. Thanks if you do, Sphalerite!

Here's the current population list:

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Founing seven:

- Phenix Esdorbomrek, Miner (claimed by Phenixmirage)
 Female
 Lover of Cain Mesirled
 Grudge with Cilob Amudaban
 Cain Mesirled, Chief Medical Dwarf (claimed by Jaron Cain)
 Male
 Lover of Phenix Esdorbomrek
 CoraiUnki Litastavux, Carpenter (claimed by Corai)
 Male
 Lover of Fishybang Onulibruk
 Fishybang Onulibruk, Engraver (claimed by Fishybang)
 Female
 Lover of CoraiUnki Litastavux
 Cilob Amudaban, Founder (claimed by Sphalerite)
 Male
 Grudge with Phenix Esdorbomrek
 Will_Tuna Edemkadol, Farmer (claimed by Will_Tuna)
 Argel Dodokzalud, Farmer (claimed by Argenflirth)

The Family:

Children of General Reg (not present) and King Kivish (not present, deceased):

- Fath Laratis, Female Miner
Wife of Quietust Keludar
Corpulent, clean-shaven
Prefers to avoid leadership roles, active, guarded, modest
Udil Inethtilesh, deceased

Children of Nish Lolordallith (not present) and Onul Rimtavush (not present):

- Cog Agasob, Female Miner
Wife of Rovod Berdanurist
Corpulent, long hair
Calm, quick to anger, friendly, unassertive, traditional
- Maxmurder Ellesttekkud, Male Miner (Claimed by Maxmurder)
Husband of Mafol Serurdim
Average size, long hair, recessed chin
Calm, reserved, not a risk taker, rarely happy
- ObeseHelmet Zuntirlimar, Male Herbalist (Claimed by ObeseHelmet)
Husband of Stukos Avuzzedot
- Urdim Uzolmonang, Male Farmer
Husband of Avuz Amkinetur
Weak, long-haired
Quick to anger, avoids crowds, relaxed, cheerful, immodest
- Etur Lorbuket, deceased

Children of Il Rulnil (not present, deceased) and (Melbil Ilraltolun, deceased)

- Quietust Keludar, Male Mechanic (claimed by Quietust)
Husband of Fath Laratis
Stukos Avuzzedot, Female Mechanic
Wife of ObeseHelmet Zuntirlimar
Short, skinny, clean-shaven
Lives for risk and excitement, cheerful, artistic, adventurous.

Children of Fikod Othiledem (not present) and Melbil Ozorushrir (not present)

- Avuz Amkinetur, Female Mason
Wife of Urdim Uzolmonang
Corpulent, medium-length hair
Nervous, overindulgent, rarely happy, open-minded
- Dodok Amdomas, Female Fisherwarf
Fat, medium-length greasy hair
Calm, can handle stress, loves new ideas, trusting
- Graknorke Kadolfieb, Male Mason (claimed by Graknorke)
Marksdwarf, Member of Alath Athellogem's squad
Wants to explore the depths
- Item Sakrithdatan, Female Peasant
Short, clean-shaven head
Social, rarely feels urges, very friendly, well-grounded, conventional
No skills whatsoever!

Children of Stukost Avuzzedot and ObeseHelmet Zuntirlimar:

- Mafof Serurdim, Female Miner
Wife of Risen Ellesttekkud
Fat, long-haired
Quick to anger, avoids crowds, unassertive, imaginative.
- Rovod Berdanurist, Male Mason
Husband of Cog Agasob

Very muscular, clean-shaven
Calm, overindulgent, risk-taker, non-artistic, candid, uncompromising

Mosus Mosusid, Female Fisherdwarf
Wife of Higginbottom III Unibbomrek
Corpulent, long-haired, scarred
Doesn't experience strong urges, avoids crowds, imaginative, traditional

Kylin Dolekendok, Male Farmer (claimed by exolyx)
Husband of Etur Toolquick (deceased)
Corpulent, very long braided straight hair
Easily discouraged, seeks short-term rewards, appreciates art, traditional

Udil Delerorshar, Female Farmer
Wife of Domas Tobulkulin
Scrawny, long hair tied in a ponytail
Quick to anger, often discouraged, avoids crowds, relaxed

Alath Athellogem, Female Militia Captain
Wife of Dastot Flaggate (deceased)
Average in size, long-haired
Self-conscious, can handle stress, grounded in reality, open-minded

Obok Shigosineth, Male Child
Zefon Kikrostsokan, Female Peasant
Kivish Tosedalath, Female Child
Erith Thikutadag, Male Child
Zasit Cilobsolon, Male Baby

Children of Cog Agasob and Rovod Berdanurist:

Thob Asenushil, Female Farmer
Corpuent, medium-length neatly combed hair
Can handle stress, reserved, active, not a risk-taker, traditional

Rakust Amithtulon, Female Mayor
Skinny, very long dry neatly combed hair
Overindulgent, reserved, cheerful, lacks confidence

Mestthos Oddombecor, Female Child
Athra Udibenor, Male Peasant (claimed by zomara0292)
Rakust Gesisfikod, Female Child/eternal medical patient
Cog Itebkadol, Female Baby

Children of Mafol Serurdim and Risen Ellesttekkud:

Logem Bubnusatis, Male Peasant
Likot Alathneth, Female Child
Datan Gusilnokgol, Male Child
Lor Rakusttumam, Female Child
Sibrek Desisathel, Male Child

Children of Fath Laratis and Quietust Keludar:

Higginbottom III Unibbomrek, Male Mason (claimed by BeserKNINJA)
Husband of Mosus Mosusid
Hammerdwarf/Flaildwarf
Membr of Morul Cattendoren's squad

Zulban Mafoldesis, Female Child
Phones Delerled, Male Captain Of The Guard (claimed by Phones)
Rimtar Ralrodim, Female Child
Aban Berthortith, Male Child
Amost Athelarak, Male Baby
plus four others not present at Brightwater

Children of Higginbottom III Unibbomrek and Mosus Mosusid:

Erush Fatheggut, Male Clothesdwarf
Lover of Geb Mozibducem

Rachel Itebozka, Female Gem Cutter (claimed by dhokarena56)

Ash Tobulkulin, Male Marksdwarf (claimed by Ashsaber)
Husband of Udil Delerorshar
Member of Alath Athellogem's squad
Dead, killed in a goblin ambush

Sigun Uzolamas, Female Mason
Massively fat and short, very long neatly combed hair
Untrusting, does not like helping others, dislikes confrontations

Dumat Rutodshorast, Male Child
Ilral Kinemas, Female Child
Udil Vushavuz, Female Child
Logem Rulushsibrek, Male Child
Stukos Iluloltar, Female Child

Children of Avuz Amkinetur and Urdim Uzolmonang:

Goden Geberith, Male Peasant
Sarvesh Deleram, Female Child
Kel Kadolgebar, Female Child
Bomrek Likotkegeth, Female Baby
Udib Unaldumat, Male Child

Children of Etur Lorbuket (deceased) and Bomrek Dolkendok:

Adil Uzololin, Male Child
Tulon Taranvabok, Female Child
Rith Letmoskib, Female Child
Sigun Komanmedtob, Female Peasant

Child of Udil Delerorshar and Domas Tobulkulin:

Tun Absammafol, Male Child

Child of Alath Athellogem and Dastot Solonidod (not present, deceased)

Geb Mozibducem, Baroness (claimed by Geb)
Lover of Erush Fatheggut

Not part of the Family:

Dex Cerolkonos, Male Miner (claimed by Pointdexterity)
Miner, Mason, and Glassmaker
Husband of Deduk Kadolstakud
Average in size, with very long, neatly combed hair
Doesn't handle stress well, friendly, rarely happy, candid, compassionate

Deduk Kadolstakud, Female Mason
Wife of Zaneg Cerolkonos
Corpulent, medium-length straight hair in double braids
Rarely discouraged, imaginative, doesn't like to compromise, impulsive

Fritz Cattendoren Itrdegelut, Female Militia Commander (claimed by FritzPL)
139 years old, incredibly muscular, neatly combed grey and white hair, many scars
Adept Hammerdwarf
Candid and sincere with others.

Ral Mistemmeng, Female Manager
82 years old, corpulent, clean-shaven
Former outpost Liaison
Friends with half the dwarves in the fortress
Grudges with two children
Distant and reserved, unassertive, relaxed, imaginative

Domas Egullolok, Wallpotdwarf (claimed by Aseaheru)
Marksdwarf, Member of Alath Athellogem's squad

Alkemia Athammedtob, Animal Caretaker (claimed by Alkhemia)

Simon McWhale Stukosgasol, Armorer (claimed by simonthedwarf)
Wielder of a morningstar
Membr of Morul Cattendoren's squad

Saint Iridkonos, Monk Errant (claimed by StLeibowitz)

Weiss Ironcage Tanuzol, Planter (claimed by empfan)
wants a badger

Daenyth Olinrodem, Hammerdwarf (claimed by Daenyth)
Swordsdwarf, weaponsmith
Member of Phones's squad

Jacen Sazirrubal, Soap Crusader (claimed by JacenHanLovesLegos)
Member of Phones's squad
Axedwarf

Ceilan Enasrigoth, Swordsdwarf (claimed by Pandemix)
Member of Phones's squad

Va'al Oddomnazom, Recruit (claimed by Lupusater)
Swordsdwarf
Member of Phones's squad

Vucar Adaskeskal, Female Beekeeper
Former outpost liaison
Fat, splayed ears, clean-shaven
Friendly, social, thrill-seeker, immodest
Adequate Beekeeper, and many social skills

Iteb McSock Ralukurdim, Female Animal Trainer (claimed by wsoxfan)
Former outpost liaison
Fat, with neatly combed tan hair
Doesn't handle stress well, rarely discouraged, trusting
Novice Animal Trainer and Leatherworker

Iden Ushulmomuz, Female Hunter
Former outpost liaison
Skinny, sparse straight hair
Calm, can handle stress, cheerful
Various social skills

Moldath Imushilun, Male Trader
Average-sized, sparse-haired
Not an intellectual, dislikes tradition, takes his time making decisions
Adequate Building Designer

Amost Areltun, Male Trader
Weak, straight-haired
Incredibly calm, social, overindulgent, likes everyone
Novice Potash Maker, many social skills

Boss Man Gimsigun, Male Trader (claimed by 3man75)
Fat, clean-shaven sideburns, long ponytail
Can handle stress, imaginative, open-minded
Adequate Diagnostician

Zefon Kivishkegeth, Male Trader
Muscular, clean-shaven sidebutns, long moustache and beard and medium-length hair
Comfortable in social situations, reserved, cheerful and assertive
Novice Siege Operator and metalcrafter, some social skills

Iteth Tathurral, Female Trader
Long straight hair
Quick to anger, relaxed, pessimist, imaginative, incredubly compassionate
Adequate Furnace Operator

Kulet Asobamkol, Female Planter
Average-sized, clean-shaven
Nervous yet relaxed. Does not openly express emotion. Likes helping others
Grower and Wood Crafter

Deler Kubukud, Female Peasant
Muscular, clean-shaven, with a raspy voice
Nervous, candid
Significant military skill - Hammerdwarf weapon

'Derm' Udeshdastot, Male Siege Operator (claimed by Dermonster)
Skinny, with magnificent sideburns, moustache, and beard
Sad and dejected, self-conscious, yet somehow often cheerful.
Talented Siege Operator

Kadol Solamlogem, Male Woodcrafter
Average-sized, long beard, clean-shaven head
Easily discouraged, energetic and active
Master Wood Crafter

Count Ostarmedtob, Male Lye Maker (claimed by CountAlex)
Incrediby Muscular
Clean-shaven hair and sideburns, long braided beard and moustache
Can handle stress, loves to take charge, loves new and fresh ideas, dislikes rules
Competent Metal Crafter, Talented Lye Maker
Has a daughter, but no wife

Fikod Amostrazes, Female Wax Worker
Corpulent, splayed ears, clean-shaven head
Rarely feels strong urges, can handle stress, assertive
High Master Wax Worker, also butcher and milker

Mistem Sazirelis, Female Surgeon
Muscular and fat, straight-haired
Candid and sincere, uncompromising, not compassionate, organized
High Master Wound Dresser and Surgeon
Skilled Engraver

Unib Dumatnish, Male Potash Maker
Sparse-haired, long sideburns, moustache, and beard
Rarely discouraged, enjoys crowds, uncompromising
Adequate Potash Maker

Dakost Othilrovod, Female Woodcutter
Muscular, short straight hair

Depressed, overindulgent, assertive, likes helping others
Talented Wood Cutter

Deler Oslanbomrek, Female Armorer
Average-sized with straight sparse hair
Clam, not a risk-taker, uncompromising, without pity
Novice at many skills, including Armorsmith

Rakust Niltosed, female Blacksmith
Average in size, sparse straight hair neatly combed
Calm, friendly, relaxed, not a risk-taker
Talented metalsmith

Zan Itredsazir, female Potash Maker
Fat, clean-shaven, scratchy voice
Seeks short-term rewards. Very friendly. Avoids crowds
Adequate Potash Maker

Ezum Tatloshmosus, Male Trader
Weak, sparse hair, neatly combed
Can handle stress, never optomistic, likes helping others
Few useful skills

Shem Limulalnis, Female Weaver
Skinny, long poly tail, clear voice
Calm, reserved, unassertive, candid
Talented weaver, Proficient Gem Setter

Happythoughts Zegasen, Male Metalcrafter (claimed by MrHappyface)
Married to Zane Luzatedem
Fat, sparse straight hair, very long braided facial hair
Reserved, doesn't express emotions, dislikes everyone
High Master Metal Crafter

Zane Luzatedem, Female Mason
Fat, medium hair
Rarely discouraged, compassionate, confident, procrastinator
Adequate Mason

Aira Tholalath, Female Trader (claimed by Sappho)
Average-sized, sparse straight hair
Tense and jittery. Overindulges. Not a risk-taker
No significant skills

Id Othoslorbam, Male Clothier
Skinny, straight braided hair
Social, not artistic, traditional
Married to Etur Okiloddom

Etur Okiloddom, Female Fish Cleaner
Weak, clear voice
Has a sense of duty
Married to Id Othoslorbam

Erib Bersterus, Female Fish Cleaner
Average-sized, short straight hair
Calm, yet quick to anger

Athel Amemsazir, Female Trader
Incredibly muscular
Quick to anger, enjoys crowds, realist, candid

Nil Keldakost, female Tanner
Skinny
Social, Reserved, avoids crowds, pessimistic
Talented Macedwarf

Ash #2 Olinlolum, male Ranger (claimed by Ashsaber)
Average-sized, wrinkled
Can handle stress. Friendly, immodest

As Geshuddeleth, Male Animal Dissector
Fat
Assertive, rarely happy, unconventional
Competent Axedwarf

Child of Zane Cerolkonos and Deduk Kadolstakud:
Rigoth Tishaktobul, Female Child

Child of Urist Ostarmedtob:
Tobul Morulsuvas, Female Child
Corpulent, straight-haired
Overindulges, unassertive, rarely happy

Quote from: Corai on May 24, 2012, 02:58:06 am
I vote that Erush is set aside and unable to be dorfed, he integrated into the fortress's story so far. Plus the name is flipping epic.

Agreed. Erush at this point is set aside as a character with enough background written that I'd rather not rename him.

Quote from: Aseaheru on May 25, 2012, 02:50:29 pm
may i see my dwarves stats, thoughts, etc?

Here they are.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Athra continued engraving his quarters...

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <49>	Od Kethil, "The Limbs of Principle"
Engraved on the floor is a well-designed image of abandoned mineshafts by 'Athra' Udibenôr.	
FPS: 100 <49>	Osor Lôr, "The Kingdom of Tools"
Engraved on the wall is a finely-designed image of haunting candles by 'Athra' Udibenôr.	
FPS: 100 <49>	Mis Átor, "The Haze of Perfecting"
Engraved on the wall is a image of a working slave dark elf by 'Athra' Udibenôr.	
FPS: 100 <49>	Stetár Eges, "The Honey of Persuading"
Engraved on the wall is a image of a abandoned market by 'Athra' Udibenôr.	
FPS: 100 <49>	âbir Arkim, "The Romance of Races"
Engraved on the wall is a finely-designed image of fresh goblin corpses by 'Athra' Udibenôr.	

The drawings were original, imaginative, and a bit beyond the tastes of the other dwarves in the fortress. Certainly, Fishybang would never dare to touch these subject matters, preferring to depict historical events and famous dwarves. Athra didn't care. This was his private place, and he'd decorate it his own way.

Elsewhere in the fortress, inspiration of another type was striking.

An idea was stalking the fortress. It was a common thing for ideas to form, needing no mind to exist, merely waiting for an appropriate host to take physical shape in items or deeds. Often such ideas resulted in useless pieces of art, jewelry or clothing having no use other than to be marveled at and hoarded. Sometimes they resulted in legendary weapons or pieces of armor, used by heroes of legend. Occasionally one would find some individual desperate to stave off their own mortality, inevitably resulting in an immortal necromancer raising hoards of zombies and skeletons and terrorizing the countryside.

This idea was different, unusual, based on knowledge that dwarves were not supposed to have. It had tried once before, and although the resulting artifact had hints of the ideas, it was not quite right. Now it was trying again.

Mestthos Oddombecor, Dwarven Child, had no clue that he was being used. He merely woke up one day with an idea for a really fancy ring in his head.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 111 <49>	Ulolssikel Gadan Dallith, "Lasthoods the Honesties of Rddlng", a mgntt rng
This is a magnetite ring. All craftsddwarfship is of the highest quality. It is studded with pig iron and encircled with bands of rectangular magnetite cabochons. This object is adorned with hanging rings of red steel and menaces with spikes of pig tail fiber and rhinoceros tough bone. On the item is an image of 'Will_Tuna' Keygem the dwarf in magnetite. 'Will_Tuna' Keygem is cooking. The artwork relates to the masterful roast prepared by the dwarf 'Will_Tuna' Keygem for The Humid Silver at Brightwater in the early winter of 56.	

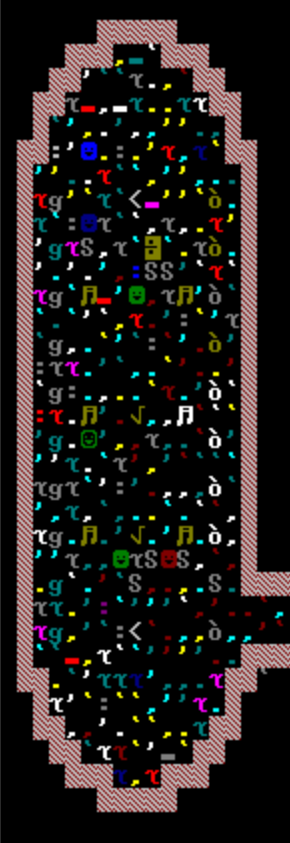
It was made from very shiny magnetite, and had a sort of spindle of pig iron and steel, with jewel bearings so the entire through could spin smoothly. It didn't seem to be good for much, but Mestthos didn't care.

Daww, aint that a cute little kid. It thinks its metalcrafter!

Isn't this the second artifact magnetite ring made in Brightwaters?

4th of Felsite, Year 57: Goblin-killing day

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The military sparring room at Brightwater was not up to the standards of any of the great military fortresses of the past. Lacking stone flooring or more than the bare minimum in armor stands and weapon racks, it was an oblong carved out of the dirt, the muddy floor

patched with moss and cave fungus. Dead plants and logs were half-buried in the mud, trampled by boot-clad dwarven feet as the soldiers trained. The soldiers claimed they preferred training under these circumstances - after all, they'd usually be fighting goblins and kobolds outside among the mud and plants, rather than inside on the smooth stone floors. (At least, unless things went badly wrong.) Still this room could not be counted among one of Brightwater's more impressive architectural feats.

Today, the sparring room had a new feature. Ten cages, each containing a goblin prisoner stripped of gear and weapons, lined one side of the room. On the other side, ten levers, each linked to one of the goblin cages. The soldiers of Brightwater were gathered in the room, waiting for the cages to be opened. Nearby, other dwarves had gathered to watch this special training session.

Cage #1 opens...

Phones Delerled, Captain Of The Guard, was closest as the first cage opened. He charged at the captive goblin thief, hacking it with his steel short sword. From the other side, Domas the Wallpotdwarf severed the goblin's left hand, while Jacen the Soap Crusader circled looking for an opening.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→The Wallpotdwarf slashes The Goblin Lasher in the left hand with his steel short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The Wallpotdwarf stabs The Goblin Lasher in the left upper leg with his steel short sword, fracturing the bone!
A motor nerve has been severed and a tendon has been torn!
The Wallpotdwarf stands up.

Soon the goblin was dead, with Phones getting credit for the kill.

Cage #2 opens...

Ceilan was closest as the second cage opened, but she was not the first to score a hit. Ash the Professional Red Shirt was watching from the other side of the room. Ash was not actually supposed to be present - the training session was intended for melee fighters only - but so eager to demonstrate his skill was the new marksdwarf that he couldn't help firing a bolt at the goblin.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The flying <<wolfram bolt>> strikes The Goblin Swordsman in the lower body, tearing the muscle and tearing the guts!
→The Goblin Swordsman looks sick!

Ceilan then finished the goblin off with three brutal sword blows.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Swordsdwarf slashes The Goblin Swordsman in the right hand with her *steel short sword* and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The Swordsdwarf charges at The Goblin Swordsman!
The Swordsdwarf stabs The Goblin Swordsman in the left upper leg with her *steel short sword*, fracturing the bone!
A tendon has been torn!
The Swordsdwarf collides with The Goblin Swordsman!
The Goblin Swordsman is knocked over!
The Swordsdwarf stabs The Goblin Swordsman in the head with her *steel short sword*, tearing apart the muscle, shattering the skull and tearing apart the brain!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
→The Swordsdwarf stands up.

Cage #3 opens...

One of Phones's pet Giant War Sparrows descended on the third goblin as the third cage opened. The creature's ferocity was impressive, but despite the best efforts of Brightwater's animal trainers, the creature just wasn't terribly effective in combat. It was enough of a distraction for Simon McWhale to get in position to smash the goblin's ribcage with his morningstar. As the goblin gasped painfully for breath, Simon delivered a terrible blow to the goblin's abdomen, somehow embedding the morningstar in the creature's guts.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

Page 1/1	FPS: 100 (49)	Dwarf	8th Felsite, 57
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The Macedwarf bashes The Goblin Thief in the upper body with his <cobalt morningstar>, tearing the muscle and tearing the left lung!
The Goblin Thief is having trouble breathing!
The <cobalt morningstar> has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Macedwarf bashes The Goblin Thief in the upper body with his <cobalt morningstar>, tearing the muscle!
The <cobalt morningstar> has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Macedwarf twists the embedded <cobalt morningstar> around in The Goblin Thief's upper body!
The Macedwarf bashes The Goblin Thief in the lower body with his <cobalt morningstar>, tearing apart the muscle and tearing the stomach!
The <cobalt morningstar> has lodged firmly in the wound!
The Macedwarf twists the embedded <cobalt morningstar> around in The Goblin Thief's lower body!
→The Macedwarf stands up.

Ceilan then finished the goblin off, putting the mangled creature out of its misery.

Cage #4 opens...

Domas the Wallpotdwarf was the first to reach the goblin stumbling out of the fourth cage. As two Giant War Sparrows flanked it, pecking at it and preventing it from escaping, he slashed one of the goblin's legs off with his sword, then decapitated it as it fell to the ground.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The war Giant Sparrow bites The Goblin Thief in the left upper arm, tearing the muscle!
The war Giant Sparrow latches on firmly!
The war Giant Sparrow grabs The Goblin Thief by the tongue with her left lower leg!
The war Giant Sparrow shakes The Goblin Thief around by the right upper arm, tearing apart the right upper arm's muscle and bruising the bone!
An artery in the right upper arm has been opened by the attack, many nerves have been severed and a tendon has been torn!
The war Giant Sparrow shakes The Goblin Thief around by the left upper arm, tearing apart the left upper arm's muscle and bruising the bone!
An artery in the left upper arm has been opened by the attack, many nerves have been severed and a tendon has been torn!
→The war Giant Sparrow shakes The Goblin Thief around by the left upper arm, tearing apart the left upper arm's muscle and bruising the bone!
An artery in the left upper arm has been opened by the attack, many nerves have been severed and a tendon has been torn!

The Wallpotdwarf slashes The Goblin Thief in the right upper leg with his steel short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The Wallpotdwarf stabs The Goblin Thief in the head with his steel short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!
→The Wallpotdwarf stands up.

Cage #5 opens...

Simon McWhale, muttering to himself about kill-stealers, was closest when the fifth cage opened. He struck at the goblin as it stumbled

out. The goblin dodged and tried to run, only to run into Jacen the Soap Crusader. Jacen swung his axe, slashing the goblin's throat and splattering blood across the muddy cavern floor.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)
The Soap Crusader hacks The Goblin Thief in the throat with his <cobalt battle axe>, shattering it!
A major artery has been opened by the attack!

Fritz the Militia commander stepped in. She swung her steel battle axe twice, completely shattering the goblin's right arm. She then shifted target, aiming at the goblin's left arm, following her usual tactic of smashing each limb of a goblin before killing it...

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Thief in the right lower arm with her <*steel war hammer*>, fracturing the bone!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Thief in the right lower arm with her <*steel war hammer*>, fracturing the bone!
→The militia commander stands up.

"No kill-stealing!" bellowed Simon McWhale. He shoved Jacen and Fritz aside, then span and delivered a kick that shattered the goblin's skull.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)
The Macedwarf kicks The Goblin Thief in the head with his left foot, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!
→The Goblin Thief has been knocked unconscious!

Cage #6 opens...

ObeseHelmet was standing next to the sixth cage as it opened. Smiling, he took careful aim with his beloved pine spear, and delivered a fierce jab to the goblin's head. The goblin yelped in pain, and rubbed at the bruised spot which resulted. ObeseHelmet frowned, then delivered a slightly stronger jab. The goblin yelped again, and tried to stumble away.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)
The Marksdwarf stabs The Goblin Swordsman in the head with his <pine spear>, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle!
→The Marksdwarf stabs The Goblin Swordsman in the head with his <pine spear>, tearing apart the fat and bruising the muscle!

"You're never going to kill him with that toothpick!" yelled Celian. She charged the goblin, and stabbed her spot, hitting it in the same spot ObeseHelmet had. Her expertly honed steel sword pierced straight through the goblin's head, killing it instantly.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)
The Swordsdwarf stabs The Goblin Swordsman in the head with her *steel short sword*, tearing apart the muscle, shattering the skull and tearing apart the brain!

"Sure, take the kill after I softened him up for you" grumbled Obesehelmet.

Cage #7 opens...

Ash the Professional Red Shirt had by this time managed to reload his crossbow. He fired as the seventh goblin was released, spearing a bolt through its arm.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)
The flying <<wolfram bolt>> strikes The Goblin Master Thief in the right lower arm, chipping the bone!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
→The <<wolfram bolt>> has lodged firmly in the wound!

Flanked by two Giant War Sparrows, Domas the Wallpotdwarf then attacked the injured goblin, stabbing it repeatedly before finishing it off with a blow to the head.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)
The Wallpotdwarf slashes The Goblin Master Thief in the right lower leg with his steel short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!
The Wallpotdwarf stabs The Goblin Master Thief in the head with his steel short sword, tearing apart the muscle, shattering the skull and tearing apart the brain!
An artery has been opened by the attack!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
The Goblin Master Thief has been knocked unconscious!

Cage #8 opens...

The goblin in the eighth cage had watched the previous seven die horrible deaths at the hands of Brightwater's soldiers. He knew that he was next, but he had an advantage the previous ones didn't. While the others had been meticulously stripped of armor and weapons, he had somehow managed to hold onto the large bronze dagger, his only weapon. As the cage opened and he stumbled out, he drew it and faced his attackers.

Two Giant War Sparrows descended on him, pecking and clawing. He stabbed one of them in the leg, driving it off.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)
The Goblin Master Thief stabs The war Giant Sparrow in the right upper leg with his <<large arsenical bronze dagger>>, chipping the bone!
A tendon has been torn!

"Hey! None of that!" yelled Fritz. Pushing past the injured bird, she swung her steel war hammer at the goblin's arm, shattering the bone. The dagger dropped to the ground.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Master Thief in the upper body with her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the liver through the <<giant cave spider silk cloak>>!
The war Giant Sparrow shakes The Goblin Master Thief around by the first toe, left foot and the severed part sails off in an arc!
→The first toe, left foot is ripped away and remains in The war Giant Sparrow's grip!
The war Giant Sparrow grabs The Goblin Master Thief by the right upper arm with his right upper leg!
The war Giant Sparrow releases the joint lock of The war Giant Sparrow's left wing on The Goblin Master Thief's right lower arm.
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Master Thief in the left upper arm with her <*steel war hammer*>, fracturing the bone through the <<giant cave spider silk cloak>>!
The Goblin Master Thief loses hold of the <<large arsenical bronze dagger>>.

A flurry of blows from Fritz, Phones, and the remaining war sparrows drove the goblin to the ground. In the end, Phones was credited with the kill.

Cage #9 opens...

Simon McWhale was in position as the ninth goblin was released, bashing it with his morningstar. The goblin tried to flee the room, but had to run past Jacen. The Soap Crusader crippled one of the goblin's legs with an axe blow, then hacked it's chest.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Soap Crusader hacks The Goblin Swordsman in the left lower leg with his <cobalt battle axe>, tearing apart the muscle!
A sensory nerve has been severed!
The Soap Crusader hacks The Goblin Swordsman in the upper body with his <cobalt battle axe>, tearing apart the muscle and tearing apart the left lung!
The Goblin Swordsman is having trouble breathing!
→The <cobalt battle axe> has lodged firmly in the wound!

ObeseHelmet poked at the fallen goblin's other leg with his wooden spear, which again had little effect. In frustration, he bit the goblin in the head.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Marksdwarf stabs The Goblin Master Thief in the right upper leg with his <pine spear>, tearing the fat and bruising the muscle through the <<giant cave spider silk cloak>>!
The Marksdwarf bites The Goblin Swordsman in the head, tearing the muscle!
→The Marksdwarf latches on firmly!

This also had little effect. Simon McWhale stepped in and finished the creature off, crushing its head with his morningstar.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Macedwarf bashes The Goblin Swordsman in the head with his <<cobalt morningstar>>, tearing the muscle, shattering the skull and tearing the brain!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
→The Goblin Swordsman has been knocked unconscious!

Cage #10 opens...

The tenth and final goblin emerged from the last cage. Simon McWhale and a Giant War Sparrow attacked it. The goblin managed to dodge both of them, punching the sparrow in the process. Then Ash fired another bolt at it, piercing its leg.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The war Giant Sparrow charges at The Goblin Swordsman!
The war Giant Sparrow attacks The Goblin Swordsman but She jumps away!
The war Giant Sparrow rushes by The Goblin Swordsman!
The Macedwarf attacks The Goblin Swordsman but She jumps away!
The war Giant Sparrow misses The Goblin Swordsman!
The Goblin Swordsman punches The war Giant Sparrow in the head with her right hand, bruising the muscle, bruising the skull!
The war Giant Sparrow attacks The Goblin Swordsman but She jumps away!
→The flying <<wolfram bolt>> strikes The Goblin Swordsman in the left upper leg, tearing the muscle!
The Goblin Swordsman falls over.

Daenyth took this opportunity to stab the goblin in the leg, further crippling it.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→The Hammerdwarf stabs The Goblin Swordsman in the right upper leg from behind with his <-steel short sword->, shattering the bone!
An artery has been opened by the attack, a motor nerve has been severed and a tendon has been torn!

Many dwarves swarmed around the final goblin prisoner, striking blow after blow. In the end, the kill was credited to Deler, a hammerdwarf who had arrived with the last immigrant wave.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Hammerdwarf bashes The Goblin Swordsman in the lower body with her *steel war hammer*, bruising the muscle and bruising the stomach!
The Hammerdwarf strikes The Goblin Swordsman in the head with her <cobalt shield>, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!
→The Goblin Swordsman has been knocked unconscious!

In the end, the sparring room was left splattered with blood and strewn with goblin body parts. The soldiers departed, laughing and joking about the slaughter. "You there!" one of them called out to the spectators. "What are you standing around for? Clean up this mess."

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 26, 2012, 07:06:39 pm**

Quote from: GreatWyrnGold on May 26, 2012, 05:15:55 pm

Does Rakust like any metals? If so, name her "GreatWyrn[whatevermetalshelikes]," replacing the [whatevermetalshelikes] with the name of the metal she likes--e.g. GreatWyrnSilver, GreatWyrnCobalt, GreatWyrnArsenicBronze, etc. If not...um...if she likes any ores, use the metal associated with it, and otherwise...get back to me on that. She'll want to import a bunch of whatever metal she likes and try to make as much and as many different kinds of things out of it as she can and is allowed to.

Okay. She likes Mithril. I haven't seen any onsite - it's incredibly rare in this mod - but I can see if we can import any.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 (49) 'GreatWyrnMithril' Niltôsed, "'GreatWyrnMithril' Hammerstops", Blacksmith
'GreatWyrnMithril' Niltôsed has been happy lately. She has been satisfied at work lately. She dined in a legendary dining room recently. She admired a fine Door lately. She slept in a good bedroom recently. She had a fine drink lately. She has been tired lately. She has complained of thirst lately. She admired a fine tastefully arranged Statue lately. She is a worshipper of Ustuth Blanketsafety and an ardent worshipper of Bisek Perplexknots. She is a citizen of The Imperial Pick. She is a member of The Humid Silver. She arrived at Shinarel on the 3rd of Malachite in the year 56. She has the appearance of somebody that is sixty-four years old and is one of the first of her kind. She is average in size. Her quite sparse hair is incredibly straight. Her short hair is neatly combed. Her wide-set rust eyes have large irises. Her ears are somewhat narrow. Her nose is slightly upturned. Her head is somewhat narrow. Her hair is tan. Her skin is peach. She is quick to tire and susceptible to disease. 'GreatWyrnMithril' Niltôsed likes raw adamantine, mithril, black pyrope, clear glass, greaves and horses for their strength. When possible, she prefers to consume anchovy, sewer brew and hide root seeds. She absolutely detests jumping spiders. She has good creativity, but she has poor analytical abilities, a shortage of patience and a poor kinesthetic sense. She has a calm demeanor. She is very friendly. She is relaxed. She is not a risk-taker. She loves to defy convention. She is modest. She lacks confidence. She has a sense of duty. She exhales sharply when she becomes exasperated. She needs alcohol to get through the working day. She likes working outdoors and grumbles only mildly at inclement weather. A short, sturdy creature fond of drink and industry.

Quote

BTW, what kind of gems do you want for eyes in that tin sea serpent I still owe you?

Sea serpents have yellow eyes, so anything with the appropriate color: citrine, yellow jasper, tigereye, tiger iron, sunstone, resin opal, pyrite, yellow zircon, golden beryl, yellow spessartine, topaz, topazolite, yellow grossular, rubicelle, levin opal, or yellow diamond if you

want to be really fancy.

Quote from: GreatWyrmGold on May 26, 2012, 05:47:30 pm

Isn't this the second artifact magnetite ring made in Brightwaters?

Yep. Someone's trying to tell them something.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 26, 2012, 07:21:43 pm**

I thought this was a civilized fort. You will butcher defenselessness goblins, but wont train children to defend themselves using dogs? Thats just wrong!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrmGold** on **May 26, 2012, 09:14:52 pm**

GreatWyrmMithril likes raw adamantine, enough to be noted? Hm.

She's going to suggest trying to tame the caverns, especially the lowest layer. It has nothing to do with the adamantine spire. Nothing. (Oh, and she'll strongly pressure the broker to buy any mithril being imported, steal it from the depot if needed, and insist on smelting it, no matter what it's being made into. It's sorta an obsession.)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Lupusater** on **May 27, 2012, 05:51:31 am**

How is Va'al doing?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Jarod Cain** on **May 27, 2012, 07:59:50 am**

Quote from: Corai on May 26, 2012, 07:21:43 pm

I thought this was a civilized fort. You will butcher defenselessness goblins, but wont train children to defend themselves using dogs? Thats just wrong!

What's to say that this hasn't been happening as an experiment the good doctor has been running in Alpha Labs without anyone's knowledge?
-J-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Quietust** on **May 27, 2012, 01:16:16 pm**

Speaking of which, I wonder what the Beta and Gamma labs will be specializing in...
The Delta Labs would obviously be centered around the adamantine spire, and the administrator would have to be a bald dwarf with a missing eye.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 28, 2012, 12:49:04 pm**

how many kills do i have?
also, can we have another battle with more goblins released at once? in 3-7 water?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Un67** on **May 28, 2012, 04:49:30 pm**

I just read through all of this in one sitting, and I have to say, your writing is very impressive, I was immersed in it the whole time. Could I have a dwarf, please, named Unum? I'd like to be a full-time Leatherworker if possible, I don't think the fortress has one of those.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **May 28, 2012, 04:50:00 pm**

i think there are leatherworkers...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Un67** on **May 28, 2012, 05:01:26 pm**

Control+F on the population lists didn't really come up with any.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **May 31, 2012, 11:53:50 am**

bump

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **May 31, 2012, 12:35:58 pm**

Graknorke's Journal

I was thinking about those rings that seem to be coming up. If you look at them, the outside can spin around the inside with minimal friction. Think about it, if you could maybe affix the inside onto something... you could move heavy things a lot faster! Certainly faster than carrying them or pulling them along the ground anyway.
Under the message are crude images of spinning rings affixed to various items. The most frequent show containers, full of either alcohol or weapons
As well as that, I could write more about the caverns trip but honestly, I don't think think that Fishybang will ever let me forget any detail of what happened, so I don't see a need to record it. What future me, were you under the impression that you wrote this for future generations to find as a message? I'm just as selfish now as you were and don't you forget it.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Quietust** on **May 31, 2012, 12:42:19 pm**

Quote from: Graknorke on May 31, 2012, 12:35:58 pm

Think about it, if you could maybe affix the inside onto something... you could move heavy things a lot faster!

Just like a wagon, except you push it with your hands instead of having an animal pull it.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **May 31, 2012, 01:21:13 pm**

Quote from: Un67 on May 28, 2012, 05:01:26 pm
Control+F on the population lists didn't really come up with any.

What does this do? Im not at home so i cant check myself

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Un67** on **May 31, 2012, 01:40:59 pm**

Umm, I opened the page where Sphalerite posted the list of dwarves and hit Control-F, otherwise known as the Find command...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Siraidan9** on **May 31, 2012, 06:05:24 pm**

Nice going nice going, amazing story you've painted. I'd ask for a dwarf but Derm swooped in and took the one I wanted, So I'll just sit back and enjoy what's coming next. Whatever is.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **May 31, 2012, 09:20:26 pm**

In the far north-western corner of the world is a jagged mountain range called the Wall of Fears. A dark wall of rock, with dark towers and goblin fortresses scattered among it, sloping down to the southwest into the utterly inhospitable Acrid Mire. Foul slime and disgusting mucous rain from the sky, and horrifying clouds of ash and dust crawl over the indescribable filth that blankets the valleys between the treacherous peaks.

Here among the rocks is found the dark fortress Ostospusbu - Rooterevil in the common tounge. The architecture is twisted and nonsensical, a collection of obsidian cubes full of twisting, senseless corridors and rooms. Goblins, trolls, and worse creatures live and work here, along with a few humans, elves, and goblins stolen as children and raised among the goblins.

Deep under the fortress, tunnels twist randomly through the rock. Some join to other towers, some connect small clusters of randomly scattered rooms, and some simply dead-end, having no apparent purpose.

In a cluster of rooms, hidden far and deep in the ground, six horrible and twisted figures have gathered for a meeting.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <47> Ezuk Ueshnāzom, "Ezuk Dustdreamed"

Ezuk Dustdreamed was a slate gray monster. It was the only one of its kind. A great raccoon twisted into humanoid form with external ribs. It is ravening. Its slate gray hair is long and shaggy. Beware its deadly dust! Ezuk was associated with the stars, the night, disease, death and blight.

Ezuk Dustdreamed, a vile grey-furred raccoon monster, was the Law-giver of the Exalted Dungeons, the local goblin civilization. Ezuk's lands had been chosen for the location of the meeting, as being the only one of them to have a major fortress in a properly evil and remote mountain range. All of the gathered fiends had agreed that it wouldn't do to have the meeting in a pleasant or sunny land, so Eauk was decreed to be host. Despite this, Ezuk took little interest in the meeting, preferring to instead crouch in a corner, gnawing on goblin bones, and periodically scratching and shaking itself, throwing off clouds of toxic dust.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <47> Camaba Lethecafifema, "Camaba the Putrid Raunch"

Camaba the Putrid Raunch was a fox devil. She was the only one of her kind. An enormous eyeless fox twisted into humanoid form. It murmurs horrible curses. Its taupe gray hair is long and straight. Beware its poisonous vapors! Camaba was associated with disease.

Camaba the Putrid Raunch, an eyeless fox reeking with eye-burning toxic gases, murmured to itself constantly throughout the proceedings. With no eyes, hearing only its own muttered curses, and smelling only its own toxic gases, it wasn't clear how or even if Camaba was aware of the others.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <47> Nuwetha Uthinimenari, "Nuwetha Poisonfiend"

Nuwetha Poisonfiend was a lizard devil. It was the only one of its kind. A towering feathered lizard twisted into humanoid form. It has a bloated body. Its green feathers are patchy. Beware its poisonous bite! Nuwetha was associated with theft.

Nuwetha Poisonfiend crouched in the corner, shiftly looking from figure to figure. Looking as if it expected the others to attack it at any moment, it picked nervously at its feathers. Of all of them, Nuwetha had the most experience with the dwarves who the meeting had been called about, being located just to the west of the capital of the Imperial Pick.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <47> Uíyō Conayathine Erifiopeya, "Uíyō Holeblockades the Superior Mirror"

Uíyō Holeblockades the Superior Mirror was a vermilion fiend. He was one of the only ones of his kind. A great noseless lemur twisted into humanoid form. It undulates rhythmically. Its vermilion hair is long and wavy. Beware its poisonous sting! Uíyō was associated with treachery, laws and discipline.

Viyo Holeblockades The Superior Mirror was one of only two figures who seemed at place at the meeting. With neatly arranged, long vermilion hair, he sat in the center of the room, swaying rythmically and humming to himself as he waited for the others to arrive.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 99 <48> Zongosp Orustangu, "Zongosp Hamerampart"

Zongosp Hamerampart was a vermilion fiend. She was one of the only ones of her kind. A great noseless lemur twisted into humanoid form. It undulates rhythmically. Its vermilion hair is long and wavy. Beware its poisonous sting! Zongosp was associated with treachery, laws and discipline.

Zongosp Hamerampart paced around the room, watching as the others arrived and settled in. Viyo's duplicate in many ways, she had called this meeting of all the escaped demons in the world, claiming to have information relevant to all of their goals.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <47> Gor Shethelbalad, "Gor Serpentcoil"

Gor Serpentcoil was a black monster. She was the only one of her kind. An enormous hairy lizard twisted into humanoid form. It murmurs horrible curses. Its black hair is long and shaggy. Beware its deadly blood! Gor was associated with torture and misery.

Gor Serpentcoil arrived last of them all. She had the furthest to travel, being the Master of an obscure goblin civilization far to the south. Mostly invited out of courtesy, as she had no direct connection to the matter or significant troops to loan, she stomped in, glared at the others, then crouched in a corner where she muttered constant curses at all of the others and the world in general.

Viyo smiled, opened his eyes, and stood.

"Honored fiends! Wretched demons and cursed nightmare-beasts of the underworld! Thank you for attending this meeting. I know some of you have come quite far, but I assure you this is relevant to all of our interests..."

"Cut the crap, Viyo." snapped Ezuk. "What is this about?"

"arrogant blowhard, may your fur fall and skin be riddled with boils" muttered Gor. Zongosp spoke melodiously, as she swayed rythmically across the room. "You may be aware, should you have cared, that the dwarves of the center-mountains, the fortress near Ezuk, have created a new fortress. An ocean-keep, they call Brightwater."

"too far for my troops, carvans kill my goblins, may they perish in the cruel sun!" muttered Camaba.

"They have a trade-agreement with the humans of the Confederation of Church-" continued Zongosp.

"Pious hypocrites, fathers of necromancers, hoarders of secrets..." muttered Gor. "- and I have had spies among those humans for some years now" Zongosp grinned toothily. "This last year, they brought back news of rumors spread by the traders. The dwarves of Brightwater have grown fat and prosperous. They make steel in great quantity, produce wealth unmatched, and this year they have even pierced the third layer of the caverns, and are seeking the hated bluemetal spires."

A murmer of curses arose from all the assembled demons.

Camaba spat at Nuwetha Poisonfiend. "You! You are closest to their home. Yet you have failed to raid them once!"

Nuwetha whirled and hissed. "Their caravanssss and ssscoutssss passs through your landsss. You should have sstopped them from ever esssstablissshing the fortresssss."

Viyo stepped between the two of them. "Now, there is no need to be angry. This is good news!"

Ezuk spat out half a goblin. "After how many of my best fodder they kill? The fortune of the dwarves is no good new to us."

Viyo chuckled. "Nonsense! The dwarves are the greatest ally of the demons! Who else can pierce the cursed bluemetal to release our kin from the underworld? For all our efforts, the goblins have never mastered the pick or the metals. They cannot dig so well or pierce the hated god-seals plugging the passaged through the stone foundations of the world. Even the dwarven children we have raised among the goblins cannot manage. So only by the dwarves , and only the dwarves raised among dwarves, can we release more of our bretheren."

Camaba muttered, "Senseless master, speaks of the dwarves of allies, yet orders soldiers to kill them. Mindless!"

Zongosp spoke again, in a singsong voice, "The dwarves must be scared! They are complacent behind their steel and their gray stone walls. They know what lurks beneath the bluemetal well enough to be cautious. They will not touch the bluethread metal unless they have the need. They will open it slowly and with care if given the time. We must press them! We must make them need the bluemetal and dig without caution."

"Ezuk Dustdreamed", spoke Viyo, "You have provided the strongest goblins. Send your strongest mace-goblins. Give them flails and whips to cut the dwarves. Camaba the Putrid Raunch! It was your archer who slew a dwarf at Brightwater last year. Send another group with Ezuk's goblins. Kill another dwarf, or more if they can manage! They dwarves must know fear and pain."

"We must hurt and scare them, but we must also isolate them. We can drive their greatest allies away from them." continued Zongosp.

"The humans?" asked Ezuk.

"No! They trade with the humans, but the hmans have never protected them. Nuwetha Poisonfiend! What has stopped you from attacking the dwarven fortresses directly?"

"The Elvesss, the cursssed elvesss! They sssurround the dwarves and sstop my goblinsss from reaching them."

Camaba laughed. "The Elves? The greatest allies of the Dwarves? But the Dwarves hate the Elves!"

Zongosp spoke, "Foolish racial prejudice. The Elves have protected the dwarves. The elven forest holdings are an invisible fortress around the mountain valleys where the dwarves make their mountainhomes. The dwarves sit in their stone fortresses and sneer at the elves, while the elves kill the raiding parties we send at the dwarves."

Nuwetha scratched at his feathers. "Ssshall I asssk for a treaty with the elvesss, then? Asssk them nicely for permissssion to sssend goblinsss through their land?"

Viyo shook his noseless head. "Of course we would never ask such a foolish things. The Elves like us less even than the Dwarves do. No, we must instead merely drive them apart. Make the Elves enemies of the Dwarves. The Dwarves will fear them too. It shouldn't take much. Though the Elves protect the Dwarves, they do not do so out of love. It will only take a little push to make them war."

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrmGold** on **May 31, 2012, 10:05:58 pm**

Oh, my.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **May 31, 2012, 11:20:02 pm**

This is my only response to that.

Corai stopped, dropped the table he was making, shattering it with a loud clang, dwarves came to see what was happening, Corai was on his knees, staring downwards, muttering something with fear in his voice, as if he could feel something horrible was about to happen.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **empfan** on **June 01, 2012, 05:22:37 am**

TRAINING ANIMALS, DOUBLE TIME! I DO NOT WANT TO DIE!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **June 01, 2012, 05:34:04 am**

Quote from: empfan on June 01, 2012, 05:22:37 am

TRAINING ANIMALS, DOUBLE TIME! I DO NOT WANT TO DIE!

Yea, nobody wants! So, can my dwarf get sword?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Quietust** on **June 01, 2012, 10:13:40 am**

If it's a fight they want, we can certainly give them one they'll never forget. My favorite method involves an artifact door (Throwsmeared will do nicely) and a carefully suspended slab of stone...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Fishybang** on **June 01, 2012, 11:21:40 am**

Make sure Fishybang gets some hammer training in with the militacaption.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Poindexterity** on **June 01, 2012, 12:11:48 pm**

If it comes down to it, Dex is willing to be drafted again.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **FritzPL** on **June 01, 2012, 12:18:20 pm**

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



Hammer fucking time.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Dermonster** on **June 01, 2012, 02:14:52 pm**

*I NEED FIFTEEN BALLISTAS **NOW!** STEEL TIPS AND BLOOD THORN SHAFTS!*

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Graknorke** on **June 01, 2012, 02:46:26 pm**

OOC IN IC. BAN HE!!!!
In all seriousness though, the only person in the fort who would think this to be happening would be Corai, and guess who's constantly crying wolf to the other dwarves?
I don't think preperation will be a thing that anyone would be doing. More than usual anyway.

On a preperation related note though, are cavern explorations a thing that are still happening or was that a one-off?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **June 01, 2012, 02:51:16 pm**

Quote from: Graknorke on June 01, 2012, 02:46:26 pm
On a preperation related note though, are cavern explorations a thing that are still happening or was that a one-off?

Further cavern explorations will be happening, as there are a lot of resources down there to be harvested - more than just the adamantine. But I have another update I'm writing up first that I should be able to post tonight.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrmgold** on **June 01, 2012, 04:11:57 pm**

Are any plans for settling the caverns being...um...planned? If not, GreatWyrmMithril will suggest it.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **June 01, 2012, 04:14:20 pm**

I want Corai to learn how to cut people apart with a axe.

Perhaps everyone wanting a weapon suddenly could be explained with a note of war from elves, or such? Cause its not very IC if everyone suddenly grabs a weapon.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **StLeibowitz** on **June 01, 2012, 10:13:46 pm**

Journal of Saint, entry 9

My dreams these past weeks have been tortured nightmares, haunted by demons twisted in humanoid form, with airs of pestilence wrapped around them. I feel a growing sense that something horrible is about to happen, something connected to the spire of adamantium we have unearthed in the caverns below, but I don't know what! I can feel the madness of the oracle gnawing at the edge of my consciousness, a madness which seems to have deserted our insane little race even as other forms arose and encircled our minds like shackles. I can remember - in this world? In another? - when the gods spoke to us through our dreams; I fear the clouding of this courier line to the creators will be our death.

Even as the latest round of dreams was driven from my mind and memory by the incessant pressure of fortress life, I forced myself through the entryway of Cilob's office and demanded an audience. Startled, he agreed, began to try to postpone our meeting because he was speaking with the adamantine-hungry inbred noble we were saddled with, but I would hear none of it! I unloaded the contents of my visions upon him, urging him to begin constructing new fortifications, digging traps and entrenchments, forging bolts and blades and digging shelters deep underground, but he dismissed it all! He ignored my warnings, blithlely insisting that our current defenses were more than adequate and there was no need to increase them, and sent me away with a wave of his hand.

Furious, I stormed away to the dining hall. Slipping from dwarf to dwarf, I repeated my warnings, telling anyone who would listen that they should contact me if they were willing to aid in fortifying Brightwater; gods know I'm nowhere near skilled enough to do it all by myself. I only hope that I am, in fact, stark raving mad; if my dreams are indeed true and not the products of a deranged mind, Brightwater may not have long left to thrive.

This is getting very interesting; have you modded in a demon army to siege us? And has that one forgotten beast that escaped turned up again?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **June 01, 2012, 10:47:05 pm**

Quote from: Corai on June 01, 2012, 04:14:20 pm
I want Corai to learn how to cut people apart with a axe.

Perhaps everyone wanting a weapon suddenly could be explained with a note of war from elves, or such? Cause its not very IC if everyone suddenly grabs a weapon.

Well for fishybang she's finely getting a weapon.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **June 01, 2012, 10:51:08 pm**

Quote from: Fishybang on June 01, 2012, 10:47:05 pm
Quote from: Corai on June 01, 2012, 04:14:20 pm
I want Corai to learn how to cut people apart with a axe.

Perhaps everyone wanting a weapon suddenly could be explained with a note of war from elves, or such? Cause its not very IC if everyone suddenly grabs a weapon.

Well for fishybang she's finely getting a weapon.

Why did I just imagine two dwarves side by side, one with a axe and one with a sword...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **June 01, 2012, 11:45:01 pm**

Quote from: Corai on June 01, 2012, 10:51:08 pm
Quote from: Fishybang on June 01, 2012, 10:47:05 pm
Quote from: Corai on June 01, 2012, 04:14:20 pm
I want Corai to learn how to cut people apart with a axe.

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Well for fishybang she's finely getting a weapon.

Why did I just imagine two dwarves side by side, one with a axe and one with a sword...

Should i get a sword then :P

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **June 02, 2012, 12:26:10 am**

Quote from: GreatWyrmgold on June 01, 2012, 04:11:57 pm

Are any plans for settling the caverns being...um...planned? If not, GreatWyrMithril will suggest it.

I'm pretty sure my dorf could put it forwards. IF there's a title of caverns operations manager. That is completely superfluous and the holder of which knows very lttle about what's REALLY going on.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Aseaheru** on **June 02, 2012, 09:44:46 am**

do we allow weponised magma?
also, whats the land like above the bluemetal? because im thinking multi-level obsidian caster, ballistias, vampire miners and lots and lots of bolts.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Siraidan9** on **June 02, 2012, 10:23:21 am**

Christ mate, when I said 'I'll enjoy whatever is coming next' I didn't think it would be that awesome. Got any free brewers I can claim? Under the name 'Durhak' Male, sure, female, if need be, part of the big ass incest family? no problem. Is it at all possible that said brewer could possibly have a wish to begin learning how to operate and construct siege engines?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Aseaheru** on **June 02, 2012, 11:37:52 am**

like your tag.

KICK BITE SLASh POOP.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **GreatWyrmGold** on **June 02, 2012, 07:49:04 pm**

Quote from: Graknorke on June 02, 2012, 12:26:10 am

Quote from: GreatWyrMithril on June 01, 2012, 04:11:57 pm

Are any plans for settling the caverns being...um...planned? If not, GreatWyrMithril will suggest it.

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Heh. Out dwarves should start a petition to settle the caverns. Could be interesting.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Siraidan9** on **June 02, 2012, 09:19:21 pm**

Quote from: Aseaheru on June 02, 2012, 11:37:52 am

like your tag.

KICK BITE SLASh POOP.

Heh, thanks.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Poindexterity** on **June 03, 2012, 03:04:39 am**

Quote from: GreatWyrMithril on June 02, 2012, 07:49:04 pm

Quote from: Graknorke on June 02, 2012, 12:26:10 am

Quote from: GreatWyrMithril on June 01, 2012, 04:11:57 pm

Are any plans for settling the caverns being...um...planned? If not, GreatWyrMithril will suggest it.

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Heh. Out dwarves should start a petition to settle the caverns. Could be interesting.

I think dex and his family would love to move into a large fungiwood hut underground. Should such a thing ever come to pass.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **zomara0292** on **June 03, 2012, 07:18:41 am**

Somedwarf:"Ok, so, the motion to settle the underground Caverns has passed."

Athra: "Screw you guys. I took me ages to dig out my own little place and get it how I want it. I will live alone, up here, if you don't mind."

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **GreatWyrMithril** on **June 03, 2012, 08:41:32 am**

More caverns for those of us who understand the natural beauty of the caverns...and that within...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **exolyx** on **June 03, 2012, 02:06:03 pm**

I can tell that my dwarf may be needed sometime.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Corai** on **June 03, 2012, 02:48:36 pm**

Oooooh, Corai is gonna be madder than a elf in a termite mound....

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**

Post by: **Fishybang** on **June 03, 2012, 03:21:29 pm**

Quote from: Corai on June 03, 2012, 02:48:36 pm

Oooooh, Corai is gonna be madder than a elf in a termite mound....

Fishybangs picking up the crazyness from corai. wouldent you if your lover was crushed down there :P

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrmGold** on **June 03, 2012, 03:57:44 pm**

Quote from: Corai on June 03, 2012, 02:48:36 pm
Ooooooh, Corai is gonna be madder than a elf in a termite mound....

Mad as in angry, or mad as in crazy? If it's the latter, you already kinda are. If the former, please elaborate.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **June 03, 2012, 03:58:46 pm**

Corai hates caverns, alot.

You all are COLONIZING the caverns.

Rage.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **exolyx** on **June 03, 2012, 06:13:32 pm**

You know what would be funny? A glamorous suite for Corai in the very depths of the caverns, for he certainly earned it. Wouldn't that be fun?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **June 03, 2012, 06:22:24 pm**

I want to write my reaction to that.

DO IT.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **ObeseHelmet** on **June 03, 2012, 08:46:24 pm**

Quote from: exolyx on June 03, 2012, 06:13:32 pm
You know what would be funny? A glamorous suite for Corai in the very depths of the caverns, for he certainly earned it. Wouldn't that be fun?

Just make it out of fungiwood and it might be almost groovy enough for me!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **June 03, 2012, 10:09:24 pm**

14th of Felsite, Year 56

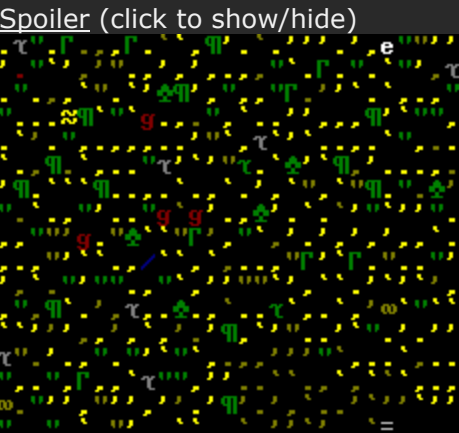
Spoiler (click to show/hide)
A elven diplomat from Omo Nifi has arrived.
→An ambush! Curse them!

The elven ambassador stepped lightly through the forest, perfectly at peace with the plants and animals, as always. Despite the rich wealth of life he had been traveling through, his mood was less than pleasant. Being sent to talk to the dwarves was a punishment, an ordeal that most elves only had to go through once, fortunately.

It wasn't that the dwarves themselves were unpleasant, at least not individually. The unpleasantness came from the terrible scars they made on the land, the animals and trees killed to make room for the crude stone fortresses they inevitably built. The worst part of it was that the dwarves themselves didn't even to realize that there was anything wrong with what they were doing.

An elf in the woods is almost impossible to track or catch against their will. Native empathy with the plants, peace with the wildest of animals, mean that in the fully undisturbed forest no goblin or kobold can find or catch an elf. But now the diplomat was leaving the forest. The grey stone wall of Brightwater was ahead, cutting off the view of the ocean. Trees inside had been clear-cut, and plants picked or simply trodden underfoot by careless dwarves. Most of the wild animals had been caught or killed, and those who were left were permanently traumatized, living in a constant state of fear.

This close to a dwarven fortress, an elf is vulnerable.



The diplomat tried to run. He should have made it. Even in such a crippled forest, an elf should be faster than any goblin, passing unimpeded through brambles and over tree roots that would slow down the pursuers. These were not any normal goblins. These were the best of Ezuk Dustdreamed's troops. The lead goblin managed to charge through the obstructing plants to catch the fleeing elf.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



The battle was short, and brutal.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→The Goblin Maceman attacks The Diplomat but He jumps away!
The Goblin Maceman bashes The Diplomat in the left upper arm with her <<red brass morningstar>>, fracturing the bone through the <<rope reed fiber robe>>!
The Goblin Maceman charges at The Diplomat!
The Goblin Maceman bashes The Diplomat in the left hand with her <<red brass morningstar>>, fracturing the bone through the <<rope reed fiber left glove>>!
A ligament has been torn and a tendon has been torn!
The Goblin Maceman collides with The Diplomat!
The Diplomat is knocked over!
The Goblin Maceman bashes The Diplomat in the upper body with her <<red brass morningstar>>, chipping the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the right lung through the <<rope reed fiber robe>>!
The Goblin Maceman bashes The Diplomat in the upper body with her <<red brass morningstar>>, chipping the skin and bruising the muscle through the <<rope reed fiber robe>>!
The Goblin Maceman bashes The Diplomat in the right upper arm with her <<red brass morningstar>>, fracturing the bone and fracturing the right shoulder's bone through the <<rope reed fiber robe>>!

The elf didn't stand a chance.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Goblin Maceman bashes The Diplomat in the upper body with her <<red brass morningstar>>, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle and bruising the right lung through the <<rope reed fiber robe>>!
The Diplomat gives in to pain.
The Goblin Maceman bashes The Diplomat in the head with her <<red brass morningstar>>, tearing the muscle, shattering the skull and tearing the brain!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
→The <<red brass morningstar>> has lodged firmly in the wound!

Far to the south, at the main fortress gate, the elven trade caravan was arriving.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



These elves didn't arrive alone either. Hidden among the trees to the south, a group of Camaba the Putrid Raunch's best archers waited. As the elves were stepping onto the pillar-flanked stone road leading into the fortress, the first few dwarves soldiers still making their way to the entrance, the goblin spear-carrier leading the group gave the signal. The goblins burst out of hiding, firing arrows at the elven caravan.

Militia commander Fritz Cattendoren had seen these types of goblin ambushes many times before. Always in each group there was one goblin of a different type than the others. Kill that leader and the others would scatter in fear. So as she emerged from the fortress gates - first to the fight as usual - and saw the elven guards ineffectually engaging the bowgoblins, she knew to look instead for their leader. There, a spear-wielding goblin was standing off to the side. Ignoring the archers, Fritz charged the goblin leader.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The militia commander charges at The Goblin Spearman!
The Goblin Spearman looks surprised by the ferocity of The militia commander's onslaught!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Spearman in the right lower leg with her *steel war hammer*, chipping the bone through the <<cave spider silk trousers>>!
The militia commander collides with The Goblin Spearman!
The Goblin Spearman is knocked over and tumbles backward!
The militia commander scratches The Goblin Spearman in the left hand, fracturing the bone and shattering the left wrist's bone through the <<naked mole dog suede left glove>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Spearman in the left upper arm with her *steel war hammer*, jamming the bone through the left shoulder's muscle and fracturing the left shoulder's bone!

The elves, meanwhile, were doing poorly against the goblin archers. An elf guard fell to the ground, retching, with an arrow in his guts. The merchants scattered northward, several of them with goblin-arrows embedded in their selves or their draft animals. Another guard fell, dead with an arrow through his head.

High above, Celian's trained Giant War Peregrine Falcon soared over the battle. As trained, it picked out a goblin on the ground, and aimed carefully. Wings folded, it plunged downwards, ready to disable or kill its target with a single high-speed impact.

Unfortunately for it, these weren't normal goblin archers. Furthermore, thanks to the excellent spy networks operated by the two

vermillion fiends, the archers had been warned to keep an eye out for flying attackers. An archer who had been keeping watch to just such a thing fired an arrow at the war bird. The Giant War Peregrine Falcon tumbled out of control and crashed to the ground.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

```
→The flying <<cobalt arrow>> strikes The war Giant Peregrine Falcon in the
right lower leg, tearing the muscle!
The war Giant Peregrine Falcon falls over.
The war Giant Peregrine Falcon misses The Goblin Bowman!
The war Giant Peregrine Falcon misses The Goblin Bowman!
The Goblin Bowman counterstrikes!
The Goblin Bowman bashes The war Giant Peregrine Falcon in the right foot
with her <<silver bow>>, fracturing the bone!
The flying <<silver arrow>> strikes The war Giant Peregrine Falcon in the
right wing from behind, chipping the bone!
A tendon has been torn!
The flying <<cobalt arrow>> strikes The war Giant Peregrine Falcon in the
head, tearing the muscle and chipping the skull!
A tendon in the skull has been torn!
```

The creature tried to fight back, clawing at the goblins surrounding it. They easily dodged its feeble strikes, firing arrow after arrow into the stricken bird.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

```
The <<cobalt arrow>> has lodged firmly in the wound!
The flying <<silver arrow>> strikes The war Giant Peregrine Falcon in the
left upper leg, chipping the bone!
A tendon has been torn!
The <<silver arrow>> has lodged firmly in the wound!
The flying <<cobalt arrow>> strikes The war Giant Peregrine Falcon in the
lower body, tearing the muscle and tearing the guts!
→The war Giant Peregrine Falcon looks sick!
```

The goblin commander at Fritz's feet had been pounded into a lifeless, mangled mass. Fritz stood, looking up from the sad corpse. The other goblins weren't running away. They were firing arrows at the fleeing elves. One of them took notice of Fritz and fired an arrow in her direction.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

```
→The militia commander blocks The flying <<cobalt arrow>>!
```

Obviously, these goblins needed further encouragement to flee.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

```
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Bowman in the head with her
<*steel war hammer*>, chipping the skin and bruising the muscle and
tearing the upper spine's nervous tissue through the <<copper cap>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Bowman in the head with her
<*steel war hammer*>, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle and
tearing apart the upper spine's nervous tissue through the <<copper
cap>>!
→The militia commander bashes The Goblin Bowman in the head with her
<*steel war hammer*>, shattering the skin and bruising the muscle,
jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!
```

From the fortress gates, Daenyth, Higginbottom III, and Obesehelmet charged out into the battle. Dead and dying elves lay scattered around the entrance. The few survivors of the caravan were fleeing back into the fortress. The remaining goblin archers had given up on Ceilan's mortally wounded peregrine falcon, and were either chasing the elves or trying to attack Fritz. Daenyth charged to his commander's rescue. A goblin took aim at Fritz, but was interrupted by Daenyth's sword. Daenyth's triumph was short-lived, as another goblin sniper put an arrow through Daenyth's arm. Daenyth staggered back in pain, dropping his sword.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

```
The -steel short sword- has lodged firmly in the wound!
The flying <<cobalt arrow>> strikes The Swordsdwarf in the right upper
arm from behind, chipping the bone through the <cave spider silk robe>!
A tendon has been torn!
The <<cobalt arrow>> has lodged firmly in the wound!
→The Swordsdwarf loses hold of the -steel short sword-.
```

Fritz, meanwhile, was still continuing to be a terrifying engine of dwarven destruction. She easily killed the goblin who Daenyth had injured, then turned on another archer who had been about to shoot her from behind. Fritz smashed furiously at the goblin, smashing its left arm with her hammer, but somehow the goblin managed to loose an arrow that pierced Fritz's leg.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

```
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Bowman in the left lower arm with
her <*steel war hammer*>, fracturing the bone through the <<troll fur
robe>>!
→The militia commander bashes The Goblin Bowman in the left upper arm with
her <*steel war hammer*>, fracturing the bone through the <<troll fur
robe>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Bowman in the left upper arm with
her <*steel war hammer*>, jamming the bone through the left shoulder's
muscle and fracturing the left shoulder's bone!
The militia commander kicks The Goblin Bowman in the right foot with her
left foot, jamming the bone through the right ankle's muscle and
shattering the right ankle's bone!
The flying <<cobalt arrow>> strikes The militia commander in the left
upper leg, chipping the bone through the <giant white stork leather
cloak>!
The militia commander falls over.
```

Fritz fell to the ground, tumbling down a slope into a muddy puddle, but managed to pull the goblin archer with her. Even with her leg crippled, she managed to swing her hammer three more times, crushing the goblin's skull.

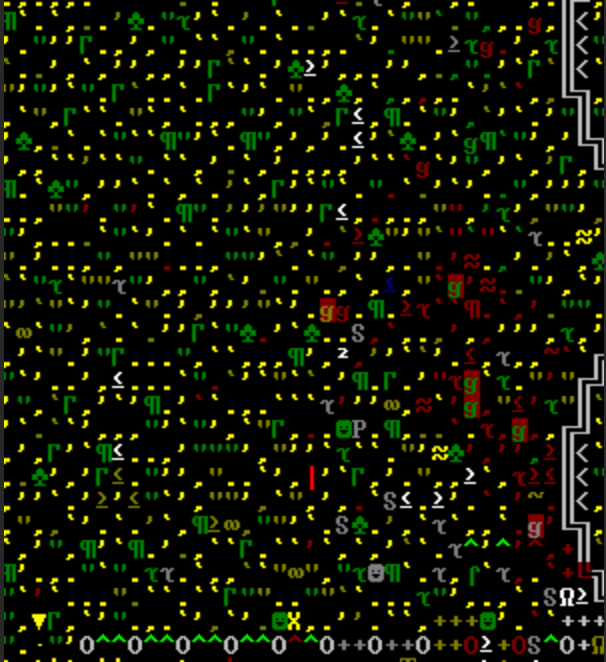
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

```
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Bowman in the left lower leg with
her <*steel war hammer*>, chipping the bone through the <<troll fur
trousers>>!
The militia commander bashes The Goblin Bowman in the head with her
<*steel war hammer*>, chipping the skin and bruising the muscle and
shattering the skull!
→The militia commander bashes The Goblin Bowman in the head with her
<*steel war hammer*>, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle,
jamming the skull through the brain and tearing the brain!
```

ObeseHelmet and Higginbottom III had watched as Fritz charged the entire goblin ambush by herself. Confident as they were in the commander's ability to slaughter an entire goblin army single-handed, they had instead looked to the north, where another group of goblins were emerging from the forest. What they didn't know - and honestly wouldn't have cared about if they had - was that this was the same group that had previously killed the elven ambassador. To Higginbottom, at least, the elven ambassador probably deserved to be killed as a hated surface-dweller, but so did the goblins. ObeseHelmet, of course, would be horrified had he known.

The two of them charged north, towards the group. Behind them, the second marksdwarf to be known as Ash took up position and fired bolts past them.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



ObeseHelmet raised his beloved wooden spear, and jabbed at the goblin soldier in front of him. The first strike raised a nasty bruise on the goblin's leg. Surprised to actually be hurt by a wooden weapon, the goblin managed to block the next two strikes.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

The Marksdwarf stabs The Goblin Maceman in the left lower leg with his <pine spear>, tearing the muscle through the <<gremlin suede trousers>>!
The Marksdwarf strikes at The Goblin Maceman but the shot is blocked!
→The Marksdwarf strikes at The Goblin Maceman but the shot is blocked!

Alongside them, Higginbottom III's trained Giant War Pangolin knocked a goblin soldier to the ground, scratching and tearing with its massive claws.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

The war Giant Pangolin scratches The Goblin Maceman in the first toe, right foot from behind, shattering the skin and bruising the muscle through the <<troll fur shoe>>!
The war Giant Pangolin scratches The Goblin Maceman in the right lower leg from behind, shattering the skin through the <<gremlin suede trousers>>!
The war Giant Pangolin scratches The Goblin Maceman in the left lower leg from behind, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle through the <<gremlin suede trousers>>!
→The war Giant Pangolin scratches The Goblin Maceman in the left lower leg from behind, fracturing the skin and bruising the muscle through the <<gremlin suede trousers>>!

From the other side, a Giant War Sparrow pecked at the goblin soldier. It grabbed the goblin's arm in its beak, twisting and pulling until the goblin dropped his weapon. As the helpless goblin tried to fend off the giant animals attacking it, a bolt fired from Ash from across the battlefield struck and buried itself in the goblin's guts.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Higginbottom III faced off against one of the goblins. Flail versus morningstar, they traded blows, until a strike from Higginbottom struck the goblin solidly in the head, killing it. Another of the macegoblins had been trying to sneak up on Higginbottom III during the fight. Higginbottom III span in place and delivered a kick that shattered the second assailant's face.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

The hammerer strikes at The Goblin Maceman but the shot is blocked!
The Goblin Maceman counterstrikes!
The Goblin Maceman misses The hammerer!
The hammerer bashes The Goblin Maceman in the head with his <cobalt flail>, shattering the skin and bruising the muscle, jamming the skull through the brain and tearing apart the brain!
The Goblin Maceman has been knocked unconscious!
The <cobalt flail> has lodged firmly in the wound!
The hammerer kicks The Goblin Maceman in the tongue from behind with his right foot, shattering the left cheek through the <<giant cave spider silk robe>>!
→silk robe>>!

His pet war pangolin was not doing as well. A goblin soldier managed to deliver several blows which penetrate the giant monster's armor. It responded with the only defensive maneuver a pangolin is capable of: curling into a ball.

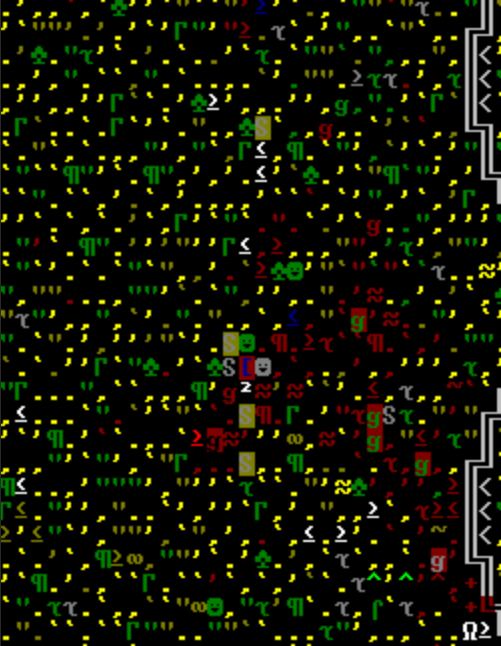
[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

The Goblin Maceman bashes The war Giant Pangolin in the left rear leg with her <<red brass morningstar>>, tearing the fat!
The Goblin Maceman bashes The war Giant Pangolin in the left front leg with her <<red brass morningstar>>, tearing the fat!
→the war Giant Pangolin rolls into a ball.

Undaunted, the soldier kept hammering at it, sure that enough blows would crack the creature's shell open.

Higginbottom III turned away from the goblin he had kicked, to attack the one who was hurting his pet. He swung his fail at the goblin's head. The goblin ducked, and then delivered a blow which crippled Higginbottom's weapon arm. The hammerer's flail dropped to the ground.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



ObeseHelmet was still dueling with the same goblin he had attacked earlier. His wooden spear just didn't seem to be working as well as he'd hoped it would. The Elves used them, so they had to be effective weapon, right? He pressed the attack. The goblin dodged, then blocked the ineffectual strikes, then retaliated with a series of blows that left ObeseHelmet sprawled bleeding on the ground.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

The Marksdwarf attacks The Goblin Maceman but She jumps away!
The Marksdwarf attacks The Goblin Maceman but She jumps away!
The Marksdwarf strikes at The Goblin Maceman but the shot is blocked!
The Marksdwarf strikes at The Goblin Maceman but the shot is blocked!
The Goblin Maceman counterstrikes!
The Goblin Maceman strikes The Marksdwarf in the left upper arm with the pommel of her <<red brass morningstar>>, shattering the skin and bruising the muscle through the ðrope reed fiber cloak≡!
The Marksdwarf attacks The Goblin Maceman but She jumps away!
The Goblin Maceman bashes The Marksdwarf in the left lower arm with her <<red brass morningstar>>, fracturing the bone through the ðrope reed fiber cloak≡!
The Marksdwarf loses hold of the <pine spear>.
The Marksdwarf misses The Goblin Maceman!
The Goblin Maceman bashes The Marksdwarf in the left upper arm with her <<red brass morningstar>>, bruising the muscle through the ðrope reed fiber cloak≡!
The Marksdwarf gives in to pain.
→The Marksdwarf falls over.

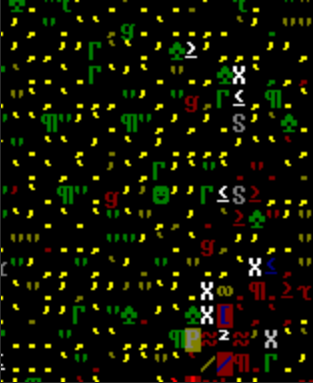
Happythoughts had finally reached the scene of the battle. What he saw was not the usual aftermath of a goblin ambush. Some of the fortress's best warriors - even the legendary commander Fritz - were down on the ground, injured badly. Three mace-goblins stood to the north, around the injured Higginbottom III and Obesehelmet. Dead war animals littered the battlefield.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

→Mûthkat Zaluddumat, war Giant Sparrow <*Trained*> has been found dead.

Happythoughts, of course, charged to the defense of his fellow soldiers.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)



It should have been a vain, suicidal act. But by that point, the goblins had decided that their point was proven. They turned and vanished into the forest, disappearing as they had appeared, out of nowhere, leaving Happythoughts standing alone among the dead and injured.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Poindexterity** on **June 04, 2012, 01:08:52 am**

From the journal of Dex
There's usually a lot of singing and drinking after a battle. Was that a drill i just heard upstairs? No one is singing. No one is drinking.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **June 04, 2012, 03:12:48 am**

What.
WHAT!? WHAT... HOW?
I.. I don't... Hopy shit, Fritz was injured and a load of our d00dz got badly injured too?
This is.. surprising to say the least! Did you modift the game to make this happen or did the RNG just really hate the little bearded death-machines?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **June 04, 2012, 07:23:07 am**

I made no modifications and took no steps to make this happen. The goblins just got really lucky this time all on their own.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Eventide** on **June 04, 2012, 10:30:26 am**

I forget if there are any free dwarves. If there are, could I have one called Dusk?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Daenyth** on **June 04, 2012, 12:33:10 pm**

Blasted greenskins! After I heal from this I'm going to come back stronger than before! I'll not stop til my skills with a blade become legend.

Cain, I swear if you make me wait again, it'll be you I'm after before the goblins. Don't think I don't know that last time was intentional.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **exolyx** on **June 04, 2012, 03:32:48 pm**

Ooh, looks like my dwarf is finally going to be introduced. Remember, he smokes a pipe. (and is alcoholic, but that's a standard for dwarves)

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Urist McDwarfFortress** on **June 04, 2012, 05:21:50 pm**

Brightwater needs a moat filled with trained whales!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrnGold** on **June 04, 2012, 06:17:55 pm**

From the journal of GreatWyrnMithril.

This ambush...this newest attack by the goblins, truly reveals the foolishness of keeping our fortress aboveground. If a single dwarf had been shot in the head or otherwise made out of commission, there might have been gobins flooding into the fortress. This would have lead to many deaths. We cannot let this happen. If we can't regain our strength, we will surely be destroyed--or at least crippled--by the next goblin attack.
I am reminded of a tale, set in part in a fortress known as Pax Tharkas. There were many dragons, and heroes, and a magical blue crystal staff, and a dark priest to a darker god, but what I am inspired by is a device meant to protect the fortress from invaders in a last-ditch senario. It dropped massive boulders over the front gate of the mountain, sealing off the dwarves from any invaders. We have no massive boulders, but we do have something similar: The mighty waters of the ocean.

I therefore have two suggestions, which I will propose to our fort's leaders at the next appropriate time. One: We should settle the caverns, a location removed from the surface. What foolish goblins would troop through dark caves known to be filled with deadly beasts, just for more slaughter? That's assuming they even know we're down there. Also, we would be closer to magma, allowing easier smithing of metals. If this is not acceptable, or if our mechanics have spare time, I'd advise some sort of device that floods the aboveground part of the fortress. It would involve several parts:
[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)
1. A way to keep the inhabited bits of the fortress from being flooded.
2. A way to get water out of the ocean and onto the beach.
3. A way to get the water from the beach onto the fortress, or maybe moving the top part of the fortress down to beach-level.
4. A way to keep the water in.
5. A way to let water out.
This device would be activated whenever military defeat seemed possible. Thus, even goblins on giant cave swallows or massive numbers of ogres and trolls could never penetrate our fort. Maybe a bunch of flying giant olms or a mix of giant toads and bridge-smashing beasts could get in, dependng on how the fort was sealed.
Of course, as much as this is an idea that would truly be blessed by all dwarfy deities, I'd prefer cavern colonies.

Well, I'll see how things turn out. Maybe I can start some kind of petition.

Two questions.
Sphalerite: Do we have sand?
Granorke: What's your dwarf's name?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Quietust** on **June 04, 2012, 06:50:00 pm**

[Quote from: GreatWyrnGold on June 04, 2012, 06:17:55 pm](#)
Sphalerite: Do we have sand?
I see a few yellow ~/≈ characters outside, so I'm pretty sure we do have sand.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrnGold** on **June 04, 2012, 09:27:08 pm**

Ah, excellent. Sphalerite, how comfortable are you with minecarts?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **June 04, 2012, 09:29:06 pm**

Honestly, I haven't touched any version of DF past 34.07 yet. Last few weeks I've barely had the time to even update this fortress, let alone start a new one in a new version.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrnGold** on **June 05, 2012, 06:37:44 am**

...That's before minecarts. So much for my idea of having minecarts drop sand bags down to the magma sea...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Quietust** on **June 05, 2012, 07:47:46 am**

[Quote from: GreatWyrnGold on June 05, 2012, 06:37:44 am](#)
...That's before minecarts. So much for my idea of having minecarts drop sand bags down to the magma sea...
It wouldn't have worked, anyways, due to a bug with bags popping out of minecarts. Once he upgrades, though, the fortress will get them automatically.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrnGold** on **June 05, 2012, 08:52:02 pm**

Wait, bags pop out of minecarts?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Quietust** on **June 05, 2012, 10:10:39 pm**

Quote from: GreatWyrmGold on June 05, 2012, 08:52:02 pm

Wait, bags pop out of minecarts?

Sorry, my mistake - one of the fixes in 0.34.11 was "stopped **empty** bags from popping out of carts".

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **ObeseHelmet** on **June 08, 2012, 06:21:25 pm**

Hey Sphalerite--

I won't chicken out of the wooden weapon thing, even though using such a lame weapon nearly killed me.

But if there is one to spare I do request some sort of reasonably powerful war animal -- I can be one with its naturalness and run into slaughter alongside it.

<in character>
I'll treat it well, don't worry. I'll treat it much better than all these other dwarves here.
Spoiler: Conspiratorial actions... (click to show/hide)
Honestly, the reports I just sent to EETA (Elves for the Ethical Treatment for Animals*)!
*got this from wiki
</in character>

So yeah. Since this is an animal training fortress, I thought this might be an appropriate way to aid an eccentric.

--Obese

P.S. No you may *not* pull the trick of saddling me with a war whale.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrmGold** on **June 08, 2012, 07:05:27 pm**

I had the image of ObeseHelmet's dwarf riding a whale, brandishing a pointy stick at goblins until he realises that as long as he's riding the whale he's too far away from the goblins to poke them.
...War whales one rides would be awesome.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **June 09, 2012, 09:47:10 am**

what was i doing, picking my ear?!?

and i dont want to live in the caverns, i want to enclose the god-metal in stone so we cant screw things up.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **ObeseHelmet** on **June 09, 2012, 11:16:57 am**

Quote from: GreatWyrmGold on June 08, 2012, 07:05:27 pm

I had the image of ObeseHelmet's dwarf riding a whale, brandishing a pointy stick at goblins until he realises that as long as he's riding the whale he's too far away from the goblins to poke them.
...War whales one rides would be awesome.

That is totally my character, right there. Now I'm thinking twice, and I kind of want a war whale!

And the game does say I'm a marksdwarf whenever I show up in the story. Maybe I can get some wood bolts and shoot from whale-top?

Then I might actually not be *not* an asset.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **MagmaMan54** on **June 10, 2012, 05:53:44 pm**

Just finished reading. This is truly an awesome fort.

Could I possibly be dorfed? I'd like a military dwarf (any melee,) name MagmaMan, profession Paladin. Preferably male.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Dragonmanb** on **June 10, 2012, 06:38:15 pm**

I just started the forum and find this awsome i would like to be dorfed male if possible in incest royal family but as the black sheep of familiy.

Name: Ryujin

ps. Im using my cell so i cant veiw the pics

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Mjattie** on **June 10, 2012, 10:33:33 pm**

Just read the whole 40 pages... I want a dorf.

Call him Mr. Anderson. I want one who is part of The Family, preferably male(Though female would be hilarious). Any skills are fine, but I want him to be an assistant to Cain, practising with the crossbow whenever he has some spare time.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **FritzPL** on **June 11, 2012, 12:06:45 am**

well fuck

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **June 11, 2012, 03:17:07 am**

The gods have cursed us surely, ever since this damned metal has been found nothing but death and pain have followed. I recognize these goblins from a class I took at the mountainhome, these were elites. This fortress has not long to stand before we are tramped by the impending greenskin boots. I will bring it up with Cilob about increasing the military and increasing the safety of the forests. Mainly through walls strategically placed for elves to take cover in should this horrible tragedy to happen again.

I dearly should learn to use a axe, I am not letting this fort fall. Not as long as I can hold a axe, sword, or crossbow.

Entry 12.2

When did I write this, diary? I dont remember writing that! Thats not my writing. Haha! Im sleep-writing for something, ha ha!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrmGold** on **June 11, 2012, 01:49:47 pm**

I hope this gets updated soon; it's starting to get annoying.

"Oh, look, Brightwater's got new posts!...Nope, nothing interesting." The only change is the occasional neat diary entry.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **June 11, 2012, 02:03:21 pm**

Sorry everyone. I've had essentially no time or interest to play DF lately. Too many other things going on at the moment. I haven't even tried any of the recent DF updates to come out since I started this. Might pick it up again at sometime in the future, but for now this is going on hiatus.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrmGold** on **June 11, 2012, 03:02:00 pm**

Well, it's nice to get some...finality or closure or something.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **June 11, 2012, 03:03:25 pm**

Understandle, real life first.

In the mean time, everyone can spam the thread with diary entries.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Poindexterity** on **June 11, 2012, 05:34:08 pm**

sad

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Jarod Cain** on **June 12, 2012, 12:41:37 am**

Aww man. This was an awesome fort too, thanks for the ride Sphalerite.
-J-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Siraidan9** on **June 13, 2012, 07:21:21 pm**

Ah well...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **June 14, 2012, 10:18:54 am**

It just kills me to read about abandonment of this fort.
Brightwater probably was pretty close to the most dwarfy part of almost any great DF story-slow and tragical losung of fortress between goblins and demons attacking. This blood part is like dome on Armok's praise cathedral. Wish we could read it.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **June 14, 2012, 10:29:58 am**

It's not abandoned, just on temporary hold until I figure out where I want the story to go, and find the time and energy to sit down to play DF and write again.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **June 14, 2012, 10:37:43 am**

Quote from: Sphalerite on June 14, 2012, 10:29:58 am
It's not abandoned, just on temporary hold until I figure out where I want the story to go, and find the time and energy to sit down to play DF and write again.

Oooh, really glad to hear it!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrmGold** on **June 14, 2012, 10:38:31 am**

If you need ideas, I've got some.

Settle the caverns, catch their beasts.
Make an underwater glass dome.

Ship forgotten beasts off to the Mountainhomes and goblins to the elves (if possible).
Et cetera. I can come up with lots of ideas!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **June 14, 2012, 11:06:56 am**

The fortress is supposed to be catching things from the sea.
Sea serpent cavalry!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **simonthedwarf** on **June 17, 2012, 04:28:12 pm**

can you upload the save?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **June 17, 2012, 09:51:59 pm**

24th of Felsite, year 57

The hospital at Brightwater - a mid-sized room carved out of the mudstone not far beneath the surface - was crowded as it never had been before. In the previous years since the hospital had been created, it had rarely been called on to deal with more than one patient at a time, and had spent long times with no patients at all. The greatest challenge to the Chief Medical Dwarf, Doctor Cain, had been dealing with the severely injured child Rakust.

Now four injured military dwarves had been brought in at once. On the southernmost side of the hospital, the doors nearest the entrance, Higginbottom III and Obesehelmet had been placed in adjacent beds. In retrospect, this was not the best idea. The two dwarves - one a lover of elves and the surface, the other carrying a deep hatred for everything surface-dwelling, had not stopped glaring at each other since being brought to rest. Doctor Cain suspected that only their injuries kept them from actually attacking each other.

On the northern side of the hospital, weaponsmith turned Swordsdwarf Daenyth, and the Militia Commander Fritz Cattendoren had been placed in adjacent beds. They waited in silence - Fritz taking her situation stoically, and Daenyth only muttering something about hoping he was treated promptly this time.

In the main hospital area, dwarves ran to and fro, bringing supplies up to the hospital, cleaning up bloodstains, and dragging animals to or from the animal training facilities further along to the north. Some of the surviving giant war sparrows sat among the hospital coffers, waiting for their masters to be better. Higginbottom III's pet giant pangolin was curled up at the base of his bed, faithfully protecting him despite its own injuries.

This alone was enough to make the hospital busier than it had ever been previously. But today marked another first for Brightwater's hospital. Today was the first time a kobold had visited it.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)



Flachrolin must have been one of the sneakiest kobolds ever.

Other kobolds would have been content to steal a piece of discarded clothing or armor, or perhaps a finely carved giant sparrow bone crossbow bolt from the scattered refuse outside. Flachrolin was far more ambitious than that. Sneaking past the dwarves cleaning up the aftermath of the battle up above hadn't been difficult. The cage traps protecting the entrance were no threat to any kobold thief. Getting past the giant scorpions, giant snakes, and dozens of war dogs placed along the entrance pathway, on the other hand, had been a feat that no kobold before had ever even come close to managing. She expected it to be worth the effort - after all, if the dwarves were leaving that stuff outside, it could only be because the treasures they stored inside were much greater. So after sneaking in, past the dwarves and animals and down the ramp under the ocean, she had turned into the first large room she found. The room was full of stone chests - obviously full of dwarven treasure!

After cleverly sneaking inside, Flachrolin opened a chest and quietly began rummaging around. Wooden splints, cloth and thread, bars of giant thrips soap - you might not consider that treasure, but you've never had to treat the wounds of a fellow thief who just barely escaped from robbing a dwarven fortress.

Had the fortress not been in the middle of a major medical emergency, she might have gotten away with it. But she had the bad luck of trying to grab medical supplies at the worst possible moment. As it happened, it was not a military animal, medical staff, or even a hauler who spotted her, but a child, who had come to the hospital to see what all the excitement was about.

Her cover blown, Flachrolin ran for the exit with arms full of stolen medical supplies. There she ran into Va'al the Swordsdwarf. Va'al had missed out on the fighting earlier, much to his disappointment. He had been looking forward to a good fight, but by the time he heard the alarm and headed up it was all over. Seeing a kobold this deep in the fortress was a shock, and made him wonder how badly the entrance defenses had been decimated. On the other hand, a kobold should be good fight.

The kobold tried to run past him up the entrance ramp. Va'al blocked it, knocking it over. Bandages and soap scattered across the ramp. Flachrolin tried to scramble to her feet. This became impossible as Va'al swung his sword and chopped one of them off.

[Spoiler \(click to show/hide\)](#)

```
→The Swordsdwarf charges at The Kobold Thief!  
The Swordsdwarf misses The Kobold Thief!  
The Swordsdwarf collides with The Kobold Thief!  
The Kobold Thief is knocked over!  
The Swordsdwarf stabs The Kobold Thief in the left foot with his steel  
short sword and the severed part sails off in an arc!  
The Swordsdwarf strikes at The Kobold Thief but the shot is parried!  
The Kobold Thief counterstrikes!  
The Kobold Thief misses The Swordsdwarf!  
The Swordsdwarf attacks The Kobold Thief but She rolls away!
```

Injured and bleeding, Flachrolin twisted around and did the only thing she could - stabbing upwards with her wickedly sharp thief's dagger into Va'al's chest. Va'al staggered backwards, gasping for breath. Fortunately for Va'al, the hospital was right there, so he didn't have far to go.

Flachrolin tried to crawl up the ramp, her thoughts only on escaping now. Unfortunately for her, the war sparrows milling around the hospital had noticed her by now. Uninjured, she might just barely have escaped them. With one leg ending in a bleeding stump, dragging herself over the rough dwarf-wrought stone, she didn't stand a chance. The flock of giant sparrows descended on her and tore her to pieces.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

The war Giant Sparrow grabs The Kobold Thief by the right upper arm with her right wing!
The war Giant Sparrow bites The Kobold Thief in the right hand, tearing apart the fat!
The war Giant Sparrow latches on firmly!
The Kobold Thief slashes The war Giant Sparrow in the right wing with her <<large silver dagger>>, tearing the muscle!
The war Giant Sparrow shakes The Kobold Thief around by the right hand and the severed part sails off in an arc!
→The right hand is ripped away and remains in The war Giant Sparrow's grip!

Inside the hospital, Assistant Doctor Kylin had not even noticed the commotion as he inspected Daenyth's injuries. "Your leg is a mess, but that's an old injury. Still has traces of infection. Looks like it wasn't cleaned and sutured quickly enough." Kylin paused for a moment to take a puff of his pipe. "Nothing I can do about that now. Now, let's look at your arm.."

Cilob's Journal - end of spring/start of summer 57

The performance of our military against the latest wave of goblin incursions has been quite disappointing. I cannot blame any of our soldiers for their failure, other than that freakish elf-lover with the wooden spear - him I'll blame for getting himself injured. The rest of them fought as well as could be expected. No, this must be seen as a consequence of the low priority that has been placed on military readiness in this fortress.

I cannot turn this fortress into a military outpost and still meet the mission we have been sent to do. I had hoped to defend this fortress with war animals, but the giant war sparrows and other creatures have proven to be mostly ineffectual in open warfare. I do take some pride in my sparrows being the ones to kill the thief that somehow got inside. Note to myself - speak with Phenix about inspecting the curtain wall for gaps. I can't believe that a thief managed to sneak past the giant scorpions, venomous snakes, and war dogs covering the main gate.

No, defense of this fortress must come through engineering. After consulting with Quietust I have drawn up some plans. I will need for Corai to do a bit of custom carpentry, and the mason's guild to make some blocks and do some modification to the entrance.

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Make enormous wooden corkscrew	18/18	⌘
Make wooden Pipe Section	18/18	⌘
Construct rock Blocks	18/18	⌘

Fortunately, Cain tells me that none of the soldiers were severely injured.

Prognosis of injured dwarves
Chief Medical Dwarf Cain Reporting

Patient #1: Daenyth Olinrodem, Swordsdwarf

Assigned doctor: Kylin

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <44>	The Health of 'Daenyth' Olinrodem, Swordsdwarf			
46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment	History
	right foot, skin			
	right ankle, muscle			
	Has been sutured			
	Infection			
	right upper arm, skin			
	Cut apart			
	right upper arm, fat			
	Cut apart			
	right upper arm, muscle			
	Cut apart			
	right upper arm, bone			
	Torn tendon			
	Cut apart			
	Extreme pain			
	Has been sutured			

Other than an old injury to the leg, the patient has a severely torn and mangled right arm. The injury extends through the muscle to the tendon and bone. It is possible that the patient may lose some mobility in the arm.

The injuries were cleaned and stitched. The patient was then left to rest as the doctor moved on to the next patient.

Patient #2: Va'al Oddomnazom, Swordsdwarf

Assigned doctor: Cain

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <45>	The Health of 'Va'al' Oddomnazom, Swordsdwarf			
46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment	History
	upper body, skin			
	Cut open			
	upper body, fat			
	Cut open			
	upper body, muscle			
	Artery torn			

Patient had a single stab wound to the chest. Once the bleeding was stopped, the injury was cleaned, sutured, and bandaged. Patient was then discharged from the hospital. A full recovery is expected.

Patient #3: Higginbottom III Unibbomrek, Hammerer

Assigned doctor: Kylin

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <46>		The Health of 'Higginbottom III' Unibbomrek, hammerer		
46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment	History
	left upper arm, skin			
	left hand, skin			
	left lower leg, skin			
	right lower arm, skin			
	right lower arm, bone			
	Smashed open			

Patient has a broken right arm with some laceration. The injury will need cleaning, stitching, bandaging, and immobilization. Patient also professes a hatred of the surface dwellers. No treatment is required for that.

Patient #4: ObeseHelmet Zuntirlimar

Assigned doctor: Cain

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

FPS: 100 <46>		The Health of 'ObeseHelmet' Zuntírlimâr, Marksdwarf		
46:	Status	Wounds	Treatment	History
	left upper arm, skin			
	left lower arm, skin			
	left lower arm, bone			
	Smashed open			

Patient has a broken right arm with some laceration. The injury will need cleaning, stitching, bandaging, and immobilization. Patient specifically requests a wooden splint. This request will be accommodated. Patient also requests that his bed be moved to the surface, and that elves be allowed to visit him. This request will not be accommodated.

Patient #5: Fritz Cattendoren Itredgelut

Patient has not yet been evaluated, as she has requested that the other soldiers be treated first.

ObeseHelmet lay in his hospital bed. His arm had been cleaned, stitched and bandaged, and he was not only waiting for a splint. In the next bed over, Higginbottom III had finally fallen asleep, after spending hours cursing the goblins who had attacked them, the elves who had been the apparent target of the attack, and the surface and surface-dwellers in general.

ObeseHelmet had been thinking only of going back to the surface and retrieving his wonderful wooden spear. But now, in the silence, his attention had drifted to the bandage on his arm. It was a very strange cloth, not one he recognized. The material was not made from any plant that grew on the surface. It didn't seem to be made from pig tails either. Nor was it any wool or silk he recognized. It almost seemed crystalline somehow, as if spun from rocks. Not the fabled adamantine either, it was not at all blue. *What have they put on me*, he wondered.

Spoiler (click to show/hide)

```
'ObeseHelmet' Zuntírlimâr, Marksdwarf
""ObeseHelmet' Anvilwealth"

x(cave carp suede tunic)x, Upper body
<troll fur loincloth>, Lower body
(birchen shield), Right hand
x(pond grabber suede shoe)x, Right foot
x(pond grabber suede shoe)x, Left foot
x(centaur leather right glove)x, Right hand
x(centaur leather left glove)x, Left hand
=cave spider silk dress=, Upper body
<giant cave spider silk robe>, Upper body
=rope reed fiber cloak=, Upper body
<troll fur right glove>, Right hand
=rope reed fiber trousers=, Lower body
<troll fur cap>, Head
pig tail fiber thread, Sewn into Left lower arm
-asbestos cloth-, Wrapped around Left lower arm
```

OOC: Yes, I'm updating again, although I can't offer any guarantees on how frequently I'll be able to do this.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **June 17, 2012, 09:55:23 pm**

YES.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Poindexterity** on **June 18, 2012, 12:22:18 am**

happy

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Dragonmanb** on **June 18, 2012, 09:55:46 am**

Im glad that you will be working on this more. If you have time can i be dorfed. Ryujin the messed up family male. Black sheep of the family if u can.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **exolyx** on **June 18, 2012, 01:10:25 pm**

Is happy!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **zomara0292** on **June 18, 2012, 01:59:51 pm**

Will gladly wait for the next update.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **June 18, 2012, 02:03:40 pm**

I like how you announced a hiatus then gave us an update within the general schedule times.

Still great writing too!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Daenyth** on **June 19, 2012, 08:19:55 am**

I love this thread. This is a good thread.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **June 20, 2012, 01:23:38 pm**

Spoiler (click to show/hide)
28 of Fels... OH ARMOK NEVER WAS SO DAMN ANGRY!
I was so, soooooooo wrong to leave previous fort. At least it's located between sweet mountains and was ARMOK DAMN safe!
I just should wait for caravan and leave with daughter-but it's even more dangerous to go even step outside the walls!
And this so called "Dungeon Master" over and over again ignores or refuses my request of sword! I can't even defend my daughter!
This pit is unsafe-kobold just got inside recently, many soldiers still rest of their injuries and this jerk says "It's safe here", "You don't need to be armed" or just brush me aside!
DAMN!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Maxmurder** on **June 20, 2012, 03:20:24 pm**

Horray! This made my day!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **June 28, 2012, 11:13:54 am**

how am i?
also, only 2 pages?!?! its been 2 weeks!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **June 28, 2012, 12:19:41 pm**

Quote from: Aseaheru on June 28, 2012, 11:13:54 am

how am i?
also, only 2 pages?!?! its been 2 weeks!

He did say he was busy IRL plus its summer you cant blame Sphalerite for not being on. Give him some time read some other stories, Towersored is a good one.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **June 28, 2012, 12:20:27 pm**

still, what about the fans?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **June 28, 2012, 12:23:03 pm**

No Sphalerite! No posting until your finished with whatever your doing IRL!

NO. Mouse off that reply button!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **June 28, 2012, 12:39:51 pm**

Quote from: Aseaheru on June 28, 2012, 12:20:27 pm

still, what about the fans?

We fans can wait.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **June 28, 2012, 01:19:03 pm**

i ment fans spamming storys.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrmgold** on **June 28, 2012, 02:50:50 pm**

So...you're going to make a flooding trap? See if you can set up some sea serpent pits, where tame (?) sea serpents wait and escape into the main courtyard to hasten the death of the drowning enemies.
...Maybe crocodiles would work better? Set off a bit of beach with a nearby pool, and when the flood floods, they should be able to see enemies and charge in.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **ObeseHelmet** on **July 03, 2012, 12:28:41 am**

YES! I IZ POISONED!

And also:

[Spoiler](#) (click to show/hide)

Quote from: Sphalerite on June 17, 2012, 09:51:59 pm

Patient specifically requests a wooden splint. This request will be accommodated. Patient also requests that his bed be moved to the surface, and that elves be allowed to visit him. This request will not be accommodated.

LMFAO... almost literally.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **July 09, 2012, 02:14:24 pm**

Waiting for new posts is really really hurts. Kidding, but just can't wait for responce. Where's bloody final?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **July 09, 2012, 02:36:58 pm**

YES

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **July 09, 2012, 09:15:28 pm**

I'm not dead. Still have the fort saved, just have been too busy the last few weekends to be able to get any more updates done.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **July 09, 2012, 11:18:56 pm**

Quote from: Sphalerite on July 09, 2012, 09:15:28 pm

I'm not dead. Still have the fort saved, just have been too busy the last few weekends to be able to get any more updates done.

we understand, right guys?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **July 10, 2012, 08:50:01 am**

possibly

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Fishybang** on **July 10, 2012, 12:23:07 pm**

Quote from: Aseaheru on July 10, 2012, 08:50:01 am

possibly

Shut up or he will rush and do it bad >:(

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **zomara0292** on **July 11, 2012, 06:33:31 am**

Look. I understand. And i prefer time be taken. even if he kills off everyone, leaving me to cower in my one little area because i was smart enough to make my own room to lock and what not, then, it would, and should, still be awesome.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **July 15, 2012, 10:14:33 am**

Ugh, I'd like to say to Corai, Fishybang, Aseaheru-this great story is eligible in Hall of Legends this month-suggest we gotta vote for it to be there!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **July 15, 2012, 01:25:30 pm**

Is it a candidate now?
I don't entirely understand the Hall of Legends voting system's workings, is there a limited time it can be voted in or something?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **July 15, 2012, 01:40:22 pm**

i did.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Jarod Cain** on **July 16, 2012, 11:44:47 pm**

I'll vote for it if the thread is up for nomination.
-J-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **CountAlex** on **July 25, 2012, 03:17:02 pm**

Any chance to see MORE any time soon?

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Graknorke** on **July 25, 2012, 04:15:17 pm**

Sssssssh. It'll be on it's way soon. Probably maybe. I dunno.
Could we get an estimation on when real-life stuff stops being so problematic, like it is? Valve time will do.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **July 25, 2012, 06:54:21 pm**

On one hand, GenCon is coming up three weeks, and my wife and I are going to be crazy busy for every spare moment between now and then with final prep for the convention. I won't be able to even think about DF until after that at the very soonest. In addition, the parts for my scratch-built 3D printer have been arriving for the last few weeks, and that's going to be eating up a good amount of my free time even after that.

On the other hand, I've found that I have essentially no interest in playing DF any more. I haven't even looked at any of the updates that have come out since I started running Brightwater, and I keep trying to start it up again and never getting around to it. Partially I think I might be burned out, partially I might have moved onto other things, and partially I think I might have become disillusioned with the direction Toady is taking the game. At this point I can't guarantee I'll ever crack the folder where I keep Brightwater open again.

So, I'm not sure what to do to close this off. I've never been good at spectacularly self-destructing fortresses, most of mine run stably until I become bored with them and start a new one - or, in this case, find something else entirely to do with my life. If someone else wants to take over running the fortress (to end it in some suitable way) I could upload the save file.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Corai** on **July 25, 2012, 06:57:17 pm**

Brightwater succession game, first overseer decided by letting people vote. Then everyone else just nabs their turns.

Thats my suggestion.

And have a good life Sphalerite. Hope you and your wife have a grand time at GenCon.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **July 25, 2012, 07:28:11 pm**

i second Corai on **all** things.

have **!!FUN!!**

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrmGold** on **July 25, 2012, 09:02:51 pm**

See ya, Sphalerite.

Quote from: Corai on July 25, 2012, 06:57:17 pm

Brightwater succession game, first overseer decided by letting people vote. Then everyone else just nabs their turns.

Thats my suggestion.

Great idea! I might join.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Poindexterity** on **July 28, 2012, 04:38:19 am**

i havent played in about a month or two myself, but i still hang out at the forums.
Hope you do too, sir.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Jarod Cain** on **August 02, 2012, 01:47:53 am**

Once again, thanks Sphalerite. I agree with the others that it would be awesome if you would turn over the game to us for a succession. Though with the new versions that have come up, I'd say it would probably be best if you zipped the whole DF directory up for us and left us that to pass around. It would certainly keep any potential technical inconsistencies to a minimum.
-J-

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **ObeseHelmet** on **August 21, 2012, 01:21:20 pm**

I like the idea of making it a succession... But still keeping the community game/update aspect of it as well. I'm not signing up for a turn yet until I get a sense of what my school year is like though...

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Nathail** on **August 21, 2012, 07:13:22 pm**

I suggest an abandonment succession. At the end of every year, the entire populace receives a vision of the demons down below and unanimously pack up and leave. If dwarves in abandoned forts disappear from the world, all the better.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **GreatWyrmGold** on **August 21, 2012, 07:49:39 pm**

...You made me hope this came back. I am sad.

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Sphalerite** on **October 29, 2012, 06:22:13 pm**

Wow, I'm sorry I vanished for so long. I kept meaning to get back to this place, but largely forgot about it.

By way of excuse and explanation, I've been locked in my workshop for the last few months sketching pictures of stepper motors and aluminum extrusions. I haven't had time for much other than the project, and I don't expect that to change anytime soon. I have also honestly lost nearly all interest in Dwarf Fortress.

I have uploaded the final save file for anyone who's interested in it:

<http://dff.d.wimbli.com/file.php?id=7086>

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **Aseaheru** on **October 30, 2012, 08:53:27 am**

YAYS! thank you!

Title: **Re: Brightwater: Community fortress of science, oceans, and animal taming**
Post by: **jrrocks05** on **June 21, 2013, 09:00:33 pm**

Please start again

Also I want any military dwarf

Make him an atheist he alllows religion to go on but does not let it hinder dwarven ambition